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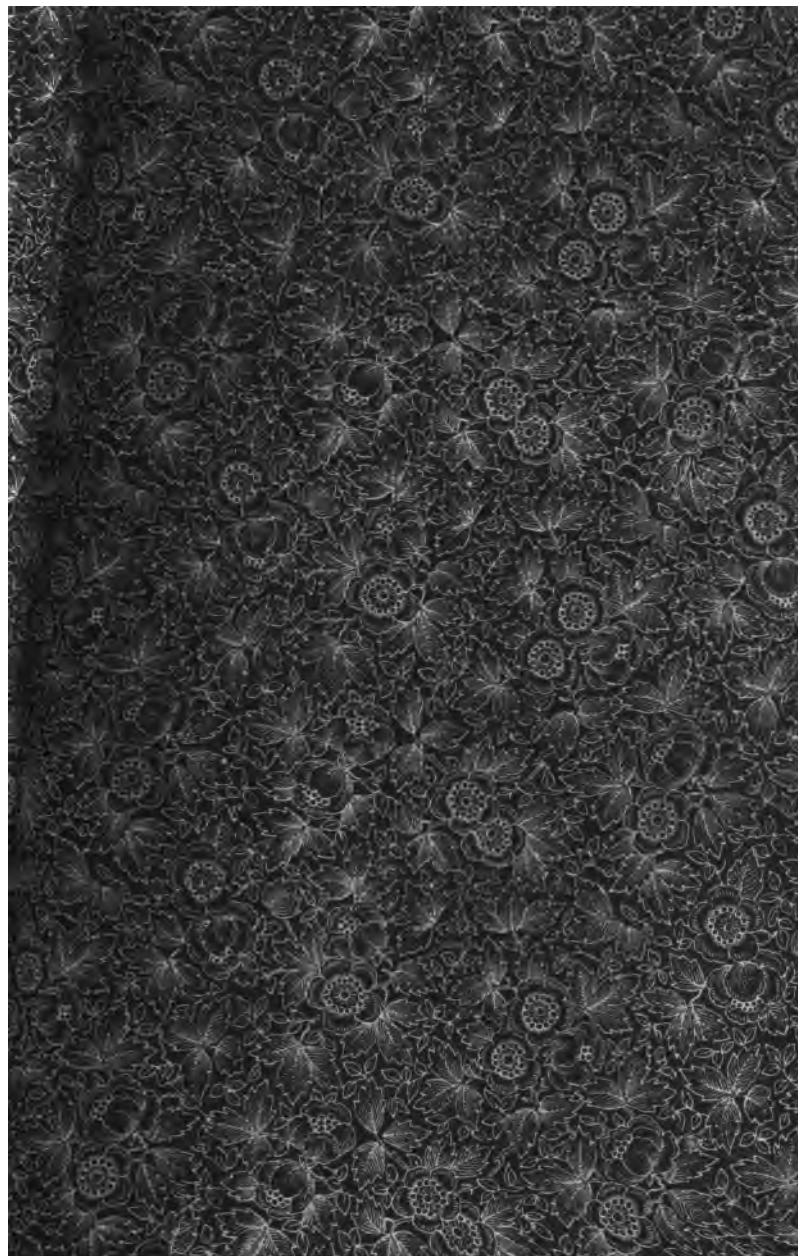
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ENGLISH WORK AND SONG
AMID THE
FORESTS OF THE SOUTH.







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ENGLISH WORK AND SONG

AMID THE

FORESTS OF THE SOUTH;

BEING

REPRESENTATIONS OF OLD ENGLISH PATRIOTISM
AND ROMAN DOMESTIC LIFE,

With other Poems.

BY

AN ENGLISHMAN.



LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON.

1882.

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P R E F A C E.

THIS book is a record of the thoughts and imaginations in whose companionship I have lived and worked during twenty-four years of eventful life in the Colony of Victoria. They have been with me in the gold-mine, by the camp-fire, in the backwoodsman's hut, and the schoolmaster's cottage, and as I forged the chain of life link by link out of the circumstances which Providence afforded day by day, and in my boyhood won bread for those able no more to earn it for themselves and me, the memory of many a valiant English word and deed strengthened me for the toil and the conflict which lay ahead. I left England in my eighth year, but my mother taught me in the depth and loneliness of the Australian bush to love England, and be loyal to the sturdy virtues of English character and story. The interest she awakened in me has become a deep and abiding passion, and rather than forget England, or prove unworthy of her, I would that "my right hand might forget its cunning." For love of England I have tried to represent and sing some "parts and snatches" of her story, joyfully, yet laboriously, for the past is like a painted window which has been broken, and out of whose flawed and disordered fragments, history strives to construct the truest image that she can, happy,* if the most essential parts of the picture have not perished among the rubbish which later generations have heaped over them.

This love of worthy English memory and deed has been to me a safeguard and a help; it has filled me with "vital feelings of delight." What it has been to me I trust it may one day

become to every Englishman. For the true measure of a nation's life is in the intensity of its love and reverence for what is good and great in its past history. As noble families delight to hand down in sacred tradition the memory of ancestors who have made them rich in honour, so noble nations walk daily in solemn and joyous reverence among the memories of their great dead. And as dishonour of parents is the surest sign of individual worthlessness, so the fatalest symptom of national decay is disregard of the wisdom, and disdain of the example of the men whom God has bidden us hold in perpetual remembrance, and the lesson of whose lives is the most precious knowledge which we can bring home to the mind of our children. I see the truth of this bitterly enough every day. Victoria is unique among British dependencies for her happy fortune and her energy; as yet she is the most English offshoot of the old parent stem. But there are signs that this inheritance of race and habit is already in decay. Amongst our youth it only survives in its baser forms. The universal disregard of parental rule and authority, the extinction of the sanctities of home, and lack of ideals of beauty and heroic valour, are swiftly and surely debasing the people here, and unless Providence interpose to correct the national character by some severe discipline, the future of this land will be a warning to the world. Victoria has yet to learn that the foundations of national prosperity and greatness are laid in the eternal laws of right and toil, in those habits of thought and action which the conscience and common sense alike of the best of mankind have delighted to revere and to trust.

The Puritan struggle with iniquity in Church and State began to interest me in boyhood, and as I grew to know it and understand it better, and became familiar with the commanding minds who made the history of England very great in their time, I felt a desire to give my *idea* of the age and of its people an abiding shape, and so there arose in my mind the outline of a drama having for its central figure the leading man

of the first period of the Puritan Revolution, John Hampden. I trust there will never be a time in the future of England when the name of Hampden will not call up feelings of a very noble kind in the minds of Englishmen. He stands in the front rank of heroic men, distinguished alike for chivalric piety and disinterested patriotism, a man who deserved for his valour and his truth to be the leader of a mighty nation towards the destinies in store for it. His private life was without blemish, his public life never dishonoured by weakness or selfishness, and as if God had determined that nothing should be wanting to him which could claim the interest of his countrymen in time to come, he was appointed to meet his death on the field of battle. Something of the sorrow which moved the hearts of good men of that day comes home to us, as in imagination we watch the broken figure slowly retiring from the fight on Chalgrove Field. Yet who would wish his death to have been otherwise?

In public affairs Hampden was the friend and associate of Pym; but he was somewhat reserved in Parliament; "not a man of many words," says Clarendon, "but a most weighty speaker." He had not the power to sway the masses which characterized "the King of the Commons," though in persuasive power over a more select class he does not appear to have yielded to the popular leader. The fascination which he exercised over men like Falkland is churlishly acknowledged by Lord Clarendon, who tells us that "he had a wonderful art of governing men, and leading them into his principles and inclinations." But as a man of action rather than of words there was no man in England his superior, and only one his equal. He was the relative and intimate friend of a far greater man than Pym, an Englishman "king by Divine right" if ever man was; fitted by Almighty God to stand in the first rank of the greatest rulers who have reigned since the world began. The friendship of Cromwell and Hampden is singularly beautiful. The few glimpses which are left us of it are amongst the truest things of the kind in history. It stands alone, this

great friendship, so generously appreciative, so full of fellow-feeling. Hampden was the only man in England who for many a year saw and felt the kingliness of Cromwell; Cromwell was the only man in England who could weigh in the scale of his own magnanimity, the penetrative wisdom, the statesman-like talent, and the holy and chivalrous nature of his cousin. The famed friendships of the ancient world are dwarfed beside the love and fellowship of these two great Englishmen of the seventeenth century. When the time comes for England to see and estimate aright the Puritan period of her history, the value of this friendship will be taken into account.

These men set themselves, with the earnestness of men who feel that they are eternally accountable to God, to redress the wrongs, and find a satisfactory answer to the needs of their time. The problem presents itself to us again under a new form, and the lesson of two and a half centuries ago requires to be learnt anew. Every succeeding year hears louder the imperative demand that the relations of Englishmen to each other shall be established on a juster basis than that of the formulas of modern political economy; on a thorough recognition of the claims of a God-made and God-owned humanity, instead of the Gospel of the Money Market, and the doctrine of the eternal dearness of Cash, and the eternal cheapness of souls.

To embrace in one drama the whole action of the Puritan revolution is impossible. It divides itself in the early period, and moves along in grand parallelism, with Hampden and Strafford as centres of interest. The action is welded into one again in the great soul of Cromwell, and marches with the speed of his victories to its culmination. Lastly, there is that most tragic of all spectacles, the fall of a nation from its high place of honour to baseness and cowardice, which invests the reign of Charles the Second with a mournfulness and desolation beside which the individual woes of ancient tragedy dwindle into insignificance.

So, reader, this little piece of English work with all its short-

comings, goes forth into the world. In simple, Saxon speech, truly my *mother* tongue, I have tried to show some portions of our story as they appeared to me. Like some small English songster borne to far-off lands, that amidst the gloom and glory of unbroken forests keeps a remembrance of green fields, and pipes snatches of old music to its lonely heart ; so I, English-born, and taught to love England, have sung songs of her in a strange land, happy to think, that in some heart unknown to me, they may call up a throb of genuine English feeling.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JOHN HAMPDEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

JOHN PYM.

SIR HARRY VANE.

CHARLES I. KING OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE RUPERT.

WILLIAM LAUD, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

THOMAS WENTWORTH, *Earl of Strafford.*

EARLS OF ESSEX, SUNDERLAND, AND LINDSAY.

LORDS BROOK, SAY, AND FALKLAND.

SIR BEVILL GRENVILLE, SIR JOHN SUCKLING, SIR JOHN ELIOT, SIR
RICHARD KNIGHTLEY; SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE, SIR GEORGE
CROKE, SIR EDWARD HERBERT, SIR EDMUND VERNEY.

SIR WILLIAM BALFOUR, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

JAMES MAXWELL, *Usher of the Black Rod.*

EDWARD HYDE, OLIVER ST. JOHN, NATHANIEL FIENNES.

WILLIAM LENTHALL, *Speaker of the House of Commons.*

COLONEL LUNSFORD.

RICHARD GRAINGER, RICHARD GRAINGER THE YOUNGER, AND GEORGE
ROSCOE, *Farmers.*

WILLIAM HAMPDEN, *Son to JOHN HAMPDEN.*

THOMAS HATFIELD, *Servant to HAMPDEN*; PHIL KENDALL, *Servant to
GRAINGER.*

DR. GILES, DR. SPURSTOW, ROBERT BAILLIE, ALEXANDER HENDERSON,
ROBERT BLAIR, AND GEORGE GILLESPIE, *Clergymen.*

WILL CORITON, *Friend to HAMPDEN*; ARCHY, *the King's fool.*

GAINFORD, COULSTON, SATTERTHWAITE, HODGSON, AND HALLIDAY,
Smugglers.

HENRIETTA MARIA, *Queen of England.*

COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, COUNTESS OF LEICESTER, LADY GRENVILLE,
LADY CROKE.

ELIZABETH HAMPDEN, *Wife to JOHN HAMPDEN*; ELIZABETH CROM-
WELL, *Wife to OLIVER CROMWELL.*

ALICE RENFORTH, *Betrothed to HATFIELD.*

CICELY, JOAN, BESS, AND KATE, *Servants to GRAINGER.*

CITIZENS, GENTLEMEN, SOLDIERS, FARM-SERVANTS, WAITS, AT-
TENDANTS, ETC.

ENGLISH WORK AND SONG.



JOHN HAMPDEN.

A DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room at Great Hampden.*

HAMPDEN *and* ELIZABETH HAMPDEN.

Eliz. Hampden.

What spell is this, my husband, which to-night
Has held thee charmed with music of sweet thought,
And stolen thee from me? Thou art not wont
To sit possessed with silence, as if borne
Out of thyself, and all surrounding things,
To watch as from afar some mighty vision
Which sweeps the future with its robes of light,
While dark oblivion's curtain covers all
The present and the past. Thine eyes have glowed
As though the fervour of thy glowing heart
Flowed out into them; tell me what resolve
Thy thoughts have bred and ripened.

Hampden.

Ah! my wife,
The witchcraft that can charm me 's in thy smile;
Thou winn'st me back to self, and calm'st the tumult

Of my thought-wearied spirit ; sweet soul-searcher !
 Didst thou divine the current of my thoughts
 When fifteen years ago I met thee first
 At Mrs. Storie's ?

Eliz. Hampden.

John, I cannot tell.
 My eyes were dim with joy, I scarce could think
 For the quick beating of my heart, and dizzy rush
 Of blood, but yet I read enough to hope
 That which I dared not utter to myself.
 The low, rich music of thy voice, the deep, intense
 Yet soft light in thine eyes ; the parting clasp,
 I felt thy heart throb in it : these were language
 Fuller than spoken words, and out of them
 My spirit drank the sweet, wild tale of love.

Hampden.

Was the tale true, Bess ? Has it ever held
 Shadows of doubt, or moments of regret ?

Eliz. Hampden.

Oft has my heart regretted that my youth
 Had wasted out so far before I knew thee ;
 I envy Time the theft of all those years,
 And as they were so long unblessed with love
 My heart cares not to count them. But thy love
 Has never cost a tear, save those of joy,
 And never left a doubt, or a regret,
 Save that my soul were worthier of thine.

Hampden.

Love's constant accusation, my dear wife ;
 The true heart ever doth mistrust itself,
 And its own power, when weighed with what it loves ;
 There's no true love but hath its touch of fear,
 For out of very lowliness and sacrifice,
 Its rendering up of all that gladdens self
 To make another happy, it still dreads

lest it be insufficient ; quiet thy heart,
 'thy love is one of those most precious things
 Which Providence enriches life with ; thou art lovelier
 than thy maternal beauty, than thou wert
 When I first called thee wife ; thy deep affection,
 'thy woman's wisdom, and delightfulness,
 followed by time, is sweeter, richer, holier,
 dearer than ever. True 'tis I had strong thoughts,
 'thoughts whose great moment gripped me by the heart,
 and bent my soul with passion ; when you spoke
 had half-formed a very strange resolve,
 Which haunts me still.

1. *Hampden.*

My husband, let me know it !

Hampden.

My soul is worn and fevered with the wrong
 Which grinds this land : I long to live in peace,
 but not peace gained by base and vile submission
 'to prelate or to king. I will not buy it
 either by loss of mine or others' right,
 by giving up the good man to the scourge,
 the poor to robb'ry, the oppressed to pride,
 or let the hard-won honour of this land
 be trodden down by greedy peer and priest,
 or tyrant king. I am an Englishman,
 born in the lap of honour, taught to love
 justice and freedom better than my life,
 taught to love England's glory as my own ;
 I yearn with sorrow that her name is stained
 with cowardice and falsehood ; that reproach
 be cast on her by nations we have crushed
 on better days than these by land and sea.
 Our exiled friends have founded o'er the main
 another England, after their own hearts,
 Where they can dwell in peace, and worship God

As their souls list. Our best are hastening there,
 And if it be that freedom's light hath fled
 Out of our land for ever, if our home
 Shall never more rejoice with English gladness,
 Valiant and freeborn as our fathers left it,
 I too will follow them, and help to rear
 A state whose roots shall be in right and truth,
 And fenced around with virtue and with strength,
 Upheld by English toil, wit, sense, and arms ;
 Such as this might be if her sons were true.
 My wife, why weepest thou ?

Eliz. Hampden.

Is there no other way ?

Must we leave England, John, and all it holds ?
 Wait but a few years more, these troublous times
 Will then be overpast, and all things changed.
 What, leave our fair and happy English home,
 Made dear by ties of love and memory
 Innumerable ; your parents sleep hard by,
 I bore your children here, and here you brought me
 Out of my father's house, and said that day,
 " This is thy home as long as thou shalt live,
 Make it as glad and lovely as thy mind,
 As full of sweet and holy comfort, Bess,
 And I will never leave it." Dear old Pyrton too,
 My father and my mother ; nay, I cannot go,
 Leaving all these behind ; 'twere worse than death.
 That is a barren freedom o'er the sea,
 It has no treasures yet of home or heart,
 And those brave spirits who are exiled there
 Long for the old land.

Hampden.

Freedom is life,

And all the sweets of time without her, dross ;
 Justice and truth and mercy she doth keep,
 And she alone doth make this earth a place

To live for heaven in. Where she is not
 Good men must die to find her, or else seek
 Her refuge in the wilds, or in those lands
 Where law and right defend her, or else win
 Her back by valour and by sacrifice
 Of ease and safety. This I have resolved
 To set my heart and hand to ; if I fail
 To gain the good I long for, there remains
 The wilderness to fly to ; if I die,
 I die at least in honour and in truth
 When life is baseness.

Here come the boys ;

Let us go down, Bess, and forget the care
 Which these hard thoughts beget, and breathe awhile
 The sweet glad life of home.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A Room in Whitehall.*

Enter KING CHARLES, LAUD, WENTWORTH, FALKLAND *and*
 ARCHY.

King Charles.

These parliaments have ever been a thorn
 To wound our royal side, and make our seat
 Lose half its princely dignity and ease.
 We'll have no more of them ; the vulgar herd
 Grows bold upon the privilege it has
 Of checking with its votes our royal will ;
 Granting its mean and niggardly supplies
 Only as we concede our princely rights.
 Whoever heard till now a king should sit
 And hear his deeds mouthed over by a churl
 Whose grandfathers fed cattle, and his wishes
 Dragged to the greasy scale of common law
 And weighed in it by statute ? I am law,
 Government, religion, monarch, all in one,

And that these rogues shall find ; I'll make them skip,
 And crop their leathern ears, and send them home
 To pay the subsidies they have withheld.

Archy (sings).

Brave words ; brave world ; if words were gold
 Then none would want a dinner ;
 But he that waits till such he eats,
 Will day by day get thinner.

Go, king ; and make thy crown into caroluses and pay thy
 debts.

Laud.

Most gracious sovereign, if I had my will
 This fellow should be had off to the pillory,
 And well whipped ; an idle, captious knave,
 His words are something strange and ominous,
 I had a dream last night in which, methought,
 The crown did hang upon a bramble bush.

Archy.

Put him into the pillory, and me into his place, and I'll
 make you an honest man, king !

King Charles.

Hold thy peace, fool !

Archy.

Nay, I'm one of the people too, and I'll have my say.

Laud.

This long neglected boldness, gracious king,
 Which threatens now to overtop the Crown,
 Has root in those seditious sermonings
 Heard in conventicles, where cunning knaves
 Lead the poor silly people how they will,
 Far from the Church's holy fostering wing
 And stable doctrine, battenning them with lies,
 And foolish fond conceits. From our high seat

We teach the people to revere the king,
 Who is the temporal pillar of the state,
 As we the spiritual ; in his awful hand
 He bears a sword to punish guilty men
 Who lead astray his folk by heresy,
 Or raise them in sedition. Let not then
 Our words seem vain, but smite these baseborn hinds
 Who sow the seeds of sad disquietude
 Over this goodly land.

King Charles.

We've been too lenient,
 Too gentle, kind, persuasive, and have let
 Much of our right remain unasked, unclaimed,
 To gain our people's love ; but factious men
 Have taken license from our lenity,
 Have questioned our prerogative, opposed our will,
 Defeated all the good of our intent
 Unto this realm, and when they should have passed
 The bills to grant our needful subsidies,
 Have chattered worse than shopkeepers of Cheap,
 Mouthing their rights, their priv'leges, and laws,
 Demanding sureties 'neath our hand and seal
 That they should have redress of this, of that,
 This grievance or the other, aiming still
 To shuffle off their due allegiance, and
 Escape the weight of duty, service, and obedience
 Which subjects owe to kings.

Archy.

Is the debt all one side, king? For if it is, and thou
 owest the people nothing, and they have to pay thy debts,
 I'll leave them and be a bishop ; I won't have to sit under
 table then and catch crumbs, but shall thrust fist into pie, and
 fill my purse out of poor men's pockets. Marry, honesty's a
 gentleman of good family, but very apt to be out at heels.

Laud.

Sirrah, an you're not quiet, we'll have you whipped.

Falkland.

I pray your Majesty to pardon me,
If, out of my devotion, I shall offer
Such counsels as displease your royal ear ;
Out of an honest heart I shall advise.
Your acts for several years have been opposed
To all the sacred charters of this land,
Which even our most arbitrary monarchs
Have hitherto respected, or at least
Have found it wisest to accede thereto.
This nation's not a whit more patient now
Than't has been in the past, it has acquired
Much knowledge in the onward march of time,
The aspect of this realm has wholly changed
Within these fifty years, and men have learned
The world was made for them as for their masters.
He that would stem the spirit of his age
Must yield at last, however great he be,
Discomfited and crushed by what he scorned,
As he who dams a torrent's raging course
But makes it gather strength to burst its bonds,
And sweep him to destruction. Your Majesty,
This is a very noble, generous nation
When it has generous rulers ; if you then
Give but the Commons House the confidence
That you will govern by the ancient laws
Which are this realm's prerogative, as just,
As good, as clear, as any right of yours,
Then you will gain the love of loyal souls,
The subsidies, the hopes, the prayers of men,
Who now find cause to hate you in their hearts.

King Charles.

Let's hear no more ! but for the love we bear you,
Your ears should answer this, such prate befits
Some tool of Pym and Hampden, not a lord
Of English birth and blood. We shall be pleased

To find, when next we greet you, that your thoughts
 Have worn a channel parallel with ours.
 My lord Archbishop, and Lord Thomas Wentworth,
 I would some conference with you ; follow me ;
 And Archy, bear this letter to the queen.

(Exit all but ARCHY.)

Archy.

Now I would that Nature had made me something other than a fool, for then there would be no necessity laid upon me to speak truth. This king is like a blind man at a fair who blobs for bitten apples and gets fillipped i' the nose. Now had I but more money and less wit, I would go back to my old mother, and keep sheep on Arthuret Moor. I could say my prayers then and eat roasted nuts, and I'd feel happier in watching the play of her knitting needles, than in seeing gallants dance, and hearing ladies swear. Ah, well, it's an honest dog that escapes hanging, and Nature has given us fools an instinct to keep the hedge between us and danger.

(Exit.)

SCENE III.—*An apartment in the Tower.*

*Dim light discovers SIR JOHN ELIOT lying upon a truckle bed.
 Enter an attendant.*

Eliot.

My friend, come hither ; thou hast shown me good
 Out of the kindlier feelings of thy heart,
 Soothed me in my affliction, and made lighter
 The bitter lot of many a dreary year.
 I'm dying now, and not as I had hoped,
 Laying my shrunken frame in Freedom's lap,
 With my worn heart blessed by God-speeds of love ;
 But in this dungeon with its walls obscene,
 And with the gloomy damp I've breathed for years
 Steeping my burdened eyelids. Now, the sun

Shines on the rippling Thames, and his slant beam
 Makes the earth smile e'en in her garb of snow ;
 How I would like to see the sun once more !
 The crowds are hastening through the miry streets,
 Each man intent upon his own, and heeding not
 The business of his neighbour ; oft I've longed
 To hear one murmur of their busy life
 Throb in my ears, and feel a pulse of joy
 At one short look upon the ways of men.
 All, all, I must forego, most wished for now ;
 Unwatched, unloved, I'm dying in the dark.

Attendant.

Come, sir, you yet have years of life, I hope,
 And happy ones before you. (*Aside*) Ah, I cannot gloze,
 For I can see he's dying. (*Weeps.*)

Eliot.

Thou say'st well ;

I have before me many years of life,
 Which neither King nor Death can steal from me,
 And liberty which is not bound by time,
 And happiness that is not told by hours
 Like the poor joys we hanker after here.
 Death, which to most men is a name of dread,
 I welcome like a brother ; death to me means life,
 Deliverance, freedom, yea, a door of hope,
 And faith unlocks it with a key of gold.
 Reach up to that recess above my head,
 And take down my old Bible ; those two letters
 Hid in its leaves I do entrust unto thee,
 For Grenville and for Hampden, my true friends.
 Give me thy hand and kiss me. (*Attendant kisses his brow.*)
 Keep the book
 For memory, and give my son this ring,
 May God requite thy kindness ; go thy way,
 Leave me alone with God.

(*Exit attendant.*)

liot (solus).

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me. (*Dies.*)

SCENE IV.—*A room in Whitehall.*

A court revel in progress.

KING CHARLES, QUEEN HENRIETTA, LAUD, WENTWORTH, COVENTRY, SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE, SIR JOHN SUCKLING, SIR ANTHONY VANDYKE, LADY LEICESTER *and others.*

King Charles.

Gentleman, well met, and ladies fair,
Whose presence here doth lend our revel grace,
We give you royal greeting. Let the music sound ;
The queen and I will lead you in this dance,
It is not fit that joyous hours should flag,
Nor that the stream of pleasure should be stayed
For lack of our poor presence. There's the measure,
Come, Marie, let us open up the dance. (*Dance proceeds.*)

(SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE *and* SIR JOHN SUCKLING *meeting.*)

Sir John Suckling.

I greet you heartily, Sir Bevil ; for months past
I've cherished a vain hope of meeting you
And found it true at last. Your vig'rous eye,
And clear and blooming cheek speak of good health,
Gathered at day-break in the stirring chase,
Or drawn from the sweet breath and life of Cornish hills.
But I forget, or else the king's good wine
Has cast my better wits asleep to-night,
How doth that beauteous lady, your dear wife ?

Sir B. Grenville.

I left her well, in faith ; joyous as morn,
But too much ta'en with the delightful task
Of making her home happy, and too careful
Of the sweet lives lent to her, to be here.

Sir J. Suckling.

A Christian Cornelia ! You are blessed in her,
She is the very model of an English wife,
Busied at home 'mid noble joys and cares,
Seeking her husband's and her children's welfare
Rather than vain pleasures.

Sir B. Grenville.

In her behalf

I give you thanks for your good words of praise,
And though I am her husband, frankly own
It is her well-won meed. But why this revel ?
I did but call to kiss the royal hands
To-day, on my arrival from the West,
And found all feasting and frivolity ;
The palace with a surfeit to the doors
Of full-fed prelates, envoys, foreign priests,
Swaggerers and chuffs, the dregs of James's reign,
And the still baser spawn of these last years,
Grown rich upon oppression, and the spoil
Of honest men.

Sir J. Suckling.

It is to honour the ambassador
Of the French king, and grace the late appointment
Of Wentworth as the deputy of Ireland.

Sir B. Grenville.

Ha ! is it so ? French influence at the Court,
And yonder man possessed of so much power,
Bode ill for England's peace. I have strange fears,
As I look down the current of the time,
About the quicksands it may sweep us to.

English blood bears despotism ill ;
 a man would be at peace with us,
 and not put his fingers in our purse,
 nor cross our threshold for his purposes.
 King's beset with evil counsellors,
 invites true friends, to let ambitious men
 give him to tyranny. But softly, who
 stands against yonder curtain, by the side
 of the Duke of Leicester, with mild thoughtful eyes,
 dost thou not the revel half reprovingly ?

Suckling.

Anthony Vandyke, the Flemish painter,
 was an English citizen, and one
 would do honour to the noblest race
 that ever walked in gentleness and valour,
 in honesty and truth beneath the belted sky.
 Now the dance is done ; the royal pair
 and their attendant minions draw nigh,
 dost thou not so, I would have brought Sir Anthony
 to have made you both acquainted.

Grenville.

At some fitter time ;
 I do not wish to give the king my love
 to such a crowd as fawns upon his steps,
 dost thou not say you well, Sir John.

Suckling.

Farewell, Sir Bevil.
 (*Exit GRENVILLE.*)

Enter KING CHARLES and QUEEN HENRIETTA with a
 crowd of Courtiers.

Charles.

Our poor cousin Suckling ; he's a witty poet,
 he shall give the fool his answer ; Coz,
 as the Duke of Leicester here gave utterance to a rhyme
 twenty minutes past, whose hidden sense

None of us can discern ; now it is thought
 That poets have some sympathy with fools,
 Which doth enable them to trace the vein
 Hidden beneath their folly, that contains
 The gold of good advice ; so try your art,
 And Archy, speak the rhyme.

Sir J. Suckling.

I thank your Majesty ;
 Before to-day I've often been hard set
 To glean the sense of wiser men than I,
 But never yet had I such base employ,
 And never bent to such a thriftless task
 As to sift out the utterance of a fool.

Archy (sings).

When churchmen give the devil good day,
 And traitors guide the king,
 And honest men go bootless home,
 And rogues are prospering ;
 When wooden gods are worshipped,
 And gospel truths forgot ;
 And papists ride in chariots,
 And saints in prison rot,
 That will bring a day when men shall pay off long scores
 on short notice.

Sir J. Suckling.

I think, your Majesty, it would be well,
 If such as this be the advice he gives,
 To make this fool a privy councillor.

King Charles (to Archy).

Sirrah, you shall be whipped, was this the rhyme
 You sang to us but half an hour ago ?

Archy.

This whipped the other rhyme out of my head ;
 Your honest man infects me, and at sight
 Of Sir John Suckling the truth in me ran over.

Lord Wentworth.

Your Majesty, this seems to be the truth ;
 The Puritans have tampered with your fool,
 Filling his mind with traitorous messages.
 I know their secret practices ; how low
 They can descend, to what base means
 They stoop, to carry through their baser ends ;
 Nay, have we not your friends before your face
 Giving him praise for his audacity,
 Chiming their own false tongues to traitors' words,
 And slurring over with their foul suspicion
 The acts of those who are your councillors.

Sir J. Suckling.

For proud Lord Wentworth thus to talk of traitors
 Calls up old memories, and makes one think
 That he who climbed so high by treachery,
 By playing false to all men save himself,
 Might blush, and keep his tongue from such vile terms,
 Nor slander honest men. Your Majesty,
 I pray, will pardon this slight heat in me,
 I am not yet so much a courtier
 To swallow insult patiently. Good night,
 And when your fool again strikes thoughts too deep
 For my Lord Wentworth's judgment to determine,
 I'm at your service.

(Exit.)

§ Charles.

How now ! my own dog bark at me !
 Between the insolence of friends and foes
 My royal state is fleered and flouted at,
 With no more thought than if I were some clown
 To break clods. Where is that idle villain
 Whose words have marred our pleasure so to-night ?
 He shall be whipped for this.

et.

Your Majesty,

The fool hath stolen away while you were talking,
And where he's gone we know not.

King Charles.

Then we'll go too, and seek some speedy way,
To break the spirit of this headstrong time.
Gallants, good night, and ladies, fare you well !

(*Exit* KING, QUEEN, WENTWORTH, LAUD *and* FRENCH
AMBASSADOR.)

SCENE V.—*Another part of the same room.*

Enter SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE, *with* LADY LEICESTER *and* SIR
ANTHONY VANDYKE, *meeting.*

Sir B. Grenville.

Countess, I wish you happiness and health !
I come to ask a boon, to burden with my presence
For a short space the patience of your friend.
Sir Anthony, such scenes of splendid mirth
Must needs have great attraction for a mind
Whose chief delight it is to gaze on beauty.

Sir A. Vandyke.

You are in error there, most noble knight ;
'Tis true I joy in loveliness, but 'tis not such
As lends a brilliance to the halls of kings,
'Tis true I paint it, for by that I live,
I paint it as I would write history,
Were that my calling ; but I have no pleasure
In watching masques and revels for themselves.
Were I in search of beauty such as 'twould
Do one's heart good to own and to delight in,
I should not seek it here, 'midst pride and splendour,
In faces flushed with wine, or burning passion,
But round my burgher neighbours' hearths, or else
Sporting amid the crofts and in the lanes
Of any English village.

Sir B. Grenville.

You are plain spoken ;
My Lady Leicester, giv'st not you the rub,
When courtly beauty is so cheaply rated ?

Lady Leicester.

Not me, i' faith! the little I possess
I found while gathering roses in the morn,
Or shook it out of heather-bells ; I think,
Sir Knight, the dew-drop is of life and beauty
The true elixir. What has happened yonder,
To put the king into such wrathful mood ?

Sir B. Grenville.

His fool said something overtrue, and Sir John Suckling
Commenting on it roused his ire and Wentworth's.

Lady Leicester.

I would I had been there to see the lightning flash
Out of the gloom of that forbidding face.
But now, Sir Bevil, that you may become
Better acquainted with Sir Anthony,
Pray you accept my hospitality ;
Go both home with me ; in good conference,
Such as two kindred spirits can strike forth,
To end the night. Come now, the carriage waits.

A. Vandyke.

In truth I'm very willing.

B. Grenville.

And I no less.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.—*A street in London.*

*Queen and her suite passing in great pomp. Guards,
Servants, Priests, and a crowd of citizens.*

t.

And back, churls, ere your heads be broken ! Make way,
for the queen.

C

A Citizen.

Thou milk-faced worshipper of the mass, 'twere better for thee to keep a clean tongue and the middle of the street; there be angry men among us who hold staves.

2nd Servant.

What's this, you rogues? You shall hatch sedition here and block up the way for honest men, shall you? Stand aside!

Another Citizen.

Then has honesty taken refuge in a den of thieves! Good people, give the man a way, the print of the priest's thumb is yet between his eyes, and his absolution is still sweet from the breath of iniquity.

4th Citizen.

And the tears of his penance are not yet dry; by the mass he's holy!

1st Citizen.

Why, he is a very Jack of France! How now, Sir Jack, can your holiness's stomach bear a pot of mulled ale?

4th Citizen.

Or beef on Friday?

2nd Servant.

Hinds and bastards! you shall smart for this yet!

3rd Citizen.

When true Englishmen smart, French bastards die in anguish; so have a care, Sir Jack. Is your bastardship on good terms with the devil your father? for if England hold you much longer you may be sent home to him.

2nd Servant.

Our Lady's curse consume you!

3rd Citizen.

You can keep that for the sottish Parisians and their monkery; we want no such whore's favours here in England. We are good men and true.

Enter the MARSHAL.

Marshal (to the servants).

Why bicker ye thus with the crowd? Pass on and make no more strife. (*Exeunt servants.*) Good morrow to ye, my masters, you are ill at ease to-day.

1st Citizen.

Ay, marry are we; we have a thing on our minds we are met to give utterance to.

Marshal.

And what is that?

1st Citizen.

We like not that popery should find room in England for the sole of its foot.

Marshal.

It is the king's will, and the queen's desire, and it is not for churls like you to let it; so trouble not the queen's household, but keep the peace.

(*Exit Marshal.*)

1st Citizen.

Churls are we? Nay, we are Englishmen, with English rights and bound by English law, even as the king himself. Friend Lawrence, what would our grandfathers have said if one had told them that a queen of England should yet ride through London streets to mass?

2nd Citizen.

Ay, and drunk with the blood of saints, like the scarlet woman in the Revelation, and full of fornication.

4th Citizen.

Thou sayest truly; French fornication. England never gained aught from France yet, but bad queens, loose living, and Jesuits. There never was good day in England when her kings were hand and glove with France. English

honesty has his nose rubbed in the dirt now, while French papists teach our priests how to serve God and mammon.

(*Enter some Priests.*)

2nd Citizen.

See how the shaveling crew go mumping past with their chins spread over their bibs ; overfed swine ! What tons of English beef and pudding are lost in those paunches !

Several voices.

(*Enter Pym.*)

Make way, make way for Mr. Pym !

Pym.

My friends,

It is not well to raise these tumults here ;
 'Tis not our English fashion thus to bawl
 Our discontents and wrongs in open street.
 Ours is the quiet, strong, and lawful way,
 To curb oppression by the powerful checks
 Our fathers have bequeathed us ; there is yet
 Enough left us in England to bend down
 The stubborn backs of kings ; good ancient laws,
 And wise, true leaders in the Commons House ;
 And underneath all these, the mighty throb
 Of your strong English hearts to bear us on.
 Wish you for more than these ? Or has your faith
 Grown slack, that ye thus set the law aside,
 Bringing great civil tests in disrepute,
 Debasing the great strife 'twixt Right and Might
 Into the likeness of a city brawl ?
 This shall not, must not be ; our fathers' souls
 Speak from the peopled past and say it shall not ;
 The large experience, prudence, gathered wisdom
 Of twenty generations peal their protest,
 Lest ye should grasp in your unnurtured hands
 The cause of civil freedom, and defile
 Her sacred form in the tumultuous rage
 Of fierce unrighteous passion. Say ! are not
 The champions you have chosen wise and strong ;

Are they not true, and have they not been brave
 In their defence of trampled English rights?
 Why would ye mar with intermeddling folly
 Their prudence and their valour? Go ye home,
 Pray for us there, and let us only feel
 Your hearts are with us, trusting this great cause
 To wiser heads than yours.

4th Citizen.

It is well spoken; we are well contented, Mr. Pym, to leave the bishops and the priests in your hands, and your friends'; we are met only to speak out a little of what is in our minds, and have no wish to meddle with English law nor statute, nor with the king either, if he'll keep within them.

Pym.

Then I am satisfied; good morrow, friends!

(Exit.)

Crowd.

Good morrow; speed you well!

(Crowd slowly disperses.)

SCENE VII.—*A room in Great Hampden.*

HAMPDEN and WILLIAM HAMPDEN.

Hampden.

My son, before I bless thee with God speed,
 And send thee forth to make a true man's mark
 Upon the time, let me give farewell counsel.
 The world's a medley of things good and ill,
 Not easily distinguished, for man's vice
 Masks in his better nature, or doth cloak
 His guilt with show of false expedience;
 Pleads wont, necessity, or youth's hot blood,
 Against the touch of conscience, and God's law.
 Lean not to such, but let thy actions ring
 With a divine temper; sow no wild oats,
 Lest thou reap shame and sorrow; let no lie
 Lurk in thy consciousness; with brow unsmirched,

And fearless eye gaze in the face of man.
 Deem debt a shame, and where thou canst not pay
 Deny thyself ; be kind to every one,
 Deliberately kind, and yet where right demands
 Render strict justice at whatever cost.
 Hold womankind in honour, for her sake
 Who brought thee into being ; weigh the worth
 Of thy own sister's virtue 'gainst the lure
 Of overmastering passion. Do but think
 Thou dost dishonour them to lay thy hand
 With a defiled intent upon their sex.
 My son, the rarest jewel of humanity 's
 The virgin soul ; 'tis singularly blessed,
 'Tis the prime element of manhood, is this chastity,
 And gathers round its root the clustered virtues,
 And 's crowned with honour both by God and man.

William Hampden.

My father, I will write this on my heart,
 And my whole life shall be the faithful image
 Of your beloved counsel ; yea, I will so live,
 That in the future, when men speak my name,
 You shall feel honoured in avowing me,
 And say, " He is my son."

Hampden.

Ay, by the grace of God ;
 Farewell, my son, my blessing go out with thee.
(*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in Great Hampden.*

HAMPDEN, VANE, PYM, KNIGHTLEY, LORD BROOK, and
 OLIVER ST. JOHN.

Knightley.

Yours is a soft and sunny prospect, Hampden,
 Rich with the peace and light and loveliness

Of form and colour which make English landscape
 So full of gladness ; could we but drop the guilt
 And misery of man out of remembrance,
 One's soul might deem it Paradise.
 Ah, friend ! why should not human life
 Here in our England be as free and fair
 As Nature's is ? That rustic labouring yonder
 Drinks in the living air, and feels the sun
 Just as a king would ; make his earnings sure,
 Safe from the spoiler's finger, give his soul
 Leave to drink freely of the light of Heaven,
 And he is happy ; 'tis a simple right,
 Which one would think no man would meddle with,
 Yet who can say he has it ?

Hampden.

If you asked him,
 You'd find his word 's been pledged these two years past
 To a young country lass not far from Aylesbury,
 But through the hardness of this grinding time,
 His earnings would not serve to feed them both,
 And lodge and clothe, so to his home and heart
 He cannot bring his helpmate and his joy.
 This drenches him with sadness, and his heart
 Is sick with hope deferred, till it is deaf
 To all the happy influence of the spring.
 The sweet birds sing, the landscape smiles in vain,
 He has nor eye nor ear.

Pym.

An instance this
 That proves the aspect which I urged we stood in
 Towards our poorer brethren, Vane. It wrings us hard,
 Who have inherited the lands and wealth
 Bequeathed us by our fathers' thrift and pains,
 To have the springs of faith and honour fouled
 By tyrants' feet, and our loved country's name
 Stained with reproach of false and selfish deed ;

But how much worse for these, whose cup of joy,
 Brewed of such simple elements, is dashed
 Down from their lips, because some greedy soul
 Whom Fortune has placed over them purloins the store
 Which wins their frugal gladness, leaving them
 Nought but the draff and husks of barren life.
 Besides, this rustic here is silent ; how shall he
 Make his poor voice be heard against the king's ?
 We can protest, and bring what's left of law
 To guard our good ; if he protest he starves,
 Or else is clapt i' the stocks to scratch his poll,
 And learn he has no title on the earth
 To aught save drudgery, and barley bread,
 A little salt and water. With our wealth
 A duty has descended ; and the poor man's rights
 Are bound up with our good ; if we forget them
 The earth cries out against us, and the curse
 Of wasted riches drags our honour down,
 And we, the keepers of our brother's soul,
 Are writ in heaven as Cains.

Vane.

Yes, I allow

You now must act so for him ; all the power
 By which to rise from slavish degradation
 Into the state of freemen has been robbed by force
 From the earth's poor in every age of time.
 His arm is gyved and palsied, yours is free ;
 Strike for him, break his bonds, and give him back
 The freedom he has lost, which God decreed
 Should be for every human soul alike,
 But do not rivet fetters on anew,
 Forged from old manacles of feudal times ;
 That he is free, let that be your reward,
 That, and high heaven's approval, usurp not
 The tyranny you slay, but let him be
 Man with yourself, equal in hope, in aim,

In pleasure and in power, denizens alike
Of the free earth and air, and all they hold
Common to both of you ; see that your laws
Lie equally on all, and let not wealth or blood
Claim precedence, power, or pride,
Where all as brethren seek the general weal.

Hampden.

Ay, there's the rub, Sir Harry. Where are these
So full of brotherly affection as to let
Their own desires come last? There have not been,
E'en in the greatest ages, many men
Of such a Christian nature. Your republic
Is just, and fair, and free, but 'twill not fit
With the rough temper of the world ; the golden age
Is not so near us yet ; let us secure
The moderate justice of the silver one,
Its peace, industry, right obedience
From those who labour, and from those who rule
Right help and guidance, and we'll be content.
There are disturbing elements in nature
Which drive the world awry, your too ethereal vision
Shoots out of ken of these, your fair republic,
Built on the bubbles of philosophy,
Sinks 'neath the crush of one poor day's true life.
Men shall have liberty to do what's right, and wear
The crown of their right-doing ; here in life
To enjoy in full the good their hands have earned,
And the sweet earnest of the world to come
Not warped by error, nor oppressed by pride,
But left to flow out of the fount of life
As free as God intended. Liberty for lust,
For sloth, or cruelty, or deadly vice
Which blots out manhood, or that robs the world
Of good that's clasped in human hand or heart,
These shall not be ; there is no freedom here
For evil counsels, appetites, or deeds ;

Let not men think to act e'en as they list,
 Heedless of right and truth. Our English charters,
 Acts and statute-laws, which are the records
 Of what the stout, strong, thrifty, valiant hearts
 Which formed and ruled our nation age by age
 Thought best and wisest, sternly fix the bounds
 Of what the king, the noble, knight, or peasant
 May and must do; they are the well-built barriers
 Whose roots are deeply sunk, which hold the stream
 Of national opinion, honour, duty, life,
 True to its course, and rightly ordered task.
 Therefore I stand by them, for law is highest
 Here in our English nation; this is what the wise,
 Upright, forethinking men among us,
 Living and dead, say and have said, is right.

Pym.

Vane, this is true policy, at least for us;
 We do not ask exemption from one duty
 Which these laws lay upon us; let the king
 Act royally to us, and loyally
 Will we requite his deed. I have no aim
 But to make sure the freedom we've in trust
 From our forefathers; not a step beyond
 The established usages of bygone days,
 Recorded privileges, law-guarded claims,
 Would I be one to take. Let the king reign!
 I would not curb his just authority,
 Diminish his high place, nor stint his honour,
 If so be that he's worthy.

Vane.

You're both too absolute, I'll say no more,
 Save that I hope, before I'm called to die,
 To see our England a republic.

Pym.

Nay, God forbid!

Enter a servant.

Servant (to Hampden).

Sir, the dinner waits.

Hampden.

Why, thank you, Rachel ! Friends, let us go down !
We'll kill a buck among the Chiltern Hills
This afternoon, and you shall ride amidst
The fairest scenery and most fruitful heart
Of this our midland England.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*A room in Lambeth Palace.*

Enter WENTWORTH and LAUD.

Wentworth.

Your schemes, my lord archbishop, hitherto
Have been too narrow ; 'tis but the overflow
Of full-fed streams which you have dammed and stored.
The million petty brooks, and becks, and rills
That feed the ocean of this nation's wealth
Have yielded you no tribute. 'Tis a weary work
To seize the rich man's gains, for he can bring
The civil law to help him, and so bulwarked,
You ever buy your best advantage dear ;
Therefore 'tis better that a general tax
Should be imposed on rich and poor alike
Throughout the land, according to their means.
With many backs, you know, the burden's light,
And the mere shillings of a nation's poor
Outweigh tenfold the wealth of all its lords.
'Twould not be worth the rich man's while to let it,
The poor may grumble but perforce must pay,
For they have no redress. Therefore, I say,
Could we devise some scheme to draw a portion
Of each man's earnings to the king's exchequer,
It were a mighty gain, and such a stroke
Of subtle policy as would establish

Both church and king above the restless hate
Of these accursed sectaries.

Laud.

Well said !

My lord, I marvel at your judgment's reach ;
This were a thing to be devoutly prayed for ;
'Twould crush the hopes of disaffected churls,
Bitter-hearted Puritans, and those bold rogues
Who aim to limit the prerogative.
Ah, 'tis a subtle stroke ! Why, this brings back
All the lost 'vantage of four hundred years !
The king will reign indeed, and we shall rule
The nation to our liking under him.
Can this be done ? What plan can be devised
To tax the people, yet to baulk their hate ?
The law guards for them what they call their rights,
And it has grown to such a pitch of power,
One fears to get within it.

Wentworth.

Tut, talk not of fears !

Who fears but misses stroke. Send laws to rot
Among the musty bones of those who made them,
They shall not stop me, nor defeat my aim.
Law's an opponent which main force must strangle
Or yoke unto its will ; this last I'll do,
And make the very statutes yield me instruments
To further my designs. Listen, my lord,
You've read our English story, and you know
That there are records in it of old claims
Upon the realm, of money, men, and ships
For its defence. As late as Queen Elizabeth
All the sea-bordering counties had to furnish
Ships to defend the kingdom against Spain.
In that freehearted time the people gave
All they were asked for, but the niggards now

Clench their fat purses, and let down their brows,
 And speak stout words about their liberties ;
 But we'll cure that. Now on this precedent
 I purpose acting ; we're in need of ships
 To clear our English waters of the Dutch
 And Algerines, and to secure our trade.
 'Tis a most shameful and unworthy thing
 For England to be bearded on the seas,
 And have to bite her nails in useless wrath
 While thieves prey on her merchants. On these grounds
 Renew this ancient levy, let seafaring towns
 Furnish their ships, but carry still the claim
 Into the inland counties ; here 'twill be
 Compounded for in money, each we'll tax
 According to its wealth and to our needs,
 We'll cut the cloth according to our coats.
 This scheme will prove a lasting source of wealth,
 Your loans, benevolences, imposts, all
 Are dwarfed by this, 'twill bring such stream
 Of money to the Crown as will disburse
 All the king's present needs, and at his back
 Build up a standing army that will make
 Him all he longs to be, and bring the necks
 Of these three kingdoms underneath his foot.

Laud.

My lord, your thoughts are cast in such a mould
 That by your side we petty fellows creep
 Like peddling chapmen, gleaning little gains
 With effort wearisome. The giant sweep
 Of this o'ermastering measure's like a flood
 Rich with imperial treasures. By Christ's cross,
 The church will lift her head, and on a tide
 Too broad and deep to ebb ride proudly on,
 Conquering and still to conquer ;—
 But last night I dreamed—

Wentworth.

Enough ; dream me no dreams, but heed me.
 At noon I leave for Ireland ; send for Noy,
 And lay this plan before him, let him rake
 His musty parchments till he finds some fetch
 To colour this design ; then he and Finch
 Must draw the writs, and make the measure law,
 And I will send such hints from time to time
 As still may be of service. Tell the king
 When you've a fitting time ; he will discern
 Unto what large result our purpose tends.
 Farewell, and God be with your lordship.

Laud.

Farewell, my lord, and prosper.
 My poor prayers, my heart's best wishes
 Are ever yours.

SCENE III.—*The kitchen of a farmhouse near Aylesbury.*

KATE, JOAN, BESS, and CICELY, *busied in preparing for the harvest supper.*

Joan.

Kate, prithee be quick with the soused beef, I hear the wains a-coming ; and Cis, do thou and Bess hang up the sheaf over the middle of the floor. I'll away and draw the ale.

(Exit.)

Bess.

Be my girdle right behind, Cis ?

Cicely.

Yes, my lass, right as a trivet ! There'll be brave sport to night ; quick, girl, with the sheaf. Here, all's ready now when Joan comes back with the ale.

(Enter JOAN.)

Joan.

Have you hung up the sheaf, and the oak-branches over the fireplace and the windows ?

'es, all's ready. Joan, who bees harvest queen ?

Grace Wortley of Beverley's ; our Alice would not be
 en this year ; all sport has gone out of her since she
 c up with Thomas Hatfield.

Grace is not so fair as Alice, nor so queenly ; but Joan,
 e not Alice and Thomas Hatfield both in the feast,
 rest afore last, and Alice was queen ?

'es, but they've both become Puritan since then ! Kate,
 l Coriton the farmer of Stoke Mandeville's wild son is to
 here to-night.

hen, we shall have rare sport.

(Noise without.)

ls, here they are, quick ! O what a brave sight !

(Exeunt.)

The scene changes to the farmyard.

Enter reapers, etc. (singing).

The golden wealth of honest toil,
 The summer's pride and autumn's spoil,
 Bring home, home, harvest home.
 The axles groan beneath their load,
 Which to the barn, the gift of God,
 Bring home, home, harvest home.
 Our queen on throne of rustling sheaves,
 Her crown a wreath of fair oak leaves,
 Comes home, home, harvest home.
 A lovelier maid you ne'er shall see,
 Nor in a merrier company,
 Ride home, home, harvest home.

The red sun on the rim o' the west,
Tarries awhile from his sea-bride's breast,
For home, home, harvest home.
Ere the stars shall have come from their folding-place,
The east will be bright with the broad moon's face,
For home, home, harvest home.
Make way for the wains to the big barn door,
And press the sheaves to the granary floor,
It's home, home, harvest home.
For frost and storm and mildew past,
The wealth of the autumn is garnered at last,
Safe home, home, harvest home.

(*Exeunt reapers. Enter ALICE RENFORTH and WILL CORITON.*)

Will Coriton.

How now, Alice, thou'rt not queen to-night? What, the world has not grown so sere yet, that thou need'st say good-bye to it.

Alice.

It grows not old with you, Master Will; I see you love it as well as ever.

Will Coriton.

Yes, I love it, though neither well nor wisely, I fear. I hear thou art turned Puritan for Thomas Hatfield's sake, and wilt never more lend grace to morrice dance or may-pole.

Alice.

It's true I've become a Puritan, Master Will, but not for Thomas's sake; I was staying in Northamptonshire with some Puritan friends of my uncle's about nine months since, and I saw in them so much goodness, and joy of labour and of life, that I was won to seek and find the God they served.

Will Coriton.

And yet thou art fair enough to make the devil turn Brownist to kiss thee. Canst thou not serve God and enjoy

a dance, or a harvest-gathering as of old time? But it's better as it is; when my mother lived I would have been distressed, wild fellow though I was, to see her saintly figure leading the dance. I must go, for they are calling me; but here is something for you to thank God for; Mr. Hampden has made Thomas steward of his estates.

Alice.

Oh, Master Will, Master Will, you are ever the bearer of good news!

Will Coriton.

Ah, I thought that would please you.

(Exeunt.)

Scene changes to the farmhouse kitchen.

Enter reapers, servants with the harvest queen, and WILL CORITON, singing. GRAINGER, MISTRESS GRAINGER and RICHARD GRAINGER awaiting them. ALICE standing apart near a door.

Song.

Right cheerily and merrily
 We've worked the season through,
 Now with what builds the life of man
 Crown we our labour true;
 Then let the bowl go round, go round,
 Then let the bowl go round;
 And drink we deep our master's health,
 Long life, and joy, and honest wealth;
 And crown it with a three times three;
 To-night we'll dance and merry be;
 Hurrah, hurrah, hip, hip, hurrah!

Grainger.

Well done, lads, well done! Take the mistress's thanks and mine; fall to, and may we never be worse off than we are now.

Reapers and others.

Well said, well said; God bless you, master!

Grainger.

Will, do you take the farther end of the table, and keep the boys a bit steady ; anything in reason, you know, we'll not find fault with. Grace, you'll sit by me ; Alice, lass, don't stand there by the door as if you didn't belong to us ; come and be happy.

Alice.

Yes, uncle, I am as happy as the day is long.

Grainger.

Ay, and longer than the day, soon, eh lass ? Well, don't blush, and we'll say no more about it. Phil Kendall, play a livelier knife about that goose, wilt thou ?

Kendall.

Why, master, she be so tough, I'll wager she were a gosling chick afore I.

Several voices.

Well done, Phil, well done, thou art a fowl of a good feather !

Kendall.

Its long since I moulted last, anyway. My head's as bare as most of your chins. I saw the beacons on the Chilterns when the Spaniards came, and cried, " God save the Queen " when Queen Bess rode to Great Hampden. I may see something yet afore English sod be turned down upon me.

Will Coriton.

Well said, stout old heart ! Farmer Grainger, mistress, and lads and lasses all, let us drink Phil's health in a cup of good old ale. Since my boyhood, Phil and I've been friends, and many a mile of field and fallow have we trudged together. May heart and health be hale in thee for years yet, and a happy death end all.

All.

A health to Phil, God bless him !

Phil Kendall.

Thanks, good folks. May God be as good to you as I

would like to be. And Will, forgive an old friend's care, but call to mind in time thy dead mother's teaching.

Will Coriton.

Give me thy hand, old man ; my mother's words are not forgotten ; despite my wild ways, they are as fresh in my heart as the water of a mountain spring in June. But now my merry boys, a song, and join roundly in the refrain.

Song.

Let long beards wag and cold hearts sagg
 With fancies glum and grey ;
 The world is wide, and holds each tide,
 Then youth must have its day.
 As youth must have its day, my boys,
 Why, let that day be filled
 With all the honest joy and mirth
 That love and life can yield.

Give me a cup of nut brown ale,
 A good fire and a friend,
 Then cark and care may further fare,
 I heed not where they wend.
 As youth must have its day, my boys, etc.

If I have health and honesty,
 Why should I reck for more,
 And I can sip a rosy lip
 Unseen behind the door.
 As youth must have its day, my boys, etc.

As long as joy's a wanderer,
 With foot on English ground,
 To go alone he shall not moan,
 For with him I'll be found.
 As youth must have it's day, my boys, etc.

Grainger.

Well sung, and in good keeping with thy ways, Will ; but now, my men, to your supper ; hot meat for cold bellies, say

I, you shall have music enough anon, and dancing till your legs ache ; there's a pipe, harp, and tabor awaiting you in the barn.

A reaper to Kate.

Why didst thou grow so red from the shoulders upward, Kate, when Will sang of kissing behind the door ?

Kate.

I grow red, clod pate ! 'Twere thy own eyes that have never been able to look through any other colour since thou kissedst the alewife's red-faced daughter down at Thame a seven-night since, and had thy score rubbed off for doing it.

Another reaper.

Bravely met, Kate ! I owe thee a kiss to-night for answering him so well.

Kate.

Yes, if thou canst win it for the tingling of thy ears. Thou shalt see stars, if thou comest a-nigh me.

Will Coriton.

Kate, I give thee praise ; thou hast a ready tongue and a strong hand. Wilt thou stand up in the dance with me to-night ? If I thought of thee as I sang, it were a sweet thought, like the kiss I stole ; nay, don't blush, lass, for half thy striving was only goodwill ashamed of itself.

Kate.

Nay, Master Will, that isn't true, for you came behind me on tiptoe, when I was up to the elbows in the dough-trough, and I couldn't help myself.

Will Coriton.

True, Kate, it was one of those English deeds which one can't wholly praise ; but then all's fair in love. You'll dance with me, Kate ?

Kate.

Why, yes, Master Will, I can't for my heart say no.

Will Coriton.

Now that is bravely spoken, Kate, like an honest lass, as thou art! Is it true that Richard Grainger yonder shortly weds with the miller of Daventry's daughter?

Kate.

Yes, in a fortnight.

Will Coriton.

Then, I have a song which I must sing. (*Rises.*) Boys, before we leave for the barn, let me, as a kind of grace after meat, sing one song more, and then for the dance.

Several voices.

Ay, another song, another song!

(*WILL sings.*)

Song.

At Da'intry in Northamptonshire
A worthy miller dwells;
Whose heart is sound and honest, boys,
As is the meal he sells;
A frank outspoken Englishman,
As any lion bold,
In his right hand you feel his heart
When that you do it hold.
Search through the counties,
Ay, look from sea to sea,
A better man or braver
I trow there cannot be.

And well I wot the county deems
He has the thumb of gold,
And that he's of as sound a stock
As ever bought and sold;
The wealth which he rejoiceth in
By toil and thrift he won,
By giving God and man their due,
And being false to none.

Search through the counties,
Ay, look from sea to sea,
A better man or braver
I trow there cannot be.

This miller hath a daughter fair,
Whom you shall hardly peer
From Yarmouth unto Coventry,
The best day i' the year ;
Her flowing wealth of golden hair,
The light of her blue eyes ;
The red rose blush inlays a cheek
Which with the lily vies.

Search through the counties,
Ay, look from sea to sea,
A more bewitching English girl
I trow there cannot be.

Yet is her beauty but the foil
Which sets off her pure mind,
And if I now should praise her worth,
My song would lag behind ;
She has her father's uprightness,
Her mother's soft kind heart,
And to the charms of soul and sense
She adds the better part.

Search through the counties,
Ay, look from sea to sea,
A lovelier, better English girl
I trow there cannot be.

And now the man who loveth her
We'll wish a true God speed,
For he's the man that's worthy her,
In heart and word and deed ;
You need not rise to find him, boys,
He's sitting with you here ;

Here may his children find him still
 In five and fifty year.
 Now health unto the miller, boys,
 And health unto the maid,
 And health unto the happy man
 Whose bridal bed is made.

rah, hip, hip, hip, hurrah, for the young master !

(Enter JOAN.)

er (to Grainger), Mr. Hampden wishes to speak with you
 in the front parlour.

ger.

oys, I must leave you for a short time ; don't let the
 h grow slack.

(Exit.)

Coriton.

er fear, sir. Now then, to the barn, to the barn.

(Excunt omnes.)

SCENE IV.—*A garden near Grainger's house.*

Enter THOMAS HATFIELD.

Id.

y have some goodly revel in the house,
 that, I know, will not cause her to stay.
 would not find a joy in that, unless
 at I were with her there (*listens*).
 w the thick pulses throb athwart my brows,
 l my heart yearns as every drop of time
 sens my stay, and still she is not here !
 said that patriots, struck when on the brink
 ictory nigh gained, yearn thus to feel their life
 ing out with their blood, and lengthen it
 a few heart beats further ; borne by love,
 l passionate longing to make battle sure.

'Tis true, love's fiery heart for a short space
 Can beat back Death! O nightingale,
 Cease that fond song awhile, before my heart
 Burst with its longing! (*listens*).

Why doth she tarry so?

(ALICE RENFORTH *appears round a corner of the h*
 Be still, my foolish heart!

Alice (falling into his arms and kissing him).

Dearest, I did not linger, when the girl
 Gave me your token, unobserved, I passed
 Out of the feast, and as the mother-bird
 Flies to her nest, so have I sped to thee,
 My Thomas, how thou tremblest!

Hatfield.

'Twas the wild longing of my heart which thrilled me
 With passionate expectance, with the thought
 Of thus embracing thee, and in thy eyes,
 Reading thy love of me. O! how I longed
 To crush the moments that kept back my bliss;
 And now the mighty throb of my great joy,
 Because I hold thee, darling, to my heart,
 Sways all the life within me. Alice, my heart's deare
 How beautiful thou art! The harvest moon
 Peerless in yonder sky is not so fair,
 And thou art all mine own, and mine for ever.
 The time is nearing now, my sweet one, when
 I to my home can take thee, there to be
 Its life and joy and light. Our God is good,
 For He hath lifted me to life at last,
 And by my master's kindness soon I'll claim
 My Alice as my wife. Thou know'st it all;
 Will Coriton hath told thee.

Alice.

Yea, I know;
 In secret I've been pouring out my heart

To God the giver. But, my dearest, here
 We are not safe from gaze of prying eyes,
 Or reach of passing ears. Let us away
 To some secluded place ; I'll be thy guide.

Hatfield.

As wise and true a guide, as ever youth
 Yielded his heart to follow. Let us go.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*A Room in Grainger's house.*

HAMPDEN and GRAINGER seated at a table.

Hampden.

If this be not resisted, 'tis a certain way
 To bring Oppression in upon the realm,
 As with a flood, for all the earlier brood
 Of money-gleaning imposts were but partial wrongs
 Beside this clutch upon the nation's purse.
 This shows the despot's hand without its glove ;
 And is the wide foundation which will prop
 The arbitrary purpose of the king.
 Thou hast an English spirit, Richard Grainger ;
 Wilt thou be one to make a stand with me
 Against the Crown in this, and try what virtue
 May still remain in English law for those
 Who need its arm to shield them ?

Grainger.

You may count upon me,
 All that a true man's help can do, I'll give.
 This is an evil time, and Englishmen
 Must more than ever now hold true to right,
 Or forfeit all that centuries of honour
 Have given us in trust for those we leave
 To bear our names in England. In such days
 We cannot add much to the splendid name
 Our fathers won for us, but at the least
 We'll hand it down untarnished to our sons.

Hampden.

Here is my hand, my stout old countryman !
 There spoke the valour of thy English heart ;
 Such hearts as dare uphold the cause of right,
 Such hearts as God hath sent to shield the poor,
 Our English poor, borne to the ground with wrong ;
 Mine takes fresh courage from thy valiant words,
 Farewell, I shall not fail thee.

Grainger.

God be with you,
 And give you good success !

(Exca.

SCENE VI.—*The garden of SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE'S house.*
Stow. LADY GRENVILLE planting flowers.

Lady Grenville sings.

'Tis sweet in the prime of the morning time
 To watch the violets spring ;
 While the soft air rings with the full rich songs
 Which the skylark and throstle sing.
 Good hap, to be born to a world so fair,
 Where the fresh glad day o'erflows
 With sunlight and song, and all beautiful things,
 From the far sky to the rose.

They say that the earth has been cursed from its birth
 With a weight of sin and woe ;
 But well I wot that by God it's not,
 It is man who hath made it so.
 Where hearts are pure, and where love is true,
 And valour and right have home,
 Sweet rest of the night and the solemn joy
 Of the God-given mornings come.

Old home, old home, where my hopes all rest,
 And my life 's made rich with love,

Where the dear God's care sends His angels fair
 With the wealth of His house above.
 May no storm e'er shake, and no sickness blast
 The strength of thy guarded wall,
 May those born 'neath thy roof in honour of proof,
 Pass down through the ages all.

Enter SIR BEVIL GRENVILLE.

Grenville.

It's a trial of sweetness between thee and the throstle in
 the bush yonder, Grace. What of our flowers, do they wake
 fast at the warm touch of the spring?

Lady Grenville.

Here are violets for you, in clustered blue and white,
 breathing fragrance into the sunshine. Primroses, crocuses,
 the early daisy, the last snowdrops pure as thy heart, my
 Bevil, and the glad pansy looking up with comfort.

Grenville.

What was the song I heard thee singing, Grace?

Lady Grenville.

Only a happy little catch of my own, Bevil, about the
 happiness of life.

Grenville.

If thou wert at Court now, those rhyming fellows Suckling
 and Denham, might hang their heads like schoolboys; but
 thou couldst not sing there. The happiness of life is born
 of some very simple elements of God's granting which don't
 thrive about Courts. We have them though, and can sing
 for joy of them.

Lady Grenville.

We've had our sorrows, Bevil.

Grenville.

Ay, and more are yet to come, mayhap, but if God helps
 us bear them, why should we fear? Life's chequered with
 shine and shadow for the proof of worthy manhood, worthy

womanhood, and they are cravens who would ask the pain that often waits upon right-doing. The so true life, my Grace, could we but see it oftener so shade tinged with the rose of the eternal dawn.

Lady Grenville.

My noble-hearted husband ! My thoughts are a joy and faith as the spring is of gladness ; but thy in the light of that dawn always.

Grenville.

But thine much more, my dearest !

Lady Grenville.

I have happy glimpses from the land of light, but steady vision.

Grenville.

Nay, clouds arise sometimes, dear wife. But I know you that Mr. Hampden has gone up to London matter of the ship-money. His name is on all men's and hope for his success in every good man's heart.

Lady Grenville.

Can he succeed ?

Grenville.

If there be justice in the land he can ;
 But Justice hath been dead this many a day.
 And in her place sits ermined iniquity
 Scowling black hate on every wretch she injures,
 Her palm spread on the earnings of the poor.
 The noblest, best, and loveliest things become
 The foulest in corruption, and this royal state,
 Invested with such great and Godlike honour,
 Beyond all else that's human, to be shield
 Of all which men call righteous, good, and true,
 How base it looks, how vile, Iscariot-like,
 When it betrays its trust. 'Twere lighter sin
 To crucify the living Christ Himself,

Than thus to grind the faces of His poor.
 'Tis like an angel's fall this royal fault,
 And my soul dreads an angel's punishment.
 Let us go in, my dearest, and implore
 God to avert His wrath, and of His grace
 Turn the king's heart to justice.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VII.—*A room in CROMWELL'S house at St. Ives.*

Enter CROMWELL reading a letter.

(*Reads.*)

I leave for London this morning on that business of the ship-money. A writ has been served on me requiring me to show cause in the Court of Exchequer why the sum assessed upon me by the late Sheriff of Bucks shall not be satisfied. I commend my cause to God, and I claim the right of your prayers, that however this may end He will work in it for the welfare of the poor people of this land.

Your loving cousin,

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Cromwell.

So cousin, thou hast thrown the king thy gage,
 And he has ta'en it up, and fixed the day;
 And England round the lists is looking on.
 'Twas a bold stroke, but needful, and I know not
 Where in the realm to find a better man,
 On whom the brunt of this essay should fall.

Enter ELIZABETH CROMWELL.

Elizabeth Cromwell.

Husband, what news?

Cromwell.

Our cousin Hampden has received command
 That he must give account at London, why
 He did refuse to pay the sum assessed
 Upon his lands, in this illegal tax

Imposed by our oppressor. It is well ;
 Thus the best man in England God hath roused
 To step into the forefront ; he hath been
 So largely shaped by Nature of the stuff
 She fashions great men of, as though to raise
 The trampled form of Freedom from the dust,
 And make a tyrant learn the rights of man.
 His heart is upright as his head is sound,
 His valour is invincible, and joined
 To an unerring judgment. There is not
 A man in England more esteemed than he
 For all which makes man honoured ; thus it is
 That while another might have slain our cause,
 Freedom through Hampden cannot know defeat.
 For if he win, the king retires abashed
 Before his strongest subject, armed with law,
 With all good men's best wishes, as the champion
 Of justice set at nought ; and if he fail
 Every true heart in England to his side
 Will leap with resolution, and the battle
 Of English wrongs be won by English souls.

Elizabeth Cromwell.

May God then aid him !

(Exit.)

SCENE VIII.—*A room in JUDGE CROKE'S house.*

Discovers LADY CROKE *reading.* *Enter* SIR GEORGE CROKE

Croke.

What, reading, wife ? I thought to find thee hence,
 Breathing the May sunshine.

Lady Croke.

Nay, I longed to know
 Whether John Hampden prospered in his cause,
 If you have given him justice.

te.

Easily said,
 ut hardly done, my wife. I love the man,
 now he is right in this for which he pleads,
 and would that he might win it, but the king,
 he Court, the ministers, all cry aloud
 that judgment go against him.
 drift between my conscience and my fears ;
 er't not for thee and for our children there,
 I rather crouch in beggar's gabardine
 beside the doorsteps for a piece of bread,
 than sit in Judge's gown above this cause.
 I read what may befall us if I brave
 the vengeance of the baffled king and Court ;
 besides, it is not life, but a mere question
 as to how far the king has right to tax
 the people for his ends ; it is not then
 such great moment that a man should cast
 honour, reward, and station to the winds
 for one slight word.

' *Croke.*

True, it is not life,
 but it is more than life, it is life's being !
 what a tool art thou to do the base designs
 of evil-minded men ! O, thou false heart,
 crouching behind the sacred sword and scale,
 I am dishonoured in my love of thee !
 the gabardine, and noisome festering flesh,
 dog-licked and hunger-bitten, have held souls
 which angel hands have served with love and joy ;
 art thou a rankling leper art at heart,
 beneath thy ermined gown and saintly guise ;
 thou would'st sell justice ! O accursed day !
 alas for me ! I am impoverished now,
 and in dishonoured love, and my sweet babes
 shall live in all men's thoughts as sons of him

Who sold God's justice for to please his king.
 Should I sell chastity as thou would'st justice,
 E'en at a regal price, and bring thee wealth,
 And such poor honour as false kings can give,
 Would'st thou not hate me? Would'st thou kiss me
 Shall I ask less of thee who art my lord,
 Than to keep pure God's image in thy soul,
 His justice in thy heart and on thy tongue?
 Ay, let us beg, us and our babes, in want
 Of very bread, of house and hearth, than sit
 Down to our board with shame, and sin and curse!
 Fear not for me and mine, but do the thing
 Thy conscience bids; why should'st thou fear the king?
 Fear his King rather, at whose righteous bar
 Thou yet must give account, be as judge, judged.
 O George, my husband, what dark spell is this
 Which blinds thy soul with false and craven fear?
 Cast it aside and be in heart again
 Him I have loved and trusted.

Croke.

O my dearest, peace!
 Why break me with reproaches? I am worn
 With the sore travail of heart-eating thought;
 O might this pass like some foul hideous dream,
 And let me wake to duty unalloyed,
 Untempted, unopposed. Yea, I have sinned,
 But thou hast checked the ripening fruit of wrong,
 I'll speak as conscience dictates, come what will;
 Now am I more dishonoured in my thoughts
 Than any wretch that breathes; to yield the key
 Of heaven's own justice to the guilty lure
 Of a time-serving policy.

Laay Croke.

'Tis well,
 This late repentance; not too late, thank God;
 But how much better were no fault at all!

Thou art found wanting in true strength of heart,
 Thou canst no more with an unstained soul
 Pass sentence on the erring, but thou wilt
 Judge thy own sin. For all time, now,
 Thou art a poorer and a weaker man.

(CROKE weeps.)

(*She kneels and winds her arms about his neck.*)

Forgive me, George, I have o'er judged thy sin ;
 The fault was in thy love for me and mine,
 I was thy weakness, I must bear the blame !
 Kiss me, dear George. Too harshly have I pleaded,
 The devil oft employs our best affections
 To tempt us into wrong ! thus Adam fell,
 And many a good man since has gone astray
 In our first father's footsteps.

(*Curtain falls, scene closes.*)

SCENE IX.—*A room in Hampton Court.*

Enter ARCHY.

Archy.

How these geese gabble over this raven's egg the devil has
 dropped among them ! It will hatch out into a viper yet,
 for all their cackle. Why this Hampden holds all England
 by the heart, and these asses think they've won. There's
 something about a Court life that spoils the wits of every
 one but fools. I can see further into this business than a
 whole bench of bishops. I must warm the king's ears with
 a homely proverb or two ; there's a little bird which tells me
 that anon I must look for my living among honest men, so
 that I'd better get into the habit of speaking truth again,
 lest I fare worse than the unjust steward.

(*Ex.*)

Now listen folks, listen, and I'll sing you a psalm ;
 Above everything else 'tis a wonderful thing,
 That Honesty bears not a golden palm,
 And Truth hath no bag with a silvern ring,

And no gauds clink,
 Nor bright gems wink
 On waist, or on instep, on breast or brow ;
 But wherever they tread,
 There men have bread,
 And the world's broad face doth with gladness glow.
 Here comes Sir John Suckling, he'll think I'm taking his
 trade from him.

(*Exit.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in Strafford's house at Fairwood Park.*

Enter STRAFFORD with a letter in his hand.

Strafford.

All these things point to England, and the hour is ripe.
 Monarchs have opportunities as others have,
 Which once let slip are never found again,
 When all our toil of hand and fire of heart
 Fail to heat up unto the smiting point,
 The slack and laggard age. Such is this time,
 I fear it will not want for suitors, too,
 Though we sit idle, for sedition wakes
 And watches with prick ears. On this event
 The Crown hangs dangling ; if we gain the time,
 The king will be as absolute as e'er
 His heart can wish ; but if we lose this cast,
 Farewell at once to royal state in England
 Forever and a day, and he will laugh that feels
 His head safe on his shoulders. England-ward
 As fast as sails can bear me must I speed ;
 Now shall I win the first place in the realm,
 Or else lie down in death. O, my sweet babes !
 Whom I must part from ; how ye bind my heart
 With your soft love, your guileless, childish ways,
 My resolution slacks, beholding you ;
 But yet it must not, for you will be heirs

Of all my gains. For England, then, away,
I'll win great honour or lose all to-day.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A street in London.*

Enter EDWARD HYDE and OLIVER ST. JOHN, meeting.

St. John.

So we are loose upon the world once more.
I did not deem the temper of the time
Was such as would have warranted the king
To send us home so soon. What troubles you
That you do look so sad?

Hyde.

That troubles me
Which troubles most good men, that in this time
Of danger and confusion, such a parliament,
So moderate and wise, which could alone
Have found a remedy for these great ills,
And brought back wealth into the realm again,
Is thus dismissed unseasonably.

St. John.

Tut!

It is all well, and things must yet be worse
Before they can be better. Let me tell you,
This parliament could never have done that
Which this time needs. Farewell, and let us wait.

(*Exit.*)

Hyde (solus).

Yes, we may wait, but 'twill be long I fear,
Ere time will look so hopefully and fair
As it did yesterday. I know these men,
How they will push their ends; farewell to peace,
Prosperity, and genial honoured life,
If their schemes gain success.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in Hampton Court.**Enter ARCHY.**Archy.*

I dreamt last night that Mary Clifford's face
 Smiled on me, and I drew it down to mine
 And kissed it. Ah! such sunshine of the heart
 I have not felt for years. O hollow world,
 When dreams are truer! I awoke to want,
 My sad want of the love my dream had given
 Back to my weary soul. The cursed call
 Of this cold, hard and mercenary world,
 Shattered my dream's fair tissue, and it fled.
 What recks it of the heartache, this base world,
 Which feeds on laughter wet with secret tears,
 Wrung out by painful thought. I am a fool,
 But wear beneath my coat as sad a heart
 As ever wise man did. Perennial grief
 Has bubbled up in laughter for this Court
 Through two king's reigns. I'm weary of my function
 My ageing heart yearns over the old scenes,
 The boyish memories and mother's love.
 I am a child at heart, and thus a fool
 To people's shallow vision. I'll go home,
 And sob myself to sleep upon that breast
 Whence I drew life. (*Pauses.*)

I am in a puling mood, and I've had too much
 late, I fear, and it unmans me. It is well my mother
 better sons than I, else she would have fared badly.
 I was honest and sober till I lost my love, and
 Court; but this is like crying for yesterday's sun
 o'clock of a rainy morning.

(Sings.)

Long life and sad heart
 Sort not together;
 He that rides in tilted cart
 Heeds not the weather.

Hard it blows, deep it snows,
 Dark grows the road too.
 Well you shall always fare
 If you are only where
 God has bestowed you.

Yonder's the arch-priest Laud ; if I sing any more of this
 I'll be had into the pillory for a Puritan. I'll hide in the
 arras and hear what he says (*hides*).

Enter LAUD reading a letter.

(*Reads.*)

"Mr. Hampden is a great Brother, and the very genius
 of that nation of people leads them always to oppose, both
 civilly and ecclesiastically, all that ever authority ordains for
 them. But, in good faith, were they rightly served, they
 should be whipped home into their right wits, and much
 beholden they should be to any that would thoroughly take
 pains with them in that sort."

These are fine words, my lord. By my father's soul, this
 is the thing according to my heart. Scourge them into
 obedience, let the dogs be whipped to their kennels! O
 that this might be done! This would be thorough indeed,
 thorough and throughout, as my Lord Strafford says.

Archy (from behind the arras).

Old Papist! it will not be thorough till the devil has his
 due in you.

Laud (advancing and drawing the tapestry aside).

Whom have we here? Ah, slave, it's you; base eaves-
 dropper!

Archy.

What have you dreamt of lately; was it of the axe which
 the Irish deputy and you are sharpening for your necks?
 Beware, for the dogs show their teeth.

Laud.

Begone, villain, or I'll have you whipped.

Archy.

Yes, you're good at whipping honest men ; but a time's coming when the knaves' backs will be bared, and I know the man who will have the first place among them.

Laud.

Begone, I say !

Archy.

Ay, for there 's nought but curses here.

(Exit.)

Laud.

Scurvy underling ! I'll find a rod shall make you smart for this.

Enter KING CHARLES.

King Charles.

How now, my lord of Canterbury, you seem strangely distorted from your wonted self ?

Laud.

It is with anger at that thriftless varlet, your favoured fool.

King Charles.

Here's the old song again ;
 That boy grows insolent, and must be beaten
 Into good manners, or be packed off home
 With some disgraceful token. But more serious things
 Are asking our attention. These disturbances
 In Scotland, and these factious gatherings
 Against our rule and high authority
 Must be put down. They'll not bear bishops,
 But I say they shall ! What right have they,
 A set of canting Calvinistic rogues,
 To deal with shall or shall not ? There is news
 Of what they call the Covenant, some pact
 Hatched by their Presbyterian preachers to enlist
 The people's hearts against me. 'Tis like fire,
 Trampled on soon, 'tis quenched with little loss,
 But while we stand and watch it, it mounts high,

And burns our house about us. Let's find means
 To raise an army to chastise these Scots
 Into their due allegiance ; clap their Covenant
 About their ears, till from their wholesome tingling,
 They learn such lesson of obedient fear
 As will bestead them well for years to come.

aud.

"Give to the king thy judgments, O our God !"
 Most gracious sovereign, I will help in this
 With all my heart ; it is a righteous act
 To smite down all rebellion, and to pluck sedition
 Up by the roots, for why is holy church
 Called militant, if not to whet the sword
 Of king and state, and bid them well take heed
 They wear it not in vain. This Calvinism
 I hate as I do hell, a cursed creed
 Which makes men restive under every curb
 That church and state deem needful. I had dreams
 A seven-night since of black and baleful clouds,
 Which rose out of the north, and threatened storm,
 Lightning, and furious rain. The south wind fell,
 Which up till then had blown, as if it waned
 At their approach ; but ere the tempest burst,
 I woke with fear of some o'ermastering ill.
 Now, can this be the tempest of my dream,
 This horde of covenanted Scottish rebels,
 Mad with sectarian bigotry and rage ?
 As for the clergy, I will vouch for them.
 Their hearts are with you, and their goods are yours,
 As you may need them ; for the laity,
 I trust we shall give good account of them
 If our plans hold.

King Charles.

My lord archbishop, thanks.
 Would that I were assured of all men's hearts

As I now am of yours, and of those you rule,
 You'll sup with us to-night, and then we'll hold
 A council of our tried and trusty friends,
 Lord Strafford, Cottington, and Finch, and Vane,
 Juxon and Windebanke and Hamilton,
 To see what measures may be needful now
 To raise supplies for war. If all go well,
 We'll bid adieu to parliaments, and this
 Short-lived affair that now goes dropping home,
 Will be the last of these accursed cattle. Come,
 The queen is waiting.

(*Exit*)

SCENE IV.—*The London Road near Uxbridge.*

Enter HAMPDEN and CROMWELL.

Hampden.

Who doth not see God's hand in this is blind.
 What lasting good should we have gained had Hyde
 And others of that kidney had their wishes
 Filled by this parliament? What do they ask,
 But that this realm should jog on in the track
 Old use and wont has beaten? Their fat souls
 Dream but of wealth and ease; eat, drink and wive;
 Gain money, compass lands, and houses build,
 And let the common sort eat bread in peace,
 Lest they rise up in tumult, and disturb
 Their easy, earthly life. I tell thee, Cromwell,
 These men are fearful lest the headstrong king
 May break their fleshpots for them, that is all
 Which knits them to us, and I hail the time
 Thrice welcome that shall part us. All the years
 Since we cast off the popish yoke, till now,
 Have but been England's childhood, in these days
 God bids her take the van, and lead the world.
 This she must do or die. No thought for this,

Nor care for any godlike purpose in her,
E'er troubled their dull hearts. In no base choice,
While I have strength of hand, and head, and heart,
Shall she turn back to seek the slavish Egypt
Which these men love. There still are noble souls
Counted by thousands in her, these shall choose
As God would have them.

Cromwell.

Yea, there are men in England who have souls
Able to tear the devil from his prey,
And cast him back to hell. Godfearing men,
Whose rule is right and truth, deep-counselled men,
Who think not lightly of their lives and goods,
But with the might of their full measured power
Work, and give God thanks. Not one there is but bears
The valour which wins battle from the strong
And mighty ones of earth within his heart !
They are God's warriors, who shall wield the sword,
On falsehood, treason, and tyrannic wrong,
And break the teeth of them who grind the poor
Throughout all time to come. Men God hath called
To lift this England into such high place,
That evil men shall fear and good men bless
When that her name is spoken. Let them arise,
And they will purge the mammon of this land
Back into the abyss ; gain men, not gold,
And train her children that in house and hall
From Thames to Tyne there shall be bred a race
Of righteous, honourable, contented men,
Valiant in industry, all noble souled,
Fearers of God and dreading nothing else.
My cousin, then will England lead the van,
As God has destined her, and stretch her hand
To all who cry for help throughout the world ;
The trampler out of all unrighteous war,
The blessed bringer of sweet health and peace,

The ruler, helper, teacher of the poor,
 Through all the future age. We have the earnest here,
 The pledge of God-given help to worthiest life.
 Since Israel fell and stubborn Judah smote
 The thorns into the head he should have crowned,
 What land hath known the goodness of the Lord
 As hath this England? 'Tis her hour of choice.
 Choose well and wisely now, and live for aye ;
 Choose basely, and at once she shall forego
 All the transmitted greatness of the past,
 Cower down and die.

Hampden.

My cousin, wert thou king of England now,
 Thou wouldst make Europe ring with English might.
 In God above us, and such hearts as thine
 I have all faith. My spirit cannot fear
 For England's future, when it views her past,
 And knows that thousands God hath touched like thee,
 Defend the best things in her, and will keep
 Her liberties unbroken, honour pure,
 And bid the treasures of her bosom flow
 In blessing and in life for centuries still,
 Until Christ send the answer to His prayer,
 And bid His kingdom come.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*A bridge near Retford.*

Enter ARCHY.

Archy.

Afoot from London, there is in that, I promise you, what
 should give a man the ache in his legs. I have seen more
 of England now, and at less charge than any wise man in it.
 Because I am a fool, I find everywhere open house, while
 wisdom and worth pay dear for bread and roof-tree. Had
 there been the tittle of a grain more wisdom in me, I had

een unfit for any capacity, whereas now I am a coal to indle mirth with, and mother-wit makes up for many things. 've had no worse lodging than a hole in a haystack between Brantham and Newark, and last night I slept in the best bed of the fat innkeeper at Tuxford, and I find that sweet rest depends more on the day's work than the night's comfort. Heigho, I shall sleep sounder to-night than any thing in Christendom, let my bed be where it will. Here comes a well-to-do farmer, as I judge. Heaven send in his face the sign of a kind heart.

Enter GEORGE ROSCOE.

roscoe.

Good night, lad ; art weary ? Thou hast the dust of many miles on those shoes of thine.

hy.

Ay, I have as you may say mixed the dust of half-a-dozen counties there ; but in truth, good sir, there is a war in my members at this moment, and how to make peace between them without the help of a third party, I know not ; my belly calls for work, and my legs for rest, and I can give neither of them their due yet.

roscoe.

Thou hast not outwalked thy wit, any way. My house is not far off, and if thou wilt go there we'll put some elements of peace into thee.

hy.

Worthy sir, I owe you thanks ; I shall be happy to have my belly laid by my heels.

roscoe (laughing).

Never mind the thanks, lad. Art thou running from thy master ?

hy.

No, truly, my master's running away from me.

Roscoe.

Stand still then and let him run. Why take such pains to do for thyself what another does for thee ?

Archy.

I must be plainer with you. My master is a rogue, and runs as the devil would have him, while I, as an honest man, abide by the right, therefore I say he runs.

Roscoe.

Who is thy master ?

Archy.

The strongest rogue in England.

Roscoe.

Pray heaven then that he follow thee not, go where thou wilt.

Archy.

Nay, he has given me good den. He cannot take from me aught but wit, and that he might have had for nothing an he liked.

Roscoe.

Why, who is he, lad ?

Archy.

I am the king's fool.

Roscoe.

I am afraid thou hast had but a sorry time in that service.

Archy.

I had a fool's time, for according to the proverb, I spoke the truth and was whipped for my pains. For the rest, I had money, but I spent it as I did my wit, without profit. But what avails sorrow ? A man cannot part with his shadow, or put off his fate with his breeches. Now, thou knowest me, and truly, master farmer, I had rather be working my teeth on good English bread and ale, than wagging my tongue in such a sorry business. Wind is an

ill comforter, and words give small cheer to an empty belly.

Roscoe.

Ay, we might have been home by this. Come lad, it's not far, and my girls will have supper ready.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.—*A road near Newburn.*

Enter two Soldiers running.

1st Soldier.

I think we may venture to sit down behind this hedge and get our breath back.

2nd Soldier.

Ay, I'm quite spent, what with the run, and what with a scuffle that I had with a big Scot who gripped me by the neck as I crossed the brook, and told me to yield myself his prisoner or he would break my head with his snaphance. "Gramercy, gentle Scot," said I, "let go thy hold; I have four gold caroluses in my pouch, which thou shalt have." "Eh," said he "but thou art a worthy man." "As he left hold, I took him a buffet between the eyes, that laid him on his back in the water, snaphance and all, and without more ado, I ran, as thou mayst think.

1st Soldier.

Why thou hast done better fighting to-day, than the best of us. *(Enter a Captain.)* Whom have we here? When the officers run, what wonder if the men follow?

Captain.

How now, fellows, whither away?

1st Soldier.

Anywhere, so that it be out of the road of the Scots.

2nd Soldier.

For my part I say home's the place for honest men. Let those who brought us here fight the Scots, I would rather shake hands with them.

1st Soldier.

What about the one you knocked down ten minutes ago?

2nd Soldier.

He earned what he got; his action far outstrode the limits of all forbearance. A Scot as a Scot I like no worse than any other man, but I don't love him enough to trust my body and soul in his hands.

Captain.

You are arrant knaves and cowards both. I'll take none of you and it shall go hard, but you shall get the reward of cowards and deserters.

1st Soldier.

Softly, captain, no hard names. If we hang, our judge should swing with us, for I'll be sworn there were not ten men who did not run to-day, and those the Scots have got.

(Sings.)

For they all ran away,
And the devil's to pay,
Here 's an army that ought to be hanged to-day;
How is 't to be done
When you can't show one,
But ran like a hare when the fight begun?

Come comrade, we must follow this valorous captain
ours, who, when the devil's back's turned, would have
believe he could make him eat fire.

SCENE VII.—*A room in Knightley's house at Fawsley Park.*

Enter HAMPDEN, PYM, KNIGHTLEY, ST. JOHN, and LORDS BROOKE and SAY.

Hampden.

The Scots have dealt a stroke so prompt and bold,
So quit themselves like men who purpose much,
And mean to make it hold, that there is now
No refuge for the king. His art hath raised

A mightier spirit than his skill can lay,
 Or prowess vanquish, and he must submit.
 His counsellors they say are sore amazed,
 And know not what to offer. All is ripe
 For instant action ; I have tried the Scots,
 They will strike hands with us to press the king
 Into such straits that he shall have no choice
 But call a parliament. It now remains
 For us to fix our purposes, and plan
 That, as the precious heavy-laden days,
 Big with things opportune, come thronging on,
 We seize on each occasion, ruling fate
 Down to its final issue ; and in providence,
 Read even further than the thoughts of men,
 Outstrip their hopes, and watch their growing aims,
 With the long sharpened shears of foresight near
 To cut the waxing root.

Knightley.

Thou hast said well ;
 Let us then see how we can shape the issue
 Of this defeat at Newburn. It is said the king
 Intends to call a council of the peers
 To sit with him at York on these affairs.
 This looks towards a parliament, although designed
 To strip us of that privilege, and spurn the rights
 Of the detested Commons. Say, John Pym,
 What thou would'st do in this ?

Pym.

Our course is plain.
 When the king calls this council, let us rise
 And claim our ignored rights ; not peers alone,
 But Englishmen must have a vote and voice
 When things are wrong in England. By petition,
 Signed by the people, gentry, and the peers
 Who are at one with us, praying that writs

Be issued for a parliament to ease the wrongs,
The perils and disorders of the time.
Bold as Lord Strafford is, he will not dare
Oppose the wish of nearly all the realm.
The hearts of men are weary ; the misgovernment,
The endless troubles and oppressions ; wars,
Even at our very thresholds ; in the church,
The foisting in of Popery, till pride,
Falsehood, and persecution of the right
Are rampant as of old ; and these are yokes
Which sit not well on necks of Englishmen,
Although a patient, much-enduring race,
Not lightly given to change, nor apt to mix
Their actions with the course of state affairs.

Lord Say.

There's one thing more which must not be forgot,
And this it is ; when those Court minions find
A parliament must come, they'll leave untried
No art, device, or fetch of force or guile,
To seat as many of their creatures there
As they can compass, to outweigh our voice ;
So will the measures which we strive to pass
In that way be annulled. We must take means
So to secure the election of our friends,
That we shall not be worsted in division
On any question.

Hampden.

My lord, it is decided
That Knightley, Pym, and I shall ride about
Throughout the counties, to impress on men
The peril of the time, and stir their hearts
To choose as we would have them. For the rest
We have but now to fix upon the measures
Which will relieve the king of those who love
To ply him with ill council, and destroy

∴ mischievous and guilty instruments
at further their designs.

Wm.

at is well urged, my cousin ;
e court of the Star-chamber and the bishops' courts
∴ an atrocious blot on English law ;
means for wringing out the wealth and blood
honest Englishmen ; let's root them out,
verse the sentences of those condemned
their tribunals, cancel their decisions,
d loose the victims of their tyranny
m noisome dungeons to the light of heaven.
evil men bring down Lord Strafford first,
peach him of high treason, with him Laud,
d Finch, and Windebanke, and bring the judges
to the Commons' bar for their decisions
ntrary to law and statute. In safety, then,
u may proceed to set our English rights
firm and just foundation.

Brooke.

Is it well
to slay both peer and prelate ? What is Laud
the poor doting tool of mightier men ?
like down Lord Strafford, and his head is lost,
e is no longer dangerous. To stoop
for noble vengeance at so poor a prey
ould cast a stain upon it. Punish him,
ot as a chief, but as an instrument
ielded at Strafford's will. For all the rest,
say 'tis well ; as long as Strafford lives
he people's rights have a relentless foe
hose malice never sleeps.

Hampden.

think with my Lord Brooke,
hen Strafford's dead, Laud is not dangerous,

And it would argue a bloodthirsty mind
 To strike at foes we fear not. Though in justice
 We might return his ill-deeds on his head,
 'Twould savour too much of that hateful spirit
 Which Christ rebuked in those who followed Him,
 To slay this man. 'Tis penalty enough
 To smite his office, cast his idols down,
 And turn him with his hierachy adrift
 From the high places they have built themselves,
 Stripped of their fat and wealth into the world.
 Thus hold we these things settled: it behoves
 That we do now bestir ourselves, and grasp these men
 In this their hour of weakness, lest it pass,
 And seize on us instead. Lords Brooke and Say,
 Knightley and I will ride for York to-night,
 Pym and St. John for London. Soon, I trust,
 We shall do that in England which will prove
 That God is with us, and hath not forgot
 The toils and supplications of his saints.

(*Excu*

SCENE VIII.—*York. A room in the Castle.*

Enter KING CHARLES *and* STRAFFORD.

King Charles.

With kingly gratitude, dear earl, I gladly own
 Your priceless services, and wish this day
 That all the lords were true of heart as you,
 Then would this time another aspect wear, and I
 Be first of Christian kings. I have no choice,
 Through the distempered bearing of the peers,
 But call a parliament. God knows I'm loth.
 I'd rather shear a cantel of the realm
 In some unworthy peace, than issue writs
 To bring the insolence of clod-poll hinds
 To mouth on state affairs; beshrew the need!

Stafford.

Most gracious sovereign, I foreboded this,
Being well aware that this slack-witted time
Was drifting towards it ; they who counselled this
Have but betrayed your interest to their fears.
It will not save them, for the factious rogues
Who lead the sottish Commons by the ear,
Will shake their jackets for them. Were there left me
But one short week of action, ere this step
Had been determined on, I would have made
Things tell another tale ; 'tis too late now,
And I must crave your Majesty's permission
To seek again my Irish government.
I know full well that I shall be the first
These men will strike at. I have earned their hate
By my too faithful service of my king,
Thwarted their aims full oft and bowed their necks
Beneath the yoke of your prerogative.
All this will be remembered, and 'twere well
I put the sea between their hate and me.
In Ireland, too, you are all-powerful still,
And now that England's forfeit, all depends
Upon the use we make of what is left.
Here I am useless, there I could do much
To pull the crooked straight.

King Charles.

No, Stafford, no ! I claim your service here,
We're in sore travail now, and need all help
Of counsel and of action ; we confide in you,
By some prompt stroke of your inventive spirit
To break the dangers which enclose us round.
Therefore, I say, we cannot part with you.
As for aught dangerous to your person, life,
Freedom, or estate, I'd rather suffer
These men to strike the crown from off my head
Than you should come to harm. My royal word

I pledge you here ; upon the sacred oath
 And promise of a king, you shall be safe
 From the mean hate of these embittered churls.

Strafford.

I thank you, gracious sovereign. As it pleases you
 To put such trust in my unworthy powers,
 Thus to confide your pressing needs unto them,
 I will not fail you, nor abate a jot
 Of all my efforts to maintain your rights,
 In face of every foe, and every force
 Which may be brought against them.

King Charles.

This is well ;
 You are our trustiest subject, well-beloved,
 Valued beyond expression.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IX.—*The highroad between Darlington and
 Boroughbridge.*

Enter ROBERT BAILLIE, ALEXANDER HENDERSON, ROBERT
 BLAIR *and* GEORGE GILLESPIE *with attendants.*

Gillespie.

Brother Henderson, truly I think that thou wilt be fast
 by one of thy naig's shoes coming loose.

Henderson.

That is an ill turn ; which shoe is it, thinkest thou ?

Gillespie.

From the clicketing it seems to be on the hind foot
 nearest me.

Henderson.

God send that there be a smith's shop not far off. The
 mere fastening of it will be a matter of twa gude shillings
 Scots. Should it come off, the putting it on again will cost
 a crown.

Blair.

These Englishers are an expensive people ! a man's purse had needs be deep who travels among them. Their large and frequent eating, doubtless, and their sumptuous fashion of housing themselves makes wealth needful to them.

Baillie.

I never saw a goodlier country, or more thriving folk. The ploughmen here fare better than Scotch lairds. This England is the very Vale of Ephraim, and the best of Scotland from Jeddart to Kilwinning an Abiezer in comparison.

Gillespie.

Ye speak truly, brother ; it is a land of great plenty and of great wealth, as for the people I like them not, they are of too sturdy and blunt a carriage ; moreover, of great laxity in religion. As for this custom of extorsing wayfaring men without remorse, it is a sair evil. One's soul cannot delight itself in the fatness of the land because of the price thereof. Ye ken what we paid at Darntoun last night for food and lodging for ourselves and our naigs.

Baillie.

Their inns, man, are like palaces ; what wonder then, that they extorse their guests (*A village with smith's shop appears*). See, brother Henderson, here is the answer to thy petition already.

(They ride up to the smithy.)

Henderson.

Hi, friend, within there, good morrow !

Smith (from within).

Good morrow to ye, my masters. In what can I serve ye ?

Henderson.

Wilt thou fasten my horse's shoe for me ?

Smith (entering from the smithy).

Ay, that will I. Are ye Scots ?

Baillie.

Yea, good friend.

Smith.

The more's the pity.

Baillie.

Why so, good sir, in what are we the worse for being Scots?

Smith.

Ye come of a bad breed. Ye have been ill neighbours always, and if ye would but stay at home, and take back the king you gave us, and keep him there, it would be a good day for us.

Baillie.

Friend, we will not quarrel with thee on this matter, we are of peaceable sort, yet were we in Scotland, I should hold thee answerable for such speech. Truly we are of a nation which fears God and is of a frugal turn. As for staying at home we should doubtless save by it; but do thy office, friend, for our brother here, and let us on our way.

Smith.

Well answered! Thou hast a stout crow, my old cock o the kirk! Scot or no Scot, thou carriest a sound heart i thy belly. We men of the north have ever been accounted free of tongue, though not with ill intent. Dismount, go o sirs, and let not my fond talk fley you. Jonathan Jackson, within there.

A voice (from within the smithy).

I'm here; what would you have?

Smith.

Run across to Betty Flaggs', and bring half a gallon of ale.

Voice.

Ay marry, that will I, willingly.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE X.—*Westminster. Parliament Yard.*

Discovers a number of citizens standing and talking earnestly.

1st Citizen.

He is impeached, I tell you; even now Mr. Pym, with the Commons at his back, hath impeached him before the Lords.

2nd Citizen.

Pride will pay for it then; he will learn that he may no longer ride the people like his horse.

3rd Citizen.

'Tis said, moreover, that his good angel, his gossip the archbishop, will shortly be laid by the heels also.

1st Citizen.

Would that it had been done sooner, 'twould have been a great saving of honest men. But, soft, now; here comes the earl himself.

Enter the Earl of Strafford; he passes hastily through the crowd to the door of the House of Lords, calls loudly for admission, and, after a brief pause, enters.

3rd Citizen.

Ay, go in, they've brewed some strong physic for you there that will lower your proud stomach. Saw ye the proud spiteful face of him, as he passed?

(Voices within.)

4th Citizen.

Peace, hear the voices!

5th Citizen.

I would that we could see him now. He has met his match in Mr. Pym and his fellows.

(Voices within.)

3rd Citizen.

I wish these walls were not so thick, or that I had a witch's ear for a while, I would fain hear what is said.

4th Citizen.

Shall we cap to him when he comes out ?

1st Citizen.

Cap to him, no ! Would you bare your head to a traitor ?

The door of the House of Lords opens and the Earl of Strafford appears. At the same time the usher of the black rod is heard calling: " Send my man to carry my lord lieutenant's sword !

Several Citizens.

What's the matter ?

Strafford (passing through the crowd).

A small matter, I warrant ye, my masters !

1st Citizen.

Yes, indeed, high treason is a small matter.

Strafford (returning).

I expected my coach here. Have you seen it ?

2nd Citizen.

It is coming up to yonder gate.

(A coach drives up, and as Strafford puts his foot on the step enter James Maxwell, usher of the black rod.)

Maxwell.

Your lordship is my prisoner, and must go in my coach—

Strafford (stepping down).

It is very well, I resign myself into your custody.

(Exeunt Strafford and Maxwell.)

1st Citizen.

We may go home now friends ; we have seen a thing to day worth remembering.

2nd Citizen.

Ay, that we have, but it will be a thing better worth remembering to see his head cut off.

(Exeunt citizens -)

SCENE XI.—*Westminster Hall.*

The High Court of Parliament. The Lords sitting as judges, the Commons filling the body of the Hall, their leaders acting as accusers. Spectators in the galleries, the king and queen with court ladies in a recess behind the bar. Strafford addressing the Lords.

Strafford.

My lords, I stand this day alone before you,
Alone and unsupported, here to plead
On things of solemn import, touching honour,
Conscience, fidelity, and painful years
Of long heart-wearing service, all in test
By bold and stern accusers. Touching all
My hand has done, heart thought, or tongue declared;
Touching the award of life or treasonous death.
I am a broken, sickness-wasted man,
My memory fails me, my enfeebled brain
Is but a pinfold of unquiet thoughts
Which feed on grief and trouble. I beseech
That you will of your clemency vouchsafe
Your better judgments, memories, gifts, and powers,
To help these my infirmities and griefs.
I said alone I stood, uncheered, unhelped,
Against the great, the puissant Commons' House,
But I misdeemed, I did forget my judges.
My lords, to you I turn, you I confess
In gladness and humility as such.
The king deals not with judgment, on his sceptre
Waits Mercy, smiling through her healing tears
To lift the trampled life; he never damns,
He judges through his ministers; with awe I say it,
The king is not my judge, nor can yon House
Give sentence in this case of life and death.
Unto your only judgment, righteous lords,
I now submit myself in cheerfulness.

Thanks be to God for this, and rightly praised
Be our forefathers' wisdom, which has framed
So blest a statute.

That all these things together should be treason
Which are not so alone, and thus heaped up
Condemn me in that kind ; when one shall not,
Yet in the web with other ones it shall,
This I do not conceive. Where is the law,
Statute or common law, shall warrant this
To be high treason, for to overturn
The fundamental laws ? Nor statute law,
Nor written common law, that I could find,
Search as I would, my lords, and ye may deem
I had good cause to seek. Ay, it is hard
That I should thus be questioned for my life
And for my honour on a law unknown,
Which none can bring against me. Good my lords,
Where hath this fire lain hidden all this while,
These many hundred years without a smoke,
Till it burst forth to burn me and my babes ?
That punishment precede the promulgation
Of any law, or of a law established
After the deed is done, how hard is this !
Who can be safe if this be once admitted ?
Better it were to live beneath no law
But the bare will of man, and so conform
Ourselves in human wisdom to that will,
And gain what life we might by thus complying,
Than deem ourselves beneath a law's protection
Only to find our earnest deeds made crimes
By subsequent enactment. And, my lords,
Where is the token set upon this crime ;
What shall admonish us that treason lurks
Under such simple guise ? Have such regard
Unto your English peerage, good my lords,
As not to risk its honour and its lives

On such moot points as these. Were it not wise
For your own selves, your children, and this realm,
To burn those bloody and mysterious rolls
Of arbitrary and constructive treason,
As the first Christians did their wizard books,
And hold unto the plain and doubtless letter
Of law and statute, which defines what treason
Is and is not, than thus to go beyond
Our old forefathers in the art of killing ?
'Tis now two hundred years and upward since a man
Has been attainted for this so-called crime,
To such a height as this, until myself.
Wake not these sleeping lions to our deaths,
By taking up these old and musty records
Which have so long lain rotting by the walls.
To my misfortune add not this, my lords,
To make my doom a precedent, from which
Harm shall be drawn in future, for to wound
The interest of this realm. The Commons say
'Tis for the realm they speak ; yet here, indeed,
I also speak for it, and show the harm,
The mischiefs which will follow, if this pass.
My lords, I pray, lay not such heavy loads
On ministers of state, that men of wisdom,
Fortune and honour, may with cheerfulness
And safety serve the king and realm untrammelled ;
Watch not so keenly for them ; in so nice a scale,
Weigh not their deeds, lest that the realm's affairs
Lie waste, for want of men to take them up ;
None with them meddling who has ought to lose.
Longer, my lords, I've troubled you, than that
I should have done, not mainly for myself,
But for the interest of those three dear pledges
A saint in heaven hath left me. (*Weeps.*)
My forfeiture is nothing, but this pierceth home,
Home to my very heart, that indiscretion

Shall reach through me to those I leave behind.
 Pardon this my infirmity, my lords ;
 I would have added more, but am not able,
 So therefore let it pass ; and now, my lords,
 By God Almighty's blessing, I have learned
 That the afflictions of this life are not
 To be compared with that eternal glory
 He shall reveal hereafter.

Even so, my lords,
 With all tranquillity, I freely yield
 Myself unto your judgment, whether that
 Your righteous judgment be to life or death.

(Scene close.)

SCENE XII.—*Westminster. A street.*

Enter ROBERT BAILLIE *and* ALEXANDER HENDERSON.

Baillie.

Heard ye ever the like ? Surely, if he had but grace
 civil goodness, he is a most eloquent man !

Henderson.

Truly it was a brave speech, full of strong reasons, and
 excellent expression. I pitied him in spite of my be-
 judgment. There is here, I thought, a fall like that of Sat-
 Did you notice the part where he spoke of his first wife ?
 was even moved to weep with him.

(Enter a man running.)

Man.

Sirs, Sirs ; you are losing, Mr. Pym is already address-
 the Lords in answer !

Baillie.

Brother, let us hasten ; Heaven grant that our places
 still kept for us.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE XIII.—*Westminster Hall, as before.**PYM addressing the Lords.**Pym.*

Many long days, my lords, have now been spent
In the impeachment of the Earl of Strafford
Before you for high treason by the Commons ;
And you with patience and with all the favour
Which justice will allow have heard him plead
In his defence. We, too, have passed through all
Our evidence ; and it stands clearly proved
That Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, hath
Endeavour'd by his counsels, words, and deeds,
To overturn the fundamental laws
Of England and of Ireland, and instead
Bring in a self-willed and despotic rule.
This is the venom'd arrow which this day
He hath inquired for, this (in his own words)
The intoxicating cup whose poison tainted
His judgment and his heart, which hath infused
The element of treason into all
His counsels, actions, words ; not faults heaped up
To make one treason, but that treason lurks
And runs i' the vein of all, and is their essence.
The end informs all actions, and doth breathe
Its nature into them ; indifferent things,
Not criminal alone, are treasonous
When treason is intended.

It is in my charge

To show the quality of this offence,
How heinous in its nature ; in effect
How mischievous ; and this will best appear
If it be tested by that general law
To which he hath appealed, the public safety.
This is the element of law, from this it springs,
Unto this tends, for this it is designed.

In this it is perfected. How his treason
Doth stand in opposition to this law,
My lords, I now must prove. It stands, first, thus :
Its fruitful womb doth teem with every crime ;
For as the earth bears in itself the germs
Of all which it produces, so this treason
Is but the fruitful seed-bed of all ill
That can befall a state ; murder and rapine,
Oppression, perjury. The law discerns
Between the good and evil, right and wrong.
Take away law, and all falls back to chaos,
Each man obeys the prompting of his heart,
And longing of his eye ; lust becomes law,
Avarice, and envy, and ambition, laws ;
And what these laws bring forth, ye may discern
In Strafford's Irish government.
The law hath power to bind, prevent, repair,
It gives the king the right of loyalty ;
By it the subject claims the right of justice,
Its help and its protection ; 'tis well said,
The king doth live but by the peasant's field,
And he doth live that men may till their fields ;
The law sets limits unto both these rights,
Forbids that liberty should undermine
The king's prerogative, or that the crown
Should overtop the liberty of those
Whom it is meant to bulwark. Whilst these move
Each in its proper orbit, they secure
And prop each other ; but if law be dead,
Each will be set 'gainst other, and the strife,
As either proves victorious, will beget
Or tyranny or licence. Law's the safeguard,
The keeper of all private rights and aims,
Your honours, liberties, estates, and lives
Are in its custody. Where there is no law
All men have equal rights to anything,

such condition were the Irish
 y Lord Strafford's rule ; but in his reason
 ks more michief than the thing itself.
 ' *a conquered nation* ; here are words
 with treason ; doubtless conquerors
 what laws they please to those they conquer,
 ceeding pacts do not set bounds
 right, what people can be safe ?
 nd hath been conquered, so hath Wales,
 is reason would be in such case
 which Lord Strafford hath brought Ireland.
 nqueror's right the king gives laws
 people, then the people may
 f the conquered win their freedom back,
 n compass means. See how pernicious
 ositions are !

This arbitrary power
 ous to the king in person and estate,
 ambition and usurping thoughts
 nen's minds, and hatches civil broils,
 n and sedition in the people.
 ng's honour, to his profit, greatness,
 prejudicial. To his honour,
 gives the sanction of his name
 and heinous crimes. And to his profit,
 robs him of the willing aid,
 y subsidies of a loyal nation,
 s instead the forced illegal ways
 supplies these fifteen years were wrung
 e life of an exhausted people.
 power, my lords, impairs and shrinks
 nness of the realm, lessens its weight
 i councils, and diminishes
 d and honour which the nations owe
 ighty people ; while the folk at home,
 by servitude, all noble fire

Trampled out of their natures, sullenly
 Labour and live in brutish mindlessness.
 For these effects, my lords, Lord Strafford hath
 Toiled in his treasons. 'Tis in vain that he
 Pleads they were not accomplished ; 'tis in vain
 He pleads the conscience of a counsellor,
 His good intentions, or the royal service,
 Or the great need and danger of the time.
 He is a traitor, and his treason's worse
 Than any which the world has suffered from,
 Because 'twas planned to be perpetual ;
 Long as our English race might feel the sun,
 To grind their neck beneath an iron yoke.

The forfeitures inflicted by our law
 For treason, are the loss of life, estate
 And honour, all that can be forfeited.
 This prisoner having wrought so many treasons,
 Though he should pay all these, will be a debtor
 Still to the commonwealth. And it is just
 He perish by the justice of that law
 Which he would have subverted. Nor is this
 A recent way of blood, it can be traced
 Back to this kingdom's root ; and if it slept,
 As he allegeth, these two hundred years,
 'Twas not for want of law, but that the time
 Hath never bred a traitor bold enough
 To do such crimes as these.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE XIV.—*A room in the Tower.*

STRAFFORD *reading the Bible.* Enter SIR WILLIAM BALFOUR.
Strafford.

Good morrow, master lieutenant.

Balfour.

Good morrow, my lord. It is my painful duty
 To bid your lordship make all needful preparation

To undergo the sentence passed upon you
By the High Court of Parliament. You are to die
On the third day from this.

Strafford.

Master lieutenant,
Be not so sad therefore, death hath no terrors,
Since Christ hath trod that bitter path before me.
There rests one kindness yet, within your power
To grant me or refuse.

Balfour.

So that it be consistent
With my stern duty to the Parliament.

Strafford.

I beg for one short interview, one short half hour
With my dear fellow-sufferer, the Archbishop.
You shall be present, and shall hear what passes ;
He will not at this time plot heresy,
Nor I plot treason.

Balfour.

Alas, my lord, it is not in my power,
'Twere best that you petition Parliament
To grant you this.

Strafford.

No, I have gotten my despatch
From them, and I will trouble them no more.
I am petitioning now a higher Court,
Where neither partiality is to be looked for,
Nor error feared.

(Exit BALFOUR ; scene closes.)

SCENE XV.—*London. A room in Pym's house.*

Enter PYM and HAMPDEN.

Hampden.

The ablest head in England we have this day struck
From off its shoulders.

Pym.

Ay, it has fallen !

Where now is its ambition, treason, toil ?
 Sad end to thy great gifts, thou poor dead earl
 Whom once I loved ; alas ! that thou didst sell
 Thy gifts and honour for a slavish price !
 Why, Hampden, had he chosen, this man might
 Have healed and bound the sick and broken time,
 Had he loved England but with half the zeal
 With which he loved himself.

Hampden.

Yea, had he chosen ;

Now doth he rot with those her traitorous sons
 Who stood upon her prone and bleeding form
 To grasp at bubbles, when they should have raised
 Their England from the earth, and stopped her wound
 And wiped the tears from her disfigured eyes.
 Better be some dull hind who stirs the clods
 Wherein she wraps her bounty, than to pawn
 The precious heritage of wealth and mind
 For the base love of self.

Pym.

Amen ! When England's peers
 Are known no longer for their love of her,
 The ignoble peasant with his clouted heel
 Shall tread them down in battle, and the land
 Shall breed a better lineage from its stock
 Of honest Saxon blood. They say the earl
 Kept trusting in this king until the last,
 And that when certain tidings came at length
 Bidding him look for death, he sadly said,
 " Put not your trust in princes, nor the sons of men,
 In them is no salvation."

Hampden.

Ay, the slavish king

Plays false alike to friend and enemy,

He has no sense of honour, faith, or love,
 But deems all men the puppets of his will ;
 And when they fail as instruments, he yields
 Them to the vengeance they have braved for him.
 Let us take courage, John, the Atlas of tyrannic power
 Lies broken by the block ; the staggering world
 His single strength upheld is rending now
 In headlong dissolution ; be it our's
 To form out of its ruins a new time
 Of more expansive spirit, nobler aims,
 And less material temper ; let us build
 On the brave deeds our fathers wrought before,
 Until the great, the God-raised edifice
 Of English commonweal tower up to heaven,
 Filled with the fruits of peace, and holy joy,
 With helpful teaching, honourable toil,
 Crowned with its meed of sweet domestic bliss,
 And dying all-victorious over death.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The kitchen of Grainger's farmhouse.*

covers RICHARD GRAINGER, *his wife, and their little son,*
seated with the servants round a large fire. The long table
spread with meat and drink.

Time: Christmas Eve. Wind and rain heard without.

Grainger (sings).

When winter blasts are sobbing loud,
 About the dying year ;
 And sleet and rain with sweep amain
 Rush on the listening ear ;
 Our English household must no want
 The sunshine of the soul ;
 But joy must lay our table, boys,
 And love must crown our bowl.

The fire burns gladly on our hearth
 Because our hearts are bright ;
 The firelight mingles in our eyes,
 With that which from our hearts doth rise,
 In mirth and love to-night.
 Now give God thanks for home and hearth,
 For bread and ale beside,
 And for the life which makes us know
 How joy can sort with storm and snow
 In merry Christmas-tide.

Now should there be a homeless wight
 Abroad beneath the sky,
 May Christ descend our light to bend
 Upon the wanderer's eye.
 And if there be no star aloft,
 To guide his faltering tread,
 May ours from far an earthly star,
 Tell him that here there's honest cheer,
 And shelter for his head.

(*Enter PHIL KENDALL and another servant.*)

Richard Grainger (advancing and leading the old man forward).

Welcome, old friend, a merry Christmas to thee. Here is thy seat by the fire awaiting thee. Kate, a pot of your mellowest ale for Phil. Prithee, sit down, now, and warm thy old shins at our yule log. Ned, find place and cheer among the lads there.

Phil Kendall (standing up with a pot of ale in his hand).

Boys, here's a merry Christmas to the master and his wife and to you all, and many may you see. The young master will be to you what the old one was to me ; and if the old master and mistress now in heaven know aught of what passes here on earth, they'll rejoice to see the house full of the old gladness, and the old love, and bless God for the

children they've left to carry down the spirit of the old time. Here's to the master and the mistress, and the thorough English heart that never grows old. Now my lads and lasses, a three times three! (*Cheers.*)

Hard Grainger.

Thank you, my merry men and lasses all. God bless you; by the grace of God, we'll fill the place of the dead who have lain down to rest, and keep their memory green. Phil, here's a health to thee; if Will Coriton were here now, we might have a song worth listening to. Is there no one among you, boys, that can give us an English stave or two?

servant.

Here's Tom Notts, sir, as can sing a good song when he's in the mind.

'rainger.

Now, Tom, to the fore; has the ale not warmed thy tongue yet?

Notts.

In truth, sir, I'm no singer, and only lilt a little at the ploughtail to make the morn a bit the merrier, but I'll do my best.

Song.

Ere the cuckoo wakes the skylark
 At the first streak of day;
 In the alder copse, by the brook, I wait,
 Till Bessie come that way.
 Though morn be cold, and air be keen
 I'm there ere stars depart,
 To be blest with a kiss from the girl I love,
 And hold her to my heart.

She trips along the dewy grass,
 Till she my token spies,
 And like the stock-dove to her nest,
 She to my bosom flies;

And the soft spring sun with his rosy laugh
 Knows not a greater joy,
 Than his rising brings to the heart and eyes
 Of an English girl and boy.

Her father doth not know it,
 Nor doth her mother dream,
 Of the moments which each sunrise brings
 In the alders by that stream.
 It is wrong, they say, for to hide love thus,
 But it were worse, I trow,
 Should aught step in 'twixt our love and us,
 And say, "It must not be so."

A yokel out of Oxfordshire,
 Whose pockets well are lined,
 Her father hath set his heart upon,
 But he's not to Bessie's mind.
 Though lowly born, and though all I own
 Be my true heart, hands, and health,
 She loves me for these, and she will not fear
 In my work to find her wealth.

And the sunshine of my Bessie's eyes
 Is more than life to me,
 And for her sake I will show the world
 What an English lad can be ;
 For I'll give the best strength of my hands and I
 To win her an English home ;
 Where all shall see that when hearts hold true
 No want doth ever come.

(*Enter WILL CORITON.*)

Will Coriton.

Dick Grainger, there must be good ale brewed her
 start so good a song. And, Tom Notts, my boy, if
 liltest like that at the ploughtail, I'll drive the horse
 thee any day thou wilt. Where didst thou learn that so

Notts.

From a farmer that I used to work for at Stoney Stratford ;
he had a great turn for ballads and catches.

Grainger.

Come to the fire, Will ; and warm thee with a pot of
mulled ale. It's a wild night without.

Will Coriton.

Ay, a thorough English Christmas. Pray God there be
room in the inn for every one to-night, for it's a sorry night
to be out of doors in.

(A servant brings the ale.)

Grainger.

The good God give all outcasts shelter ! Here is thy ale,
Will.

Will Coriton.

Dick Grainger, here's health to thee and thine ; to thy
good wife, and all her kith and kin. Phil, here's to thee also ;
may the fire in thy heart burn for another Christmas or two
yet. Dost thou ever hear the music that opens the gate of
heaven, old man ?

Phil Kendall.

Ay, lad, afar off, as in a dream ; and the thought of enter-
ing, in no long time now, the city whose builder and maker
is God, which thy mother was the first to tell me of many a
year ago, is very sweet unto me ; yet for the love I bear
the young master and his wife, I can bide in England a bit
longer.

Grainger.

God bless thee, Phil ! Now, Will Coriton, when that ale
warms thee, give these folks a song ; they are sitting with
mouths and ears wide open.

Will Coriton.

They have Tom Notts, and what more can they want ?
They'll only go farther and fare worse.

Grainger.

That may be ; but thou must sing, nevertheless.

Will Coriton.

Very well, lads and lasses, what a man can't help, I
e'en put up with.

Song.

The red sun through the window peeped
Upon a May-day morning ;
The robins at the window cheeped,
The lady's slumber scorning.

O lady ! 'tis thy wedding morn,
Awake betimes then, dearie,
For we have heard thy true-love's horn
Sound in the forest cheery.

E'en now his horse is at the gate,
And lady, thou art sleeping,
He'll deem, should he have long to wait,
Thy love not worth the keeping.

And late upon thy wedding-day,
Means late throughout thy life-a ;
Awake then, lest thy true-love say,
No sluggard shall be my wife-a.

The lady heard, shook off her dream,
Arose, and quickly dight her ;
Went down, and let her lover in,
In haste, lest he should slight her.

Her beauty made the lovely morn
A thousand times the fairer ;
Her voice with joy her true-love thrilled
So glad was he to hear her.

His anger like a shadow passed,
So beautiful he thought her ;
I'd wait an age to be let in,
By such an earl's daughter.

Grainger.

Well done, Will; that's a rare ballad!

A serving-man (aside).

Kate, that was a very English song.

Kate.

Peace, Smolkin! What knowest thou about song, who hast no more gift than a rook.

Mrs. Grainger.

Will, thou shouldst not be a bachelor; a man who can sing songs like that ought either to be married or pledged. Come now, there are many fair girls in Northamptonshire to my knowledge who will make good wives; shall I speak for thee?

Will Coriton.

Have a care, lest I take you at your word. Are we to dance to-night, Dick? I feel a trembling in my heels already. Is there any music toward?

Grainger.

The waits are at supper in the pantry; they've work before them, and are laying by good store of strength. They must be nearly filled by this, though; however, to keep us merry till they come, give us another song, Will.

Will Coriton.

Hast thou never heard a proverb about a willing horse, Dick Grainger? Well, if I'm to sing again, I'll be paid for my labour. Kate, I must lead thee out in the dance, and give thee the first kiss under the mistletoe.

Song.

An innkeeper of Daventry
Stood smiling at his door,
When up there rode a traveller
He'd never seen before;
A stout and jolly Englishman,
With merry look and eye,
And a cheery laugh that stayed the step
Of every passer-by.

Let's be merry while we may, boys ;
 Shake off dull care and grey, boys ;
 And cheerily round, with laughter sound,
 The work which fills the day, boys.

Besmirched with mire were man and horse,
 Like hunters of the deer ;
 As up he cantered to the door,
 The rider called out clear,
 "What, landlord, don't stand loitering there,
 A gallon of your ale,
 I don't care how you bring it me,
 In jug, or pot, or pail."

Let's be merry while we may, boys ; etc.

The landlord loved a joke, so let
 His ready wit have course ;
 "Is't for yourself you want the ale,
 Or is it for your horse ?"
 "It's for myself," the traveller said,
 "And I'll hold you a crown,
 That you'll not see me swallow it,
 Yet it shall all go down."

Let's be merry while we may, boys ; etc.

The landlord chuckled, drew the ale
 Till reamed the pewter measure ;
 And brought it to the traveller
 With "Drink it at your leisure."
 Then seizing fast the bridle-rein,
 "You shall not leave the town,
 Till you have drunk the gallon dry,
 And paid that silver crown."

Let's be merry while we may, boys ; etc.

The traveller laughed and crushed the pot
 O'er landlord's head and eyes ;
 The ale went gurgling down his throat,
 And drowned the landlord's cries ;

It trickled down his back and legs,
 And filled his very shoes ;
 And ran down from his finger-ends,
 And squirted from his nose.

Let's be merry while we may, boys ; etc.

"It's all gone down," the traveller said,
 "When next I come this way
 I'll call upon you for the crown,
 You'll not forget to pay ;
 Good-morrow, friends, take off the pot,
 And wipe the landlord dry ;
 And I'll take oath that he'll not jest
 With the next passer-by."

Let's be merry while we may, boys ; etc.

(Enter the Waits.)

1st Wait.

Now, by my troth, you are very merry here !

Will Coriton.

Ay, marry, putting off the time till thy belly's filled. We'll be merrier yet, I warrant thee. Now lads, put the tables to one side, and clear the way.

Now screw your pipes, and strain your thrums,
 And try their mettle with your thumbs ;
 And, in one burst of music pealing,
 Bring down the old dust from the ceiling.

Come, Kate, my fair partner, let us lead the dance and foot it before them all.

(As the music strikes up and the dancing begins, the scene closes.)

SCENE II.—*A room in Pym's house in Gray's Inn Lane.*

PYM, HAMPDEN, FIENNES, and SIR HARRY VANE.

Pym.

We've reached, good friends, the crisis of our struggle ;
 Let us be strong, and swift to act and dare,

And we shall set our England's liberties
Upon so firm a basis, that no future rage
Of civil uproar, or tyrannic wrong
Shall shake the rock they're built on.

Fiennes.

Ay, well and truly set them ! Now that we have scattered
And smitten down the guilty instruments
By which the bad king wrought, we must confront
The throne itself, and bring it's evil deeds
Home to the king's house, else we have striven in vain,
And all our labour and our vengeance lost
Will but reproach us that at such a time,
So full of moment, and so ripe in power
To bring back right to royalty again,
We were so weak of purpose, so infirm
As to let slip the one decisive hour,
And by our great refusal plunge this realm
Back in the gulf from which we've raised its head.

Hampden.

But we shall not refuse it, man ; we shall not stop
When God's hand leads. Tell us thy purpose, Pym.

Pym.

It is to bring a bill before the Commons
In which the tale of past misgovernment,
Of fraud, oppression, blood, illegal ways
To seize the public purse, yea, all the crimes
And miseries and wrongs which have been laid
Upon the nation's neck in this king's reign,
Shall be recounted, and some surety asked
For justice, truth, and peace in years to come.

Hampden.

It is a mighty and a final stroke, and will
Bring to an issue our protracted contest.
I'll tell thee, Pym, what its first fruit will be.

Pym.

Why, what ?

Hampden.

"Twill show us who our friends are. You will see,
When this comes forward, men we count on now
Dropping out of our counsels, from our side
Like apples over-ripe.

Vane.

What surety will you ask ?

Hampden.

That the king place himself, his children, and
All which he is possessed of, in our hands.

Vane.

But he'll not do this.

Hampden.

Then we must make him.

Vane.

But that means war.

Hampden.

I do not think it ;
We have the people with us still, and are too strong
In their affections, confidence, and help
To make it safe for him to draw the sword.
I think he'll yield.

Vane.

God grant he may ; I doubt it.

Fiennes.

What name shall this thing have then, Pym ?

Pym.

We'll call it a Remonstrance on the state
In which the kingdom is.

Vane.

Who'll draw it up ?

Pym.

Why Hampden, thou, and I ; Fiennes there,
 With Marten and the rest, may try the temper
 Of all they deem our friends upon this matter,
 So we shall know how far we can rely
 Upon them for support.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in Hampden's house in London.*

Enter HAMPDEN and CROMWELL.

Hampden.

You see, then, cousin, this Remonstrance touches
 Every oppression, falsehood, and abuse
 Which England labours under ; probes deep down
 Into the quick of every sore and wound
 Crippling the commonweal, and so brings home,
 In plainest sort, the country's wrung condition,
 That the false king, and those who have his ear,
 May not avoid the issue. And yet more,
 It is unto the people it appeals,
 Frankly and fairly warns them of the past,
 Shows what has been achieved, and what is left
 Still to be fought for, won, and made secure
 For them and for their children.

Cromwell.

Will it pass ?

Thou know'st that Hyde and all his crowd of trimmers
 Are the sworn foes of every act and measure
 That sits close to the evils of the time.

Hampden.

I know it well, but I am not afraid
 If we but hasten matters ; what I fear
 Is the slow turning of the nation's heart
 In the king's favour. One can easily see
 Our tide is on the ebb, and if we mean

bring our labouring vessel off the shoals,
must be done before we lose the flood
popular support.

well.

Let us fall to it then !
ke no lost time, and would be well content
see the sick and over-burdened land
ed from these evil things, and settled down
o the healthful path of toil and trade,
h all its rights secure. But mark me, John,
s new-set tide of loyalty will drive
e over-weening king to some rash act,
which he'll forfeit all the trust and love
honest Englishmen.

den.

It may be so,
ow his headstrong temper, and his hate,
l his small gift of fathoming events ;
may presume upon the people's love
strike some blow at us ; if so, farewell
all the healing measures we propose,
he will smite away his last support
l bring his house about him.

well.

It will fall out thus ;
no more knows the nation which he rules,
an doth my walking staff. Their loyalty
has no sense of, cannot value it,
e as a thing that he may stand upon
reach at his desire. If he were wise,
now might bring the nation after him
Overwhelming strength of love and joy,
d be the dearest and best praised of kings,
ce the fifth Harry won his sword from France.
afford is dead, and those who served his will

Are fled beyond the seas, and now the folk,
 Deeming the king no longer ill beset
 With men of wicked and malignant purpose,
 Draw to their old allegiance with glad hearts.
 Yet, mark me well, this man will ruin all,
 And bring the people by the ears again,
 Before we are much older.

(Ea

SCENE IV.—*A room in Whitehall.**Enter* KING CHARLES, LORD FALKLAND, and EDWARD*King Charles.*

Thrice welcome, gentlemen ! With unfeigned joy
 I greet you as my friends ; your presence here
 I prize more highly than the loyal welcome
 I found in Scotland. What I purpose, gentlemen,
 Is to commit the course of my affairs
 To your good guidance, and I will be ruled
 By any judgments which you may deem best
 For this most dangerous time. I do esteem you
 The fittest in my realm to guide events
 Through the dark waves of popular commotion,
 Which threat our ship of state, and I am happy
 To be at one with you, and t' have secured
 Such honour, faith, wisdom and statesmanship
 To be my aid in this my utmost need.

Falkland.

We are glad so fair an opportunity has risen
 Of service for your Majesty ; already
 We've made a stand against the factious measures
 Of Hampden, Pym, and those who follow them.
 And as 'tis plainly seen in this last bill,
 They will be satisfied with nothing less
 Than to bring down your just prerogative
 Unto the level of a parchment rule

Framed to their liking ; we have shown ourselves
As plainly on your side, and as your friends ;
Therefore we offer you our services,
And will support your right as faithfully
As formerly we did oppose the counsels
Of some about your person.

King Charles.

That I am sure of ;
The past we will not speak of ; our dear queen
Has well advised us of your services ; your loyalty
Deserves a higher meed than the slight recompense
That's in our power ; you, Lord Falkland,
Are Secretary of State, Sir John Colepepper
Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hyde—

Hyde.

Your Majesty !
(Pardon my interruption) 'twill be better
That in the present aspect of affairs
I enter not on office, for my services
Will be more useful to your Majesty
If I be suffered still to come and go,
A simple member of the Commons' House.

King Charles.

Be it according as your wisdom dictates :
Your deserts shall live in our affections,
Kings have good memories both for friends and foes.
And gentlemen, I trust that now the House of Commons
Will be assured and satisfied that in my counsels
Nought but right reigns, and well-affected men
Have charge of my affairs.

Hyde.

I am afraid,
Most gracious sovereign, they'll not be content
Until they set their foot upon the Crown ;
But we'll not suffer that ; the people, too,

Are weary of such doings, they are turning
 With fervent hearts back to their love of you,
 A thousand signs do show it.

King Charles.

Ay, poor simple folk !
 Their loyalty is touching ; I am but little
 Beholden unto those who stole them from me,
 Filling their silly thoughts with factious lies.
 To you, then, gentlemen, I commit the task
 Of winning back these wandering sheep again
 Unto their lawful master, and of bringing
 This realm into its olden track of well-being ;
 Defeating by your wise and worthy counsel
 The malice of that evil-minded band,
 Whose treachery you have discerned in time
 To shake it from your garments, and to cast
 Your lot with honour, loyalty and right.
 Farewell then, gentlemen, I will do nothing
 Without consulting you.

SCENE V.—*A room in Whitehall.*

Enter KING CHARLES and QUEEN HENRIETTA.

King Charles.

Why, Marie, I thought that the people had all gone after
 those rogues with long ears, while they are as glad to see me,
 and as loyal, as if I'd been crowned only yesterday.

Queen Henrietta.

You are late in finding out mistakes. I always told you
 that it was not the people but the disaffected schismatics
 who made the mischief. Then the City received you well ?

King Charles.

Most lovingly ; joy sat on every body's face. Hadst
 thou but been there, dear heart, to have seen how their over-
 flowing loyalty struggled to find expression.

Tenrietta.

can imagine all ; but now, my lord, since you have such proof of the people's loyal hearts, strike at the men who have endeavoured to decoy them from you. You are the men, bring them to prison or the scaffold ; they stood too long between you and the fulfilment of your wishes. A pack of venomed heretics infecting with their shameful malignity a whole nation of innocent and loving

Charles.

Your words are but the echo of my wish ; my heart wishes to have them in its power, then they shall feel the obedience of a king. But we must work cautiously ; it will be foolish to trust too much to one show of loyalty, however pleasing ; we must prove how far the people will go with us.

Tenrietta

is, thus it is ever so ! You dally with your opportunities as they pass ; you delay, and are feebly cautious, while your enemies are vigilant and prompt. Even now, I fear, you are labouring to check the growing love of your people for Charles. Be a king, and strike these men down, then will you rest yourself upon the people's loyalty. What are you now ? A piece of wax ; your state a paltry thing which men may turn up their thumbs at, and your power trampled and spit upon by traitorous knaves.

Charles.

'Tis dear Marie, you don't know our English ways, we cannot act in this by law, or at the most on the assurance that the people's hearts are with us.

Tenrietta.

But you, you are a temporiser, and a coward ; you and your advisers. You are unworthy of the throne you sit in. When you should act, you stand there prating like an oaf of caution, and doing nothing ! If your's be English ways, I like them not, don't expect me to follow them to me.

King Charles.

How your hasty spirit takes fire at a word ! I m
to make sure I have the City with me, so I'll retu
feast at Hampton Court, and then, if all holds we
desire, there will be news of something.

Queen Henrietta.

Certainly it's better to be sure than sorry, but I
fear if even now you were to try to catch the birds
people are an honest and a loyal folk, and once y
those rogues safely out of the way, you may a
them with confidence.

King Charles.

God grant it may prove so. Farewell, I must t
Council.

(*Es*)

SCENE VI.—*A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1st Gent.

What 's this about the bishops ?

2nd Gent.

Why, eleven of them, led on by Williams,
Archbishop of York, pretending that the crowds
Of disaffected people round the House
Put them in danger of their limbs and lives,
When they attend upon their seats in Parliament,
Have sent a protestation to the Lords,
In which they claim that nothing shall be valid
Transacted in their absence.

1st Gent.

Why, that 's flat treason !

2nd Gent.

Most certainly it is,
For it is but to call the power in question
Of Acts of Parliament. They are impeached,

And will be sent off straight unto the Tower ;
Truly 'tis fittest for them !

1st Gent.

Or to Bedlam,
For that would suit them better.

2nd Gent.

No, good sir,
There is no madness in it, they are but moving
As the king's finger pulls them ; it is said
That he intends revoking all the Acts
Which Parliament has passed in this last year,
On plea that it has not been free. The bishops,
Fretting their souls lest their fat things be lost,
At once have joined with him, and struck this blow
As earnest of the rest.

1st Gent.

This is ill news ;
The king is then no wiser, and still aims
To bring the nation underneath his foot.
As for the bishops, they're like household dogs,
Always where spits are turning. One may hope
The country party will defeat this purpose,
Or else we'll say a long good-bye to right,
And ring the knell of English life in England.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.—*Another street in Westminster, near Westminster Hall.*

Enter from one side COLONEL LUNSFORD and other officers, from the other a crowd, shouting.

crowd.

No bishop ! No bishop !

Lunsford.

A pox on you, you damned rascals ! go and weigh your
utter and cheese, you canting, cheating rogues.

An Officer.

Off with you to your fish-selling ! we want no huckstering
or cheesemongering here.

Crowd.

Stone them ! stone them ! No bishop ! no bishop ! Knock
the fellows on the head !

Lunsford.

Damn you, whoreson crop-eared knaves ; what an ado is
this ! The king will soon not be able to look out of the
window of his own house for you. (*Draws his sword and
slashes at the crowd.*) Take that and go to the devil.

An Officer.

Fall on ! Death to the roundheads who bawl against the
bishops !

(*Outcries and tumult.*) *Exit crowd, followed by LUNSFORD
and the rest.*

SCENE VIII.—*A room in Whitehall.*

Enter KING CHARLES and SIR EDWARD HERBERT.

King Charles.

Mr. Attorney-General, 'tis our royal will
That you proceed forthwith unto the Lords,
And let them know that treasonable designs
And practices have come unto our knowledge ;
And that by our command you do accuse
Hampden, Pym, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, Lord Kimbolton,
Hollis and Strode of treason ; and, besides,
Take measures to seal up the papers, trunks,
And lodgings of the five accused members
Of the Common's House.

Herbert.

Your Majesty,
This is a violation both of law and privilege.

King Charles.

Then let it be so ! Law's had too much privilege ;

So much that soon we'll have to ask its leave
To step out at our door. Go down, forthwith,
And do as I command you.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IX.—*A room in Pym's house.*

Enter PYM and HAMPDEN.

Pym.

“Those whom the gods have purposed to destroy,
They first deprive of understanding,” still
The Roman's words prove true. Of all the things
Which tyrant folly has attempted yet,
This act bears off the palm. To touch for treason
Men who have acted but as Parliament
Has voted and resolved, is such a madness
As the poor startled world never till now
Threw down its tools to gaze at.

Hampden.

Cromwell's eye
Sees well into the future ; he divined
That this would happen. It is useless, Pym,
To hope to come to terms ; what pledge can bind,
Or trust be given to such a king as this ?
We must go further than we've dreamed of yet,
And leave him little save his crown and name.
Alas ! this perverse, selfish, and misguided man
Will plunge our land in war, before the right
Can be wrung from him, and securely set
Where neither he nor his can wrest it more.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE X.—*The Queen's room at Whitehall.*

Enter KING CHARLES and QUEEN HENRIETTA.

Queen Henrietta.

Do not urge this on me any more ; it makes me mad to
hear it. You will proceed by law, forsooth, after the

answer you've received. Proceed by law in a land where there's law for the beggar but not for the king. You'll creep along in the shadow of the law like a mouse, fearful lest your cat of a Parliament see you a hair's-breadth out. Here is the law thrown in your face, you may not move a foot to do yourself justice, but you are stopped by the law, and the knaves who use it against you, laugh in their sleeve at you.

King Charles.

Dearest Marie, do not let the heat of your passion blind you to reason. The Parliament has the nation with it; what could—

Queen Henrietta.

And I say the nation is not with it; you set too high an estimate on this chop-loyal, tallow-cutting, sugar-mongering crowd of London. Cast yourself on the loyalty of the gentlemen and people; and first of all secure the five principal leaders of that traitorous schism, as I urged you to do. Are there not above three hundred gentlemen in readiness, pledged to obey your will? Seize these men, and stamp the mischief out! O, that you had but a dash of my father's spirit and resolution in you!

King Charles.

Alas! I must not do this; 'tis too great a hazard, though it sorts with my desires. O, that I had these men beneath my hand! by St. George, I would require somewhat of them.

Queen Henrietta.

Yes, the cat likes fish, but dares not wade to catch them. Brave king, dares not be master in his own kingdom!

King Charles.

Dearest Marie, do not taunt me further; this business is too dangerous; we must put it by, and seek a slower but a surer way. Let me show you further reasons;—

Queen Henrietta.

No, I'll not hear them! You have neither courage, honour,

nor resolution! Do you think I'll sit and be flouted with reasons like you? Do you call yourself a king? Go and put your crown into a sack and hang it by the wall. I say, go and arrest those men; go, poltroon, and pull those rogues out by the ears, or never see me more!

(Exit KING CHARLES visibly distressed, followed by the Queen.)

SCENE XI.—*Another room in Whitehall.*

Enter QUEEN HENRIETTA.

Queen Henrietta (solus).

He has gone at last; may the Blessed Mary and the saints prosper his attempt! O that I had news of how things are going. *(Takes out her watch.)* Surely he will have them ere this, it would not take two hours.

(Enter LADY CARLISLE.)

Lady Carlisle.

Did your Majesty call?

Queen Henrietta.

No; I was only giving vent to my joy. Rejoice, for I hope that the king is now master in his states, and that Pym, Hampden and the rest are in custody.

Lady Carlisle.

Truly this is great news!

Queen Henrietta.

Yes, the best I've had to tell for many a day.

I'll to the front windows and watch for a messenger.

(Exit.)

Lady Carlisle (solus).

Ha! this is why such rout has filled the palace
 Since yesterday at noon. To strike at Pym!
 But that requires a longer arm, my liege,
 Than this base one you mean to wield to-day.
 I must send tidings straightway to the House;
 'Twill yet be time, the rout has lately left,

Although the queen thinks 't has been hours away.
 Your husband will not thank you, my good queen,
 For playing cuckoo ere the spring has come,
 And blabbing out this business ; luckily,
 I came in time to hear it ; on what trifles
 The liberties of nations often turn !

(*Exit.*)

SCENE XII.—*The House of Commons.*

Discovers the members sitting in silence. The Speaker in the chair. Tumult heard in the lobby, and voices crying, "I am a good marksman, I can hit right, I warrant you." "Have open that door there ; who minds the House of Commons." "What an ado is here with the House of Commons !"

Enter KING CHARLES and the PRINCE PALATINE.

King Charles (to those in the lobby).

Upon your lives do not come in !

(*The king advances to the Speaker's chair ; the members rise, and uncover, the king uncovering likewise.*)

King Charles.

By your leave, Mr. Speaker, I must borrow your chair a little.

(*The Speaker leaves the chair and the king takes it, casting his eye meanwhile over the house.*)

King Charles.

Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a serjeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some, that, by my command, were accused of high treason ; whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. And I must declare unto you here, that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power, than I shall be, yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege, and

therefore I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here. For I must tell you, gentlemen, that so long as these persons, that I have accused, for no slight crime, but for treason, are here, I cannot expect that this House will be in the right way that I heartily do wish it. Therefore I am come to tell you, that I must have them wheresoever I find them. Well, since I see all the birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a king, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it. I will trouble you no more but to tell you, and do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me, otherwise I must take my own course to find them.

Mr. Speaker, are any of these five persons in the House? Do you see any of them?

Speaker Lenthall (falling on his knee).

May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me.

The king leaves the chair, and walking swiftly towards the lobby, passes out, amid cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" from both sides of the House.

(Scene closes.)

SCENE XIII.—*A room in Whitehall.*

Enter KING CHARLES and QUEEN HENRIETTA meeting.

Queen Henrietta.

How has this business gone?

King Charles.

Failed !

Queen Henrietta.

Failed ?

King Charles.

Ay, failed ! The rogues had notice given them,
And were all fled before I reached the House.

Queen Henrietta.

Alas ! I hoped you would have brought them bound,
Or shut up them and treason in the Tower !
How has it fallen so untowardly ?

King Charles.

I do not know ; my purpose was kept secret,
For you alone knew why I left the palace ;
The gentleman who followed me knew nothing,
Save that I went to interview the House
On state affairs.

Queen Henrietta.

Alas, dear lord, 'tis I
Who have betrayed this purpose ! O forgive me !
Some two hours after you had gone, in joy,
Deeming you had secured the traitors, I spoke of it
To Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle.
O what a fool, a brainless, prating fool,
To such a minion to unveil my heart !

King Charles.

How rash to go ; but how much rasher still
To speak of it until it was accomplished !
Would that I had obeyed my better judgment
And stayed at home to-day.

Queen Henrietta.

Dear Charles, dear king !
Forgive my rash and foolish words ; I'm ready
To gnaw my tongue for shame, to think that I,

After advising, urging on this deed, should be
The one who has defeated it by folly !

King Charles.

My Marie, I forgive you ; it was indiscreet,
But indiscretion 's not a fault of heart ;
Where evil purpose dwells not, there 's no sin
To blame the soul for ; oft our judgments err,
And leave our best intentions torn and stranded
On rocks we never dreamed of, such is this.
All that remains is now to take such measures
As will secure the persons of these men ;
If it be needful I will force the Parliament
To yield them up to me. I've made this cast,
And it has failed, I must pursue the game
More eagerly and resolutely now,
To win my lost advantage.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE XIV.—*A street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting. Shouting heard.

1st Gent.

Well met ! I'm glad to see you ! Is not this
A day one should be glad of ?

2nd Gent.

In some senses, yes ;
In others, too, a day we should regret.

1st Gent.

How so ?

2nd Gent.

We should be glad of it because an act
So flagrant with injustice has been foiled ;
And sorry too, that the deluded king
Has broken through the warp and woof of right,
And forced the friends of privilege and law
To stand for them against him. 'Tis a perilous time ;

The Commons may not budge a foot from right ;
 The king will not abase himself to plead
 The ill of his own act. The fiery opposites
 Are gathering each his elements about him,
 And let the wind but blow the flames awry
 And there'll be civil war.

1st Gent.

Now heaven forefend !

2nd Gent.

The king, it seems, has fled to Hampton Court
 With all his family and immediate friends ;
 He could not bear to see the City's joy,
 And triumph of the men his hate had struck at ;
 'Tis said he left at midnight. Here's the City
 Bringing its patriots home again.

(Enter a procession and great crowd bearing aloft the five members)

Stand close,
 And let the thickest pass. They will halt here
 For Pym to speak.

*(Cheers for the five members from the crowd, and shouts of "i
 Mr. Pym !")*

Pym (rising and taking off his hat).

I should be cold of heart, my countrymen,
 If I had not within a pulse of joy
 Which lifts this day above all glad days past.
 For these my trusty friends, and for myself,
 I thank you, Englishmen, for your great love,
 Fidelity and help, so sure in sympathy,
 So prompt in succour. That your hearts were with us
 We knew full well, but this great testimony
 Has rapt us from ourselves, and like a flood
 Bears down both thought and speech. Our English too
 Too weak to give expression to the mighty feeling
 Which sways our English hearts. We have returned,
 Borne back on your affections, to maintain the right

Of living here in lawfulness and honour,
As subjects, not as slaves ; as Englishmen
Whose birthright is the free and loyal use
Of time, estate, and person in the service
Of king and country ; in maintaining honour
In all that's done abroad, and godliness,
Honesty, industry, and peace at home.
It is in vain that we are charged with more
Than we have rightly claimed ; we have not asked
More than is ours by birthright ; if it be
That we have gone beyond our ancestors,
It is because we've suffered more than they ;
And yet, in point of modesty and duty
We yield not to the best of former times ;
And this we put in issue, whether that
The most unwarrantable and highest acts
Of any of our former kings do not fall short,
And much below, what hath been done to us
During this parliament ; on the other side,
If we should make the highest precedents
Of former parliaments our rule and pattern,
Would there be found cause of complaint in us,
Of want of modesty and duty, when we have not
So much as given entrance to the thoughts
Of such things as our fathers put in action ?
We call to witness the English nation,
The English records, and Almighty God,
That we are guiltless of disloyal deeds
Towards the king or statutes of this realm.
Here then we stand ; and we will not yield up
A jot of all which Englishmen are wont
To come into the right of when they first draw breath
In this our native air. Therefore, my countrymen,
We still are ready, as we've ever been
Unto our utmost power, to win relief
For you, your wives, and children, and fulfil

The trust committed to us, towards God,
Our king and country, as Christian men
And loyal subjects.

(Pym sits down amid loud cheers. Excunt procession and crowd.)

1st Gent.

He has a great heart !

2nd Gent.

Ay, and a rare head to guide it. Do me the grace
To dine with me to-day. Nay, no refusal ; come.

(Excunt.)

SCENE XV.—*A room in Nottingham Castle.*

Enter KING CHARLES reading a letter.

To yield this point is to cut off your right hand ; the command of the militia is the last bit of royalty left you, and they aim to wrest that. Truly if you give way on this, I must seek a place of refuge for myself and those about me, for you are no longer able to protect anybody, not even yourself.

We shall soon see whether that is so or not, dear queen ; you need not be so fierce about the disposal of the militia ; I would not part with that for an hour to any one alive. No king was ever asked for such a thing before.

You will doubtless say, you will never grant the militia, but words are cheap with you ; too cheap to be relied on. Even though you do not grant it, you will do what comes to the same ; lose time and shilly-shally until you are tricked out of it. Look at Hull, for instance ; you failed there for want of resolution. Had it been me, I would have got into the town in some way. I have wished myself in the place of James in Hull ; I would have stung that rascal Hotham over the walls, or he should have done the same thing to me. You must have Hull, and if the man who is in it does not submit, you have declared him a traitor, and you must have him dead or alive. If you had

acted as you resolved, it might have been yours now, and once you tried to get it, it was needful to go on; for to begin and then to stop is your ruin.

Henceforth, I will deserve no more reproaches ;
No further talk of terms, or truce, or lenient measures ;
The sword must now decide the matter for me,
And whether ours or theirs have keener edge
The event will shortly show.

(Enter SIR EDMUND VERNEY.)

How now, Sir Edmund,

Do they still come in ?

Verney.

Hourly, your Majesty ;

If all hold well, we'll muster an array
As loyal and as goodly as did ever gather
Round England's lion banner.

King Charles.

By God's grace,

And by the trusty swords, and truer hearts
Of English gentlemen, we'll win this realm
Into our keeping once again. Good-night, Sir Edmund,
And God defend the right !

Verney.

Amen ! May God be with your Majesty !

(Exeunt.)

SCENE XVI.—*A farmhouse near St. Bees.*

ARCHY ARMSTRONG, JOSEPH GAINFORD, MARK COULSTON,
THOMAS SATTERTHWAITHE, WILLIAM HALLIDAY, JONATHAN
HODGSON, *and other farmers and fishermen holding a merry
night. Music and dancing in another part of the room.*

Coulston.

What news is there from Lon'on, Joe ?

Gainford.

There's to be war, man ; the king's sending all over

England for men. It 's ill deed this to be laying blows
one another's backs, but if the king can't get his rights
other way, why, it must be so.

Halliday.

I'll give a stroke for him, God bless him. My gr
grandfather fought at Solway Moss, and I've a little of
old chap in me.

Hodgson.

Ay ; he knew how to get his brandy cheap, then. The
rob the king all thy life, and then die fighting for him.

Archy.

You're all very loyal here !

Halliday.

Yes, in our own fashion, as you see. The king has
friends here ; though we misuse him a little at times.

Satterthwaite.

Let the king bide ! Now, Archy Armstrong, do someth
for thy fairing ; we didn't bring thee here to do nothing
wet thy whistle with Daddy Coulston's ale and brar
Thou wilt be as dumb as a bull-tyke directly, and we'll h
had our labour for our pains. Put that pot by, man,
give us a song.

Archy.

You'll not find me drunk yet awhile with your cheap s

Satterthwaite.

Cheap, you thirsty rascal ! it's the best French, and
the better because the king hasn't helped to raise the p
on't. Sing away, man !

Archy (sings).

Rouse up, my hearties, clink the can,
Good liquor should he scorn,
Who must see the hills of the Isle of Man
Grow red to-morrow morn ?

A fair wind from the fells to-night,
 An Irish one to-morrow,
 And we will land in the cold starlight
 The stuff which drives out sorrow.
 For we're all good men and happy,
 And we love the best of nappy,
 That's never known the weight of exciseman's thumb ;
 He may come and go again,
 But he'll never gauge a drain
 Of the sound and sovereign liquor we bring home.

Cozziston.

Now lad, drink again. If they hadn't come between thee
 and thy lass, we would have had as merry a lad in thee as
 ever helped to run a cargo from under the three legs. By
 th' mass, it was an ill day that sent thee to Lon'on.

Archy (sings sadly).

O Calder beck, O Calder beck,
 The music of thy water
 Is rippling yet, where I oft met
 With Farmer Clifford's daughter.
 I left my bed before the lark,
 I crept down in the gloaming,
 And in the brake by Calder beck
 I hid to wait her coming.

Satterthwaite.

Put up thy love songs, lad, and let's have something
 merrier than that to Jacky Lattin.

Archy.

Nay, I'll sing nothing else to Jacky Lattin to-night.

Halliday.

Well, give us something to another tune ; a song with
 some spunk and laughter in it.

Archy (sings).

From Longtown on a bright spring day
 Will Maxwell southward took his way ;

His pipes upon his back were laid,
And round his shoulders hung his plaid ;
His right hand grasped a stout oak staff,
His cheery voice and merry laugh
Made blither still the blithe spring day
As he went singing on his way.

O'er the hills and far away,
By hill and dale and far away ;
Will's gone to seek what fortune may
Be o'er the hills and far away.

At evening as the sun sank low,
Will piping came to Torpenhow,
And all the lads and lasses ran
After the strapping Highlandman ;
Will's rousing catches made them feel
All of a glow from head to heel ;
They danced and whirled with laughter ga
Till night had well-nigh worn away.

O'er the hills and far away ; etc.

The folk were over-kind to Will,
Too powerful proved the village yill,
And it was late the following day,
When he betook him to the way.
At night he near to Keswick drew,
The glad lights glimmered in his view ;
And bright the stars shone on the lake,
And chirped the cricket in the brake.

O'er the hills and far away ; etc.

In a house beside a low stone wall
A woman loud for help did call ;
Willie at one spring leaped the dyke,
His leg was gripped by a mastiff tyke ;
A stout kick made the mastiff fly,
And at the next the door swung by,

And Willie came to join the fray
 From o'er the hills and far away.
 O'er the hills and far away ; etc.

The husband held a good larch rung,
 Which round his spouse he stoutly swung,
 But with one buffet, and no more,
 Will brought the husband to the floor,
 And said, as o'er his foe he stood,
 Red with the heat of his Scotch blood ;
 "Ye little thought that I to-day
 Came o'er the hills and far away."
 O'er the hills and far away ; etc.

The set-pot on the hearth was placed,
 The wife one look at Willie cast ;
 Will to the doorway made a spring,
 She to the set-pot gave the swing ;
 It struck below Will's plume so tall,
 And down fell Willie, pipes and all ;
 And he'll mind till his dying day
 Of o'er the hills and far away.

O'er the hills and far away,
 By hill and dale and far away,
 Will little dreamt what fortune lay
 O'er the hills and far away.

ter a fisherman, with a bandage round his head, amid great
 laughter.)

ter *thwaite*.

Ha, Gill Morris, so thou's there ! Head wrapped up, and
 alf dead, I guess.

lston.

Why, I never see thee, but thou's badly.

liday.

I'll lay a gallon that there'll not be a sounder man than

Gill on the Manx coast i' the morn. How sits the wind lad ?

Fisherman (taking off the bandage).

From the fells outward ; you can lean your back against it like a post, and the rain's peppering like nuts.

Satterthwaite.

There'll be no coastguard out to-night.

Halliday.

No, they'll be snug enough at Whitehaven ; warming their shins by their chimney neuks.

Fisherman.

Well, if you have had merriment enough, and drink enough, you can get ready to start for the run to Ramsay.

Satterthwaite.

Ay, lad, we're ready. We can leave the lads and lasses to their dancing, and Archy to his bottle.

We must leave thee, my boy, to get drunk at thy leisure, For business, thou knows, always comes before pleasure.

(Exeunt Fisherman, SATTERTHWAITE, and the others.)

(The music and dancing stops, and the dancers crowd round Archy.)

A lass.

Now, Mr. Armstrong, the men have left you, so give us a song while we are resting, and then you shall dance with me.

Archy.

Ah, honey, my dancing days are over ; if my heart were as light and my head as sound as when I was your age, I would have danced fast enough ; however, I've always been a good-natured sort of fool, so I'll sing you a song, and then go your ways back to your dancing and don't mind me.

Several lads and lasses.

Ay, a song, and let it be a good one !

Archy (sings).

Let's kiss and heal our foolish strife,
And come with me and be my wife ;
And you'll be mistress all your life
Of the mill upon the Cocker.

In vain for me the wheel swings round,
In vain I see the sluice-tide bound,
And farmers flock to have grist ground
At the mill upon the Cocker.

The river speeds and murmurs by
The meadows where my sheep and kye
Grow fat, and turn a lazy eye
To the mill upon the Cocker.

My fields around are rich with grain,
Of servants I've a trusty train ;
Few lasses, Peggy, would disdain
The mill upon the Cocker.

Bootless to me the thumb of gold,
If thou return an answer cold,
And I live single, crabbed, and old
In the mill upon the Cocker.

No other lass I'll love but thee,
No other lass my wife shall be,
So, Peggy, take this kiss and me,
And the mill upon the Cocker.

She blushed, and hid her glowing eyes,
He clasped unto his heart his prize ;
She's now a buxom matron wise
In the mill upon the Cocker.

(As the song ends, there is great laughter and clapping of hands, and as the fiddle strikes up again the curtain falls.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A room in Grenville's house at Stow.**Enter SIR BEVIL and LADY GRENVILLE.**Grenville.*

Truly, my heart, it is a mournful thing
 When honour leads us to such sharp essays ;
 And stands between our loyalty and love,
 Crushing old friendships 'neath its iron heel.
 My sword is at the bidding of my king,
 Not to be drawn against him ; no, though friends,
 Kinsmen, and brothers even, throng the ranks
 That bend their brows upon him ; they are false,
 Friends though they be ; false friends and traitors all,
 To lift rebellious hands against their king.

Grant that the king have erred, shall subjects rise
 To smite him for his fault with naked swords ?
 Nay, God forbid ! and out of all my friends
 Whom I may meet upon the battle's edge,
 There is not one from whom I'll turn my sword
 In this most righteous quarrel. With as free a heart
 As e'er I sought my couch seek I this field,
 With joy and comfort venturing my life
 For cause as right, in company as good
 As e'er did Englishman ; God be my stead,
 If that I had to choose my death to-day,
 I'd choose it thus. Say not we've lived too long ;
 My friends have lived too long, so have not I ;
 I have outlived my friendships, they their honour,
 Their loyalty ; I've lived to fight for mine ;
 They have outlived their better part of life,
 And I may find my death defending mine ;
 So be it as God wills ; so I have right
 I heed not though Death squire me to the fight.

Lady Grenville.

Forgive me, Bevil, if in my distress

I uttered selfish words ; 'tis hard to yield
 Our best beloved ones, though duty call,
 And honour loudly plead. Ah, sad, sad war
 That plants its iron tooth in widowed hearts,
 And lonely orphans' lives ; but sadder far,
 That friends will rush to shed the blood of friends,
 And kindred blood will crimson kindred hands.
 Was there no way but war ; no method, none,
 To settle right, but by the cruel sword ?
 How I shall miss thee, Bevil ; thy dear voice,
 Thy cheery step, thy smile, thy morning kiss,
 Thy deep and tender words, thy dear embrace ;
 But most of all I'll miss thee when I pray,
 And kneel to ask our Father's help alone.
 O my beloved one, must I let thee go ?

Grenville.

Grace, these are fruitless words, they do not steel
 My arm and spirit for the soldier's part.
 Wouldst have me live dishonoured, doubted, shunn'd
 Alike by friend and foe ; wouldst have me sit
 Warming my craven heels upon my hearth,
 When swords are ringing out on traitor's mail
 Their English loyalty ? Nay, give God thanks
 That thou canst do an English matron's part
 And send a man to battle for thy king ;
 And should I die in this, esteem it more
 An honour to put on thy widow's weeds,
 Than once thou didst sweet raiment for thy bridal.

Lady Grenville.

Nay, nay, my dearest, go ; I do not wish
 To keep thee by my side ; I freely yield
 My rights in thee to higher claims than mine.
 See how, my love, I buckle on thy sword ;
 (*She fastens it to his side.*)

Now go, and win back peace !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*The hall of Warwick Castle.*

Enter LORD BROOKE and a throng of officers and soldiers.

Lord Brooke.

My friends in arms, my countrymen, I joy
To read the resolution of your minds
In your stout English faces ; it bodes well
A swift and sure conclusion to the ills
We're armed to conquer ; sure am I, that none
Would wish to lengthen out these evil days,
Or to extend the rage of civil strife
Further than justice needs ; but sword in hand
Strike hard, strike home, until the mighty wrongs
Of this afflicted land be all atoned.
The ravaged fields, the burnt and ruined homes
Of harmless peasants ; worse, the English blood
Poured in the dust, and on the hearth it owned ;
Wives rendered widows, children fatherless,
The sweet domestic sanctities laid waste
By the rude hate of an insulting foe ;
Yea, all the visage of this fruitful land
Scorched by the march of rapine, fire and death.
There's not an English heart which beats to-day
With a right English throb, but yearns to end
These miseries for ever, and assuage
With the glad wine and healing oil of peace.
I need not urge this on you ; sure I am
Your hands and hearts will win with valiant speed
The right to draw the milk of English life
Out of our England's breast, and breathe her air
With relish of its freedom ; it is all we ask,
All we have asked, and pleaded for through years
Of unavailing struggle, plaint and toil.
God help us now to fight ; we were not first
To draw the sword, and claim the great appeal
Unto the God of battles ; now our blades are bare

They'll not be sheathed until that He decide
Where the right lies. To stout and valiant men,
As I know you to be, persuasive words
Are useless ; and methinks were any here
Incited to draw weapon in this cause
Rather by fair and glibly spoken words
Than by the quarrel's justice, for my part,
He might go straightway home ; for if this cause
Have not enough of noble and of brave
To quicken cowards and make valiant-souled
The basest spirits, I know not what power
Can stir up mortal men to gird their minds
With dauntless resolutions. To come home to you,
You that are husbands, does not wifely honour,
Insulted and outraged, warn you what deeds
Ye may expect to look on, if ye fail
To win the day against these lawless men ?
Hearken, ye fathers, do not ruined homes,
Dishonoured hearths, and violated daughters
Where'er these men have entered, steel your hearts
To ward them from your thresholds ? And ye brothers,
Do ye not burn to hear of sisters wronged ?
All the sweet loves which make and foster life
Look up into our faces, claiming thence
The right to be defended from the rage
And lust of wolfish men. Shall we be false
To Nature's rights in us ? Nay, God forbid !
What end is this which links with such base means ?
Does Justice call on murder, havoc, lust,
To win back right ? Does right such footsteps trace ?
Behold the goodness of the cause they claim
Imaged in these their money buys to fight.
We wage not war against our lawful king ;
We fight to keep his kingdom and his crown
For him and for his children ; to maintain
His rights and priv'leges, which stand or fall

But with his people's freedom. We therefore fight
 With our own hands and swords, eschewing all
 The woe and curse of mercenary aid.
 Yea, I speak truly, from my inmost soul,
 I'd rather have a thousand honest men
 Who know their arms, whose hearts go with their hands,
 Than myriads of these mercenary troops
 That boast of foreign rapine.

Arise, O God, and help us !
 Confound and scatter these Thine enemies,
 And give Thy flock the victory. We, O Lord,
 Are but a handful when beside our foes ;
 Then fight our battles, Lord, and lead our van
 As thou in David's time didst go before
 The armies of Thy servants ; strengthen us,
 And give us hearts to quit ourselves like men,
 For the defence of Thy own truth, O God,
 Ourselves, the king and kingdom's safety.

SCENE III.—*Thomas Hatfield's cottage.*

Discovers ALICE sitting sewing by her infant's cradle.

Alice.

Hush, baby, hush. Sleep on, my little innocent boy ; thou wilt never again have dreams so fair, and smiles so pure thou hast now. Life's a sad load when it's cast in troublous times, and take it when you will, it's best at its beginning. Ah, my Thomas, whom I have loved so long and so fondly. I must give thee up. O Lord, support my sinking heart, strengthen me for this great trial ; according to the good wherewith Thou hast blessed me, so be my help, Lord, when Thou dost ask it again.

(Enter THOMAS HATFIELD and WILL CORITON.)

Alice (rising).

Is the time come, Thomas ?

Hatfield.

Ay, my girl ; Will brings me word to leave for Warwickshire to-night.

Alice.

Alas, alas, my darling, how shall I let thee go ?

(Throws herself into his arms.)

Hatfield.

O, my dear wife, so fair, so true, and I must leave thee ! God help thee, dearest one. *(Kisses her.)* Nay, do not weep so, wife, I must keep up heart, and thy tears unman me. 'Tis doing God's will to go, my girl, and if one falls in that way, and on that service, one does not fall amiss.

Alice (pointing to the babe).

Kiss him, my husband ; he may never know a father's love.

(Hatfield stoops and kisses the child.)

Hatfield.

God bless and keep thee, darling ; if we meet no more in this life, we'll meet in heaven. Farewell, until we meet again, where'er it be !

(Folds her to his breast and kisses her.)

Alice.

Farewell, my brave one ; my heart's own dearest one, farewell !

(She sinks weeping upon his shoulder ; he puts her gently down, and hastens out, followed by Will Coriton.)

Will Coriton.

I never felt thankful before that I was a bachelor ; I can fight without any of these drawbacks.

SCENE IV.—*A tent in the King's camp at Edgehill.*

Discovers HENRY SPENCER, *Earl of Sunderland, writing.*

Enter LORD FALKLAND.

Sunderland.

Welcome, my good friend, I'm glad you've come. There's so little comfort in this sorry business that one welcomes a friend, even though it be but to make moan over our mutual misery. I've just ended a letter to my wife, for in meeting yonder fellows to-morrow, one may get what will make us not need pen more.

Falkland.

Ay, Harry Spencer, and for my part I care not how soon we join battle. I'm weary of the whole business. But I trust that a victory to-morrow will end the matter, and bring our enemies to their knees.

Sunderland.

Don't be too sure of that. When Englishman's matched against Englishman the contest's apt to be long, and the issue doubtful. For my part, were it not for honour, I would not be here at all. I like neither the king nor his company. Such a ribald, bawdy, popish crowd as we have here I never set foot among before. I've much ado to stomach the discontent I meet with daily, and have had handsome occasion to retire, but honour stops the way; for unless a man draw sword on one side or the other, it will be said one is afraid to fight. I only wish honour had buckled on my harness in better company.

Falkland.

I'm afraid the king is no wiser after all he has gone through. The queen and her jesuitical crew have his ear. I tell thee what, Harry Spencer, those rebels have reason on their side.

Sunderland.

Doubtless they have grievances enough, but that's no reason to justify them in taking up arms against their king.

We must beat their weapons out of their hands before we may listen to them.

Falkland.

Well, if to-morrow do not decide in the king's favour, I trust I shall be set free of these troubles for ever. My heart is sad at having to harden itself against men of its own race ; it is a sore pass to draw sword on Englishmen.

Sunderland.

Ay, it's not a pleasant thing to have to knock one's neighbours about the head ; but if they will go beyond bounds they must be beaten back again. However, I'd rather live through it myself, I've a wife I don't want to leave just yet, and a few more things beside, that tie me to life ; but if I must bite the dust, why so it will be, and there's an end on't. Come, let us take a walk in the night-air, and then try to get some sleep.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*Edgehill. Before the King's tent.*

KING CHARLES I., PRINCE RUPERT, EARL OF LINDSAY, EARL OF SUNDERLAND, LORD FALKLAND, and other officers.

King Charles.

If this day but shine prosperous to us, gentlemen,
 We shall be happy in a glorious victory.
 The foe's in sight ; your king is both your cause,
 Your quarrel, and your captain. Show yourselves
 Then no malignant parties ; with your swords
 Declare what courage and fidelity's within you.
 I have declared and written that I meant
 Always to bulwark and maintain the rights
 Of Protestant religion, of the parliament,
 And of the people ; now I must prove my words
 By this convincing argument—, the sword.
 By this day's victory, may heaven's power declare
 Me just, and as a lawful, so a loving king
 To all my subjects. Now the best encouragement

That I can give you is, come life or death
 Your king will bear you company, and keep
 This field, this place, and this day's service, ever
 In grateful memory.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.—*Edgehill. Another part of the field.*

Discovers a part of the King's army in battle array, led by the

EARL OF LINDSAY:

Enter LORD FALKLAND and the EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

Lord Falkland.

Lord Lindsay, we've come to put ourselves under your orders. Can you find place for us, where we shall have a chance at the outset of trying the temper of our swords on yonder fellows' crowns?

Lord Lindsay.

You are heartily welcome, gentlemen. Take charge of the first line with my son Willoughby there. Since the Prince has carried off the day against me, and we have to yield up our vantage ground to please him, I promise you that you shall look into your foes' faces in half an hour. O Lord, Thou know'st how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not forget me. March on, boys!

(*Exeunt LINDSAY, FLKALAND, etc.*)

SCENE VII.—*A street in Keinton.*

Enter PRINCE RUPERT with his cavalry charging up the street and HAMPDEN and THOMAS HATFIELD at the head of the green coats advancing against them.

After a sharp skirmish RUPERT and his men retreat, firing as they fall back. HATFIELD is struck by a ball and falls from his horse.

Hampden.

What, Thomas, wounded! Forward, men, and clear the street of them!

(*He dismounts, and lifts Hatfield's head upon his knee.*)

Hatfield.

Ah sir, I'm sped ; my life is ebbing fast
With every heart throbb. We have won the fight
And I die happy ; tell my Alice so ;
May God Almighty keep her and my boy,
To Him and you I leave them. Sir, I knew
This day would end me, but the Lord of Life
May when He please resume His gift again,
And so He find us ready, and in right,
Death's a small matter. Kiss me, dear master.

*(As Hampden stoops to kiss him, he throws his arms about
Hampden's neck and dies.)*

Hampden.

O England, England, cover not his blood,
Till justice, truth, and peace be ours again !
Alas ! their terms of price are valiant souls.
The trustiest men in England pour their blood
Into the dust to buy back English rights,
Out of the clutch of the oppressive king,
Who should have shed them with a royal heart
Over a grateful land. Poor servant, dead :
So diligent, so loving, and so sound at heart,
Of a true English stamp ; how many more
Like thee must wet with blood the sod they ploughed,
And hearts must ache, and scalding tears must fall,
And little orphan hands wipe mother's cheeks
And wonder at their grief. Where shall I find
Another man to stand at my right hand
So faithful and so valiant as thou ?

*(He lays the body gently down, and mounting his horse rides
swiftly towards the battle.)*

SCENE VIII.—*A hillside near the battlefield.**Enter KING CHARLES and a number of Cavaliers.**King Charles.*

Is it not possible still to form a fresh front on the rising ground here, and drive them back? Gentlemen, let us make a stand, and rally the broken regiments as they struggle past.

A Cavalier.

'Tis of no use, your Majesty; those fellows press them too closely. If the Prince had kept his men in hand, and were here to check their advance for a few minutes with the horse, we could get our centre formed again with Lord Digby's regiments to support, but the Prince is busy with the enemy's baggage in Keinton streets.

2nd Cavalier.

Confound him, could he not have waited till we had beaten them before he fell to plunder. I never saw a fairer opportunity thrown away than the one we have lost, all for want of a few squadrons of horse. After routing their centre and left, our men are driven in like rabbits by their right wing, without having time to get a fresh footing.

3rd Cavalier.

Those rascals fight well; I didn't think to find such mettle among them.

1st Cavalier.

Why, man, they are Englishmen; besides, they have gentlemen among them. Here comes the Prince at last, with his horses and men blown.

*(Enter PRINCE RUPERT and troopers.)**King Charles.*

Nephew, you have delayed too long; our foot is utterly broken for want of your support.

Rupert.

I am sorry to see the foot in such confusion; the leaders

must have faltered. However, I can give a good account of the enemy's horse.

1st Cavalier.

Ay, by God, and of their carts too !

King Charles.

Can you not charge those fellows, nephew, and give our centre time to rally? I will bring up the reserves to support you.

Rupert.

Let my men get back their wind, your Majesty, and I'll do it.

1st Cavalier.

Why, we'll be swept off the field before then : see, your Majesty, there are fresh troops pouring through the hedges yonder to support these that are pressing us. Very likely they sent the Prince back to us before his work was done.

King Charles.

Gentlemen, let us try another charge before those troops come up. I will lead you myself.

2nd Cavalier.

No, your Majesty, there is nothing left now but to take care of your own safety ; that's worth more than twenty battles.

1st Cavalier.

Ay, let's be moving out of this, or those Roundhead knaves will have us trapped like rats.

(Exeunt KING, PRINCE RUPERT and Cavaliers.)

SCENE IX.—*Another part of the battlefield.*

Enter EARL OF ESSEX, LORD BROOKE, JOHN HAMPDEN, WILL CORITON, *and other officers.*

Essex.

I would that I could safely, gentlemen.

Fall in with these your counsels. As it stands

'Tis an extreme hazard thus to press
Our slight advantage. We have fought all day
A hard contested battle, and our men
Are faint and weary. The king, besides,
Has a strong troop of horse, while ours is routed,
And what few still remain, so weak and spent
They would go down before the Prince's charge
Like sheaves before a tempest. 'Twere not well
To risk our future prospects and our cause
In one uncertain battle.

Hampden.

Nay, my lord,
Were it not best to finish at one stroke
The work so well begun. My men are fresh,
And we will take the van, and bear the brunt
Of forcing their position. For their horse,
There's nought to fear from them; I've seen their backs
This afternoon already, and their foot
Is sadly broken, and has little stomach
To do more battle on. Charge home upon them,
And quench this civil and unnatural strife
Of brethren and of kinsmen by one swift
And steady onset of resistless valour,
Before discomfiture's had time to cool
Back into resolution. Why should we
Be forced to waste the land with lingering war,
When one decisive action might reduce the king
To such sore straits, as make him yield to terms?

Will Coriton.

My lords and gentlemen, there comes this way
A sight may help to bring this lagging question
More swiftly to a head.

*(Enter some soldiers, bearing a wounded man making great
moan.)*

Essex.

How now, good fellow,
What is thy wound, that thou dost sorrow so ?

Man.

My wound, my lord, is past all help of yours,
It's in my soul ; my younger brother's hand
Hath smitten me to death ; for face to face
We met on yonder heath, and ere my hand
Could strike his weapon down, he smote so sure
That I shall die on't. Ah, accursed war !
Nightly at our dead mother's knee we knelt,
And she sang household songs until we slept
And dreamed upon one pillow till the morn.
Now he has killed me !

(Exeunt soldiers bearing the man away.)

Lord Brooke.

This sight, Lord Essex,
Should serve to show you why all Englishmen
Wish by one thorough and decisive battle
To end these miseries. With Colonel Hampden
I urge upon you to advance to-night
Upon the king's position.

Essex.

'Tis too hazardous
And desperate a venture ; think who they are
You thus would bring to bay, not ploughmen churls,
But men whose blood takes fire at clash of steel,
And chafed in spirit now like wounded lions
Forced from their prey. I will confer
With Colonel Dalbier, and give you answer
In half an hour.

(Exit ESSEX.)

Hampden.

Will Coriton, go and see my tent pitched ; thou shalt
lodge with me to-night, lad. I see this business is going to

halt upon its lame foot, so we must make ourselves comfortable till it's ready to march again.

Lord Brooke.

I wish that Dalbier were up to the neck in some German fen or other, rather than at my Lord General's ear to-night.

Hampden.

Ay, mercenaries may be good servants, but they're ill advisers. The Lord General's a good soldier in the field, but victory's sadly thrown away on him.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE X.—*Thomas Hatfield's cottage.*

Discovers ALICE spinning, the baby playing near.

Enter HAMPDEN and WILL CORITON.

Hampden.

Good morrow, Mistress Alice.

(She turns pale on seeing him and endeavours to rise.)

Alice.

Oh! he is dead! your faces tell me so,

My brave, true husband, dead, dead, dead!

(Hampden catches her in his arms to prevent her falling.)

Oh, my poor man, thou left'st me for thy death!

I knew it would be so; the dearest die,

Those who are best beloved, and kindest.

I am a widow now, and my poor babe

Is fatherless; I have no husband now

To break eve's stillness with his cheery step,

And make my heart leap up at his glad voice.

They've killed my man, and I must never see

His face again; my own strong, noble man.

O Thomas, O my husband!

(She sinks upon HAMPDEN'S shoulder, shuddering.)

Will Coriton.

If she could weep now, it were very well,

'Twould give her heart vent.

Hampden.

Mistress Alice,
Although your love be dead, he is not lost
To you forever ; where is now your faith ?
Do you not know our Father doth not let
His children's lives sink down into the ground ?

(*She weeps.*)

That's well, thank God ! the blest relief of tears
Will cool the brain and ease the stricken heart.
Alice, your name was last upon his lips,
To God he did commend you, and then died.
Weep on, poor girl, 'tis Nature's remedy
For our o'erwring hearts.

(*Aside to WILL CORITON.*)

She must go home with us ;
Do thou haste up and bring my carriage here,
I will stay by her till her grief is past.

(*Exit CORITON. Scene closes.*)

SCENE XI.—*A room in Great Hampden.*

HAMPDEN. CROMWELL.

Hampden.

The ill success which waits upon our arms
Is owing chiefly to the wavering moods
Of the Lord General, and his slackness
In striking home upon advantage. I had trusted
That one or two engagements would have gained
Signal success for us, and brought the king
Within the law of England, but instead
The trailing snake of indecisive war
Writhes in its scorched and blood-besprinkled path
From sea to sea.

Cromwell.

'Twill not be well, my cousin,
Till we have other men than lords to lead us,
And better soldiers than this sapless crowd

Of half-disciplined rabble that is massed
About Lord Essex' banners.

Hampden.

They're as good
As are the troops in ordinary war.

Cromwell.

Ay, but is this an ordinary war?
Or are your foes the ordinary men
Who meet at push-pike on most battle-fields?
What are your troops? Old worn-out serving-men,
And tapsters and such-like, while those you fight
Are gentlemen, and younger sons, and men
Of birth and quality. And can you think
The spirits of such base and worthless fellows
Ever will dare encounter gentlemen,
With resolution, courage, honour in their souls?
Take not this matter ill, you must get men
With spirits that will go as far as theirs,
Or you'll be beaten still.

Hampden.

'Tis a good notion, cousin,
But hard to bring to pass; where will you find
Men of this stamp in quantity sufficient
To make a regiment of, still less an army?

Cromwell.

I know of many such, and by God's help
I'll win them over to strike hands for this; resolute men
Whose hearts throb with another kind of pulse
Than that which beats in most; a valiant sort
Like David's three and thirty; like them strong
In faith and native prowess, chosen men
To fight the Lord's battles.

Hampden.

May God's grace go with the
'Tis a great thought, and worthy of thee, Cromwell,

To draw the sword of God out of its sheath,
As David brought the consecrated brand
Out of the sanctuary. Ay, there is none like it !

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XII.—*The same room.*

HAMPDEN *seated at a table.*

Hampden.

So good Lord Brooke is killed ! A priceless loss !
A man as true as steel ; of such clear head
And noble heart as never once to doubt
Where the right lay, nor want the faith to follow.
Ah me ! Death takes our bravest and our best,
Nor heeds he what we need, nor what we pray,
Nor what our hearts are set on ; thus we die,
Our hands upon the half accomplished deed,
Which other men must finish. My best hopes
Death gathered in their beauty and their pride,
And cheerless, in my sere and wintry age,
I journey to the grave. What art thou, Death ?
Mysterious angel ! at whose chilly clasp
The ruddy current freezes in our heart ;
Our vivid breath, whose constant ebb and flow
Fans the sweet life within us, checks and fails
As doth the south wind 'fore the Norway blast,
When thou dost kiss us. Ah, that icy touch
Robs our soft vital warmth, and thawless winter brings,
Not the warm rain of copious household tears,
The heart-wrung prayers of agonizing wives,
Or the wild grief of childhood, or the groans
Poured by the mother's woe, the father's pain,
None can avail 'gainst thy remorseless hold,
Nor win the quivering life from thy stern grasp,
Inexorable Death, who eyes with sleep,
And lips with silence seals. Where thy foot falls,
How fly the panic joys, the vanities,

The hopes, the follies of life's golden beam !
 There Truth alone, and Justice solemn-eyed,
 Dare wait thy step, and hold a hand to greet thee.
 Where now unseen, sweep'st thou on silent wings,
 Through corridors and halls of wealthy pride ;
 Stooping o'er cottage thresholds, flitting fast
 In the dim starlight over battlefields,
 For the last tribute of regretful sighs ?

(*Enter WILL CORITON.*)

How now, Will ; art a bearer of good tidings ?

Will Coriton.

That's as it may be ; Rupert and Urrie are out, have crossed the Cherwell at Chiselhampton Bridge and burned Chinnor.

Hampden.

Why, that's not bad news, man, if we can only catch them before they go back ; 'twould make amends for much of the loss and laziness we've seen of late.

Will Coriton.

Ay, but that *if* means much for a word of two letters ; however, when there's any fighting to be done, I'm ready.

Hampden.

Send off a man to the Lord General with the news ; and tell him to seize Chiselhampton Bridge in force, and cut off the retreat ; meanwhile, I'll gather what men I can and beat up the cover.

Will Coriton.

Colonel, this is too slight a business for your presence. Leave it to those whose charge it is. 'Twould be a sorry day for us should you come to harm in such a twopenny matter. If I'm killed, or a hundred like me, our places can be filled again, but there's not another man in England to take yours, so stay at home, Colonel, and let the affair go on without you.

Hampden.

Like a cat by the fire on a rainy day, rubbing my cheeks for want of work, eh, Will? No, lad; there's been too much staying at home of late, to our shame and harm, so in default of better opportunity, I'll take this.

Will Coriton.

'Tis very honourable, but by no means so wise; however it's lost labour to persuade a man whose mind is made up. I'll be back in a few minutes to go into the fight with you.
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE XIII.—*Chalgrove Field.*

RUPERT *and his men drawn up in order of battle.*

Enter a company of horse with HAMPDEN and WILL CORITON leading. Shouts of "A Rupert, a Rupert! The Parliament, the Parliament!"

Hampden.

Gentlemen, we are just in time; close ranks,
And let us on them, yonder where they're thickest,
Straight as the arrow whizzes to the mark.

(*They charge, and just as they reach the enemy HAMPDEN is shot in the shoulder, and drops upon his horse's neck.*)

Will, I am wounded; go on without me;
Forward, my men, close ranks, and cut them down!
(*Exit HAMPDEN, riding slowly off the field.*)

SCENE XIV.—*The chamber of a house in Thame.*

HAMPDEN *lying on a bed. Enter DR. SPURSTOW.*

Hampden.

My friend, good morrow; here, you see, at last,
Old Death and I are meeting; have you news?
How sped the battle?

Spurstow.

It was indecisive,
And Rupert held his way back into Oxford.

Had the Lord General made more expedition,
It would have been a sure and deadly blow
To the king's cause.

Hampden.

Ay, slow, slow, slow ; my friend,
And good men's lives are lost, and fire and sword
Waste the fair fields of England. Who were killed
In this affair at Chalgrove ?

Spurstow.

Some thirty men,
With Major Gunter, and Lord Sheffield's brother,
And William Coriton.

Hampden.

Alas ! another of my faithful ones,
Whose cheery English heart hath beat its last.
Where are thy quips and sallies ? Where's the love
Brimful of mirth and smiles ? Thy kindly eyes
Shall ne'er see daylight more ; on many a face
The shade shall deeper grow for want of thee
To make the heart's load lighter, and to shake
The hollow ribs of care in frolic wrestle.

(*Enter* DR. GILES.)

Welcome, good sir ; my foot is on the stile,
Which from the hard and beaten road of life
Leads to my Father's fields, and as the sun goes down,
Shine one by one the lights of my dear home
Eternal in the heavens.

Dr. Giles.

My dear friend,
I am right glad to find your heart so true,
And step so firm to tread the vale of death.
Have you much pain ?

Hampden.

Yes, I am full of pain,
Each breath is painful ; but 'twill soon be past,

And I shall grasp the hands and see the eyes
Of those my dear ones dead, and in their midst
Kneel at the feet and look into the face
Of my beloved Master, King, and Lord.

Dr. Spurstow.

Thank God for Christian love and hope and faith,
Which make death easy. In such hours as these
What terms of earth can estimate aright
The reverential life that's based on Christ,
Which conquers pain with peace, and wins us bliss ?

Hampden.

Reverence, ay ; it is a gracious word !
Reverence for God, for home, for father's hopes,
And mother's prayers ; for wife and wifely love ;
Reverence for God's rights in us, in our life,
Our thoughts, our love, our time ; thus keeping pure
God's image in us from each filthy taint
Or of the flesh or spirit. Better this
For our wrung England than the fancied good
Of my loved Vane's republic ; his bright age
Would fade and dwindle 'neath Christ's happier age
Which is in store for England ; through the gulfs of time
Its beams bring gladness to my dying eyes,
I have not toiled in vain ; though centuries roll
And storms enow may beat upon her shore
Before that dawn arise, that sacred dawn
Bright with the sun of justice, life, and love ;
But it shall come with all victorious peace,
And mercy to the poor. Farewell, my friends,
Death's hand is on my brow, my eyes grow dim.
Bid Grainger as he loves me bear my charge
Unto the Parliament ; give my love to Cromwell,
Bid him be strong and quit him like a man,
And lift my England out of this dark pit
Of wretchedness and war.

(He turns slowly towards the wall and prays.)

O Lord God of Hosts, great is Thy mercy, just and holy are Thy dealings unto us sinful men. Save me, O Lord, if it be Thy good will, from the jaws of death. Pardon my manifold transgressions. O Lord, save my bleeding country. Have these realms in Thy special keeping. Confound and level in the dust those who would rob the people of their liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the king see his error, and turn the hearts of his wicked counsellors from the malice and wickedness of their designs. Lord Jesus, receive my soul! O Lord, save my country. O Lord, be merciful to

(Falls back in the bed and dies.)

Dr. Giles.

Thank God, his pains are over!
Few men have had a sharper fight with death.

Dr. Spurstow (addressing the body).

Thou sorely tried with suffering, art at rest,
And England's loss is thy eternal gain.
Farewell, beloved spirit! in thy saintly life,
And contest for the right, thou art henceforth,
And evermore, the Englishman's example.

THE SABINE WEDDING.

A COMEDY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AFTER the Bible and our English story the most delightful study that I know of is the domestic life of Rome. Of all the moderns, we are most akin to the masters of the old world, I think, in the deep places of the national soul, but our destiny hitherto has been luckier than theirs. Our national life had opportunity to develop itself, and the sincerity of Norse paganism found wider scope in a religion of abiding truth and mercy, while the old Roman sincerity and religion was debased by the luxury, and poisoned by the gods of Greece. Christianity came too late to save Rome, the glowing spirit which had fed her magnificent energy was materialized and cold, the fire of Italian life was dead in Sabine farm and on Latin hearth, and the Empire broke up in ruin, before the young nations of the North, who carried on their lips and in their hearts the sacred name of *home*.

Italian home-life gave Rome soldiers like Spurius Ligustinus, and the four noble centurions of holy writ, and children who in her best days did not fear "to be obedient unto death." Had her sons kept all the eternal laws, as they kept the Fourth Commandment, she would have remained for ever. All her greatness, her glory, her wide extended empire and her military renown were based upon the domestic virtues of her

first six hundred years. Of this virtue her greatest poet, living among the last vestiges of it, tells us

“ Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini ;
Hanc Remus et frater ; sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.”

This little image of rustic Roman life, half-sportive, half-earnest, arose in my mind after reading the satires and epistles of Horace and the Georgics of Virgil, and I wrote it in the intervals of the severer study of my English play.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORACE.

VIRGIL.

ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THALIARCHUS, *A noble young Roman.*

MÆCENAS.

DRUSUS

TIBERIUS } *Stepsons to AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.*

JULIUS FLORUS.

MUNATIUS.

CRISPINUS

CERVIUS } *Sabine Farmers.*

MATIUS

CELSUS ALBINOVANUS, *Secretary to TIBERIUS.*

MARCELLA

CECILIA } *Sabine Widows.*

CHLORIS, *Daughter to MARCELLA, betrothed to THALIARCHUS.*

LEUCONOË, *Daughter to CECILIA.*

TITUS

PHIDYLE } *Slaves to HORACE.*

LUCIUS

COTTA

GETA } *Slaves to THALIARCHUS.*

PHYLLIS

VESPA

BOYS, VIRGINS, YOUTHS, MATRONS.

1

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1

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A road leading from Rome to the Sabine country.*

Enter HORACE and ARISTIUS FUSCUS on horseback, with an attendant. Time: dawn.

Horace.

Aristius, stay, and let us watch the sunrise ;
 See the molten gold and crimson rippling
 Above the Alban Mount, and far Soracte's snow
 All purple with the dawn. These frost-clad fields
 So white and silent now, will melt ere long
 Into a rosy smile, and ring with mirth
 That murmurs now subdued in hoary copse,
 And icy-beaded hedge ; the lark alone
 Is up into the sky to greet the sun
 From his warm couch i' th' clod ; like you, my Fuscus,
 Out of your bed in Rome to see the morn
 Gladden the fields along the Sabine Way.

Fuscus.

He's gone up there to warm him ; more's the pity
 That I can't go up with him ; rise, good sun,
 And temper this raw air which nips my nose.
 I love thee like a Persian ; 'twill be yet
 A cold and dreary hour ere thy embrace
 Will warm my shivering shoulders.

Horace.

Ah, my friend,
 There's health in every draught of air we breathe ;
 This frosty daybreak quickens my dull blood ;
 My bile is left at Rome, and I'm as light of heart
 As is the lark above us. O fresh morn,
 How beautiful thou art ! Now, I could sing,
 Would this crabbed Fuscus listen, in thy praise.

Fuscus.

Were I by Crispin's fire, and at his board
 Bright with the morning meal, I too could sing,
 Ay, sing like any cricket. What is beauty
 To one whose feet are cold? Let's walk awhile,
 That I may shake the frost out of my heels,
 And thou mayst listen to the lark aloft,
 And shape thy morning carol by his lay
 To sing to me at Crispin's. Titus, there,
 Is clapping his cold ribs like Chanticleer
 Roused from his stiffened slumbers by the light
 Which trembles upwards like a purple breath
 In the far-distant East. Titus, my man,
 Dismount, and help me gently from my seat,
 For I'm as numb as marble. Thanks, brave lad.
 How good a thing is youth! too good to last,
 Except in poets like thy master there;
 See how he skips, as if he felt a glow
 From head to heel.

Horace.

Now shame, Aristius Fuscus,
 To slander thus the sweet life-giving morn
 Which the gods send thee; if 'twere Virgil now,
 Thou'dst see him racing onwards like a schoolboy.

Fuscus.

Ay, to his breakfast, and a crackling fire;
 By Jove, and I'd outrun him to such goal,
 And not a racer at the Olympic Games
 For the wild olive should make better speed.
 How the birds are wakening! Could one but keep w
 'Twould be a pleasant change to get from Rome
 And see the sun rise some few times a year;
 But not too often, for so good a thing
 Should be used sparingly; not like the dull,
 The lie-abed, and pillow-loving life

Rome, that does not pall on one,
 maps on poets, but this early sport
 re me in a week.

Luxurious rogue !

ou been born in early Roman times,
 uldst have been familiar with the dawn
 le year round, with the lark's summer note
 le would have stirred the golden corn,
 have shaken snow from turnip shaws
 e slow sun lingered. But thy heart
 d Roman, and if rustic love
 ut displace the city in thy breast,
 ent virtue would revive in thee.

y perished then ! O hear the fellow,
 Cincinnatus ! were I to rise
 crow every morn, and live on milk,
 nd cheese and cabbage, and prefer
 ine cart-ruts to the Sacred Way,
 be like thee ; perhaps, had I thy brains,
 w things besides. But now, good poet,
 llop to the top of yonder hill,
 med myself with walking.

Gladly so ;

itus, haste, and help my friend to mount ;
 ! my good Bucephalus (*to his horse*) away !
(*They gallop.*)

friend ; e'en when one chases health,
 no need that one should break one's neck
 rsuit.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*A room in the house of Thaliarchus.**Discovers him on a couch just awakening.**Thaliarchus.*

Why here's the sun up and those slaves abed,
 And on this day two of my dearest friends
 Do visit me from Rome. What, Lucius, ho !
 Lucius and Cotta, rise ; the sun is hot !

*A voice from within : Anon, anon, sir !**Thaliarchus.*

Anon, anon, you rascals, snoring there
 Sleeping the clock round. If you do not haste,
 I'll send you oxen-pricking at the plough.
 Do you not know we shall have guests to-day ?

Voice.

We're ready now, sir ; Servilia is below
 Busied already with her wonted duties.

Thaliarchus.

That is well,
 I would that you were like her. Get you gone !
(Draws a curtain and kneels before a shrine.)
 Now I'll commend my sweet girl to the gods
 With holy incense and the purest prayers.

(Burns incense in a small silver dish.)

Ah, sluggard swain ! An hour ago, I wot,
 Her loving heart has sought the gods for thee ;
 My Chloris, how I love thee. Ye just gods,
 Phoebus and chaste Diana, and thou, Jove,
 Greatest of all the gods, make her your care !
 Be thou her teacher, O Athena wise,
 And may all blessings of the bounteous heaven
 Wait on her pious life and holy heart.
 Prosper our solemn vows, O sacred gods,
 Sending fair Hymen with his nuptial torch,

Breathing the balmy breath of constant love,
 To light our household altar ; so shall praise,
 Sweet incense, and the joy of solemn life
 Rise from our roof for ever ; keep our threshold pure
 From all unhallowed feet, our table piled
 With honest Roman fare ; to shield our couch
 Bid kindly Night bring purple-vested Dreams ;
 May rosy Health unclasp our eyelids' seal
 To greet the dewy morn. Hear me, ye gods !
 And make me worthy of a Roman's name,
 And may my feet leave no dishonoured trace
 Amid the honest footprints of my sires,
 Pressed in the bosom of our sacred land.

SCENE III.—*The courtyard of Thaliarchus' house.*

Enter LUCIUS and COTTA.

Lucius.

Cotta, hie thee down to the home-field and bring up the
 kine ; I'll fetch in fagots for the oven meanwhile, and
 when thou art come back I'll help thee milk.

Cotta.

Ay, Lucius ; we have slept the frost into sunshine sure
 enough. Are there guests toward then ?

Lucius.

Yes, boy ; our master's betrothed, and her mother, with
 other of the neighbours round, are to be invited to-morrow to
 meet Fuscus and Horatius, two good friends of our master's
 who come to-day from Rome. I love that Horatius, he
 sings as merrily as an Apulian cricket. It takes an honest
 man to sing a good round song. We shall be merry
 enough, for there will be slaves in attendance, both boys
 and girls, and our master will not let us want good cheer.

Cotta.

He is a good master ; I would not be free if I might, I
 thank the gods that I know when I'm well off. Were I
 my own master I'd not be half so well dealt by.

Lucius.

That thou mayst be sure of, but haste now and bring
the cows.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.—*A room in Crispinus's house.*

Displays the table spread for the morning meal. CRISPINUS
the fire rubbing his hands.

Enter a slave.

Slave.

Sir, two knights await your pleasure in the hall.

Crispinus.

Why, bid them enter here. I trow, some friends.

(Enter HORACE and FUSCUS.)

Both speaking together.

Crispinus, all hail!

Crispinus.

Now have the good gods sent you. Hail unto you,
My master of the lyre, and Fuscus, thou,
The pride of genial Romans!

Fuscus.

That's high praise,

And should be left to poets like our friend,
Whose business 'tis to flatter. Plainer men,
Like thou and I, should estimate our worth
In terms more moderate.

Horace.

Here is a modest man!

Will butter melt upon thy modest tongue?
How coy, good Crispin, grows this friend of ours;
We'll have to whisper our opinions soon,
Lest they may jar upon so nice an ear.

Crispinus.

Still at your quips and cranks, I see, my friends;
This shows your friendship is on easy terms,

It gives and takes, and each a sharer feels
In the other's jokes.

Fuscus.

An oracle, good swain,
Could not have hit it better. How are all
Beneath thy roof?

Crispinus.

I thank the gods, as well
As husband and as father need to wish.

Horace.

There you hold counters in the game of life
Far above us, two musty bachelors,
Who come thus far a-travelling from Rome,
To have the mould blown from our wits and hearts
By your clear Sabine weather, man most blest !

Fuscus.

It's blown from off my appetite, I know ;
You'd not believe what work I've had, good Crispin,
To drag this fellow on as far as here
At anything like speed. While I was hungering,
He watched the sunrise, listened to the lark,
And talked the finest, airiest, noblest stuff,
As poets do at sunrise, and I lingered
Chafing and groaning o'er my inward want,
And freezing like a stone.

Crispinus.

Now make amends.
The morning meal is ready, and the edge
Of your keen appetites will lend a zest
Which else were lacking to the homely fare
That fills our rustic table.

Fuscus.

Ay, the Spartan sauce
Of hunger's a fine thing, within just limits,
Making the good the gods send all the sweeter,

And teaching men the value of good cheer ;
 The hungry waste but little. Yet, methinks,
 Its distribution 's somewhat arbitrary ;
 Were all in Rome, of rich and poor alike,
 Compelled to earn their bread before they bit it,
 The opposite ills of surfeit and of want
 Would be extinguished in a healthier mean,
 And the kind gods more praised and better pleased.
 Come, Horace, leave awhile these honeyed thoughts,
 And take instead a draught of this sweet milk—
 The cow's the friend for me ; eat of this bread,
 And eating, bless the ploughshare and the mill,
 And those who made them first.

Horace.

Aristius Fuscus,

Were it not well to thank the blessed gods
 Before we break our fast ?

Fuscus.

Beshrew these jests !

This trivial mood of mine makes me forget
 Too oft my sacred duty. Pray, good friend.

Horace.

Ye sacred gods, Jove, and thou, bright Apollo, Pall
 teeming Ceres, and Bacchus laden with joy ; be pro
 to us, pouring libations, and praying with sincere
 And ye, O dread Sisters of Destiny, holders of the
 life, draw it out kindly to Crispin and cut it ge
 mellow old age ; may his children bury him with a s
 forehead. And ye, O household gods, the salted ca
 wine, and the flesh of a roasted kid shall not fail you,
 send home the kine lowing at eventide with distended
 and make the plump grain bend the ears upon the
 stalk, and the wine gush from the press ere the white
 the girls have time to touch the purple grapes.

Send, for his daughter's husband, a young man of a

virtue, accustomed to hold the plough firmly in the furrow after the manner of Cincinnatus. And, O ye gods, all of you, grant to my friend Fuscus, sincerest of Romans, and myself, a propitious journey and cheerful welcomes.

Fuscus.

Had I been younger, and as well brought up
As my friend Horace wishes, Crispin, I had asked
Thy daughter's hand in marriage ; as it is,
Fallen on evil times, and aged therein,
I must forego all thought of home delights,
And die unwedded. All too late, good friend,
Comes tardy sense to such fat wits as mine ;
Like that coarse fruit the medlar, wisdom ripens
With us in sere and solitary decay,
Instead of mellowing us upon the stalk
Of green and juicy life.

Crispinus.

Now if my daughter were
But old enough, she should be yours to-morrow ;
Or had you but a son just half your age,
And heir of all your virtues, we might make a match
Between them both, and lead the secular games
In our descendants, generations hence.

Fuscus.

Alas, don't speak of that ! O destiny,
Why was not our great Cæsar earlier born,
To make the marriage law in time for me ?
Good poet, pass those olives, it is said
They're good for baldness. Art thou fretting, man,
Over thy childless eld ?

Horace.

I fretting ! why,
Thou know'st my Epicurean temper never frets
O'er anything whatever.

Fuscus.

Not over spilt wine?
Reach me the saffron cakes and honey, prithee!

Crispinus.

Well, be it as it may, your presence is
In great request at weddings.

Fuscus.

Ay, they use us there
As the Egyptians skeletons at feasts,
To point a moral from. As warning beacons
To bid youth 'ware the hoary-crested rocks
Of a morose and solitary age.

Crispinus.

That is the way you put it, I would like
To hear what some good widow has to say,
Plump-bosomed, fair, and carrying a fat purse
Fast at her girdle; as for Horace there,
His mind is full of songs the gods have breathed,
He carries sunshine with him, sacred mirth,
And though a bachelor is mellow still,
And sings as sweet and pure a nuptial song
As newly mated nightingale; thus are ye welcome,
You chiefly for yourself, and he, good man,
For what the gods have given him.

(They rise from the table.)

Fuscus.

May the gods send that widow
'To the next wedding that my fortune takes me unto.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—*A room in Virgil's house.*

VIRGIL, MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas.

Beloved Publius, in these prosperous times
There ever lurks the fret of fell disease;
There is a sickly tincture in the light

Which bathes our Roman world. The dewy health
Of our Italian dawn hath quite exhaled
Under its ghastly splendour. By its side
Place the glad picture of old Homer's days,
With sacredness of honour, simpleness of life,
And days that broke for joy and industry,
Not for palled pleasure and disgust of soul.
Who would not long to drink the living breath
Which then swept fields at sunrise, and the light
Which played on sacred brow and fearless eye?
Or watch the spray toss hissing in the dawn
That rippled o'er the broad Tyrrhenian Sea
Before Eneas, and made fair the fields
Of earliest Italy? That holy dawn
In which the greatest Romans lived and worked,
Worshipped and died. Our hot and sweltry age
Has lost all youth and freshness; power and gold,
The loss of civic honour, luxury,
And the decay of simple Roman faith,
Doth sap our strength and manhood.

Virgil.

It may be

That this effete, o'erwrought, and monster-breeding time
Is the last refuge of the younger gods,
And Saturn's reign is nigh. The race of men
Have blotted out with guilt the godlike mind,
Poisoned the springs of natural desire;
And for the sweet and calm delights of peace,
Love, and contented labour, brought in war
The fruit of fierce ambition, love of self,
And foul unrest of covetous distress.
E'en thus by destiny all things decay,
The good degenerates, and righteous sires
Grieve o'er the perverse spirits of their sons.
The world grows old in crime, accursed with gold,
Until the Furies from the long-tried gods

Possess men's breasts, and loose the pent-up hate,
 The malice and the lust which rankle there,
 Till the bad world in universal war
 Reels into self-destruction. Those alone,
 The few whose hearts are pure, whose souls retain
 The piety, the justice, and the love
 Of the prime age, the righteous Fates preserve
 Out of the general wreck, to build the world anew.

Mæcenæ.

Even amid the vice which seethes in Rome,
 There are a few who know what virtue is ;
 And in the Sabine land our Horace loves,
 They dwell by hundreds. Out of these the gods,
 If thy songs breathe of truth, may raise again
 A race of noble Romans, like our sires,
 Lovers of God, of country, and of home.
 E'en now they are our safeguard, for they make
 The gods bear with our crimes, and while our fields
 Give bread to such, we need not fear that Fate
 Will blot us out for ever.

Virgil.

You will find them

Scattered through Italy ; in contented toil,
 And chaste and reverential life, fulfilling all
 The virtues of the mighty age of Rome.
 I've lived among them, heard their daily prayers,
 Watched their sweet care of parents, love of wife,
 And righteous rule of children. Still the gods
 May wander gladly 'mong Italian fields,
 Sit by the hearth, and watch the evening meal,
 And hear while children sing the old, old songs,
 Which fill the heart with virtue, and well pleased,
 Shake the glad blessings from their locks of gold,
 Because such reverence, chastity and love
 Survive amid the misery and crime
 Which welter through the wide corrupted world.

Mæcenæ.

It gladdens me to know it, for I feel
 Heartsick at times to see the evil things
 That stalk beneath the sun.
 Come, my dear bard, and dine with me to-day,
 And we will talk of sweet philosophy ;
 And try to forecast how as time decays,
 Comes on the golden age.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VI.—*A road in the Sabine country.*

*Enter HORACE and ARISTIUS FUSCUS on horseback, with
 an attendant.*

Horace.

Crispin's a worthy man, my Fuscus.

Fuscus.

Ay, and keeps a healthy table ; laden well,
 And honest as himself ; none of your spiceries,
 Kickshaws, seasoned, scented things
 One's friends serve up in Rome. But truly
 The Sabine swains are made of other stuff
 Than those we elbow daily in the streets.
 The Sabine weddings must have brought their virtue
 Into the Roman blood in early days,
 And tempered it with wisdom. See yon cloud-cap
 Descending on Soracte ; that bodes snow,
 And as we've yet some two miles more to go
 Before we get to Thaliarch's, I say, push !

Horace.

I'm stiff with cold, and scarce can keep my seat,
 But let us on !

(They gallop ; snow begins to fall.)

Fuscus.

Ha ! here it comes, like winter !

Whew ! a flake's gone down my back ; on, poet, on,
 Don't draw the bridle yet !

Horace.

I'm out of breath ;
My hands are numb with cold ; now, had I thought
The day would change to snow, I would have clad
Myself to meet it, and not froze like this.

Fuscus.

The sunshine of these winter days is like
Unseasonable friendships ; soon obscured
With sour and leaden cloud, and it behoves
Wise men to not trust either. Yonder 's the house !
Is that it, Titus, showing through the storm ?

Titus.

Yes, sir, it is.

Horace.

And I'm glad of it.

(Scene slowly changes to the front of Thaliarchus' house, and discovers Thaliarchus and his servants waiting at the porch as they ride up.)

Thaliarchus.

Welcome, thrice welcome, thanks be to the gods
Who bring you safe and sound !

Fuscus.

And cold !

Thaliarchus.

My good friend Horace, let me help you down ;
What, Lucius, Cotta, Geta, lazy drones !
Help Fuscus to dismount. Now take the horses ;
Get something warm for Titus.

Fuscus.

And for me ;
I hope you have a cup of generous wine,
To drive the cold out of my frozen veins,
And winter from my wits.

Thaliarchus.

We'll warm them with the best ;
 Dear bard, I'm happy in your health ; and you,
 My good friend Fuscus, are as merry ever
 As Attic grasshopper. The dreary day
 Brightens with moral sunshine, now that you
 Have both arrived to gladden it.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE VII.—*Virgil's garden.*

Discovers the poet feeding doves and singing.

Song.

Depart, O sick and worn-out age,
 Let the Saturnian years return ;
 Fulfil, O Fate, the Cumean page,
 Shake the blest lot from out thy urn,
 And bid the golden seasons move
 Around an earth restored by love.

Hasten, blest child, at whose dread birth
 The iron age shall roll away ;
 Purge out our guilt, and let the earth
 Set free from fear embrace the sway
 Of the returning Virgin's rod,
 And welcome back the reign of God.

For thee the earth, untilled, doth pour
 Her bounty forth on every field ;
 Her earliest gifts of herb and flower
 To deck thy cradle, she doth yield ;
 The poisonous herb and serpent dies,
 And from their dust shall spikenard rise.

The flocks, unwatched, at close of day,
 Swollen with milk, shall seek the fold ;
 On herds no more shall lions prey,
 Nor the rich grind the poor for gold ;
 But linked in peace, and love, and trust,
 Men shall be wise, and pure, and just.

The ground, unvexed, forgets the share,
 The vines dread now no pruning hook ;
 The brambles purple clusters bear,
 And honey trickles from the oak ;
 And fields, no more with harrows torn,
 Whisper with undulating corn.

The seaman shall renounce the main,
 No hollow ships shall brave the skies ;
 Homeward to bear for hope of gain,
 From far-off climes their merchandise.
 What needs there more the baneful quest,
 When every land alike is blest ?

The sword shall in the sea be cast,
 While Peace the hand of Art shall seize ;
 And poets win us from the past
 By their diviner melodies ;
 A nobler Greece shall rise to bless
 A worthier Rome with gentleness.

The Sacred Sisters, stern no more,
 To their exhaustless spindles, sing ;
 And circling round from youth to yore,
 Bid the unceasing ages spring ;
 Shaken from sleep by their dread voice,
 Earth, sea, and heaven sublime rejoice.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room in Thaliarchus' house.*

THALIARCHUS *sitting near a fire.* *Enter* HORACE.

Thaliarchus.

What my good friend, astir so soon ! Song-making or health-gathering, which ?

Horace.

Both, my boy. I love the keen air and crisp snow. To tell the truth, I've been sliding on a stream a field or two off, and plunging through some snow-drifts.

Thaliarchus.

There are remnants of boyhood in thee still which the frown and ferula of Orbilius have not been able to blight. Our country air works in thee like a charm ; a nightingale at Rome, and a lark here, gladness and thee cross the threshold together. Hast thou a song to suit this winter weather ?

Horace.

Ay, one made between this and cockcrow, which I'll sing thee, if thou hast time to listen.

Thaliarchus.

Well, I'm not in my sweetheart's company now ;
Sing on then, sunny-hearted guest !

Horace (sings).

Look up to Soracte all white with deep snow,
The labouring forests are groaning beneath it ;
The frost has forbidden the rivers to flow,
The air is so keen that one scarcely can breathe it.

Then pile on the billets and make the hearth shine,
And let's keep old Winter outside of the door ;
Bring out, Thaliarchus, a jar of good wine,
That's been in thy cellar for four years or more.

Come let us be merry, send trouble afar,
And leave to the gods all the cares of thy breast ;
Who lay the fierce winds with the ocean at war,
And straight the torn forests subside into rest.

The chance of to-morrow, why try to forecast it ?
The day thy luck sends thee embrace and enjoy ;
Make the most of thy youth, ere morose age shall blast it.
Disdain not loves, pleasures, and dances, my boy.

At the tryst may eve find thee, thy girl at thy side,
And breathing love's promises sweet in her ear ;
Or she in her playfulness leaves thee to hide, [near.
And the glad laugh which thrills thee tells when thou art

In the corner she's hiding, now seize her and kiss,
 Her strife is put on to make yielding the sweeter;
 Get the ring from her finger, all clenched as it is,
 'Tis but to pretend only force could defeat her.

Thaliarchus.

That's a song which fits well with the time of year, good
 friend.
 Geta, bring hither the two-handled jar, and quickly,
 Of the old vintage, mind!

Geta (from without).

Anon, anon, sir!

Thaliarchus.

But where's Aristius Fuscus?

Horace.

In the kitchen,
 Warming himself before the servants' fire,
 And cracking jokes as fast as sparks do fly
 Out of the frosty timber.

Thaliarchus.

Call him up;
 Why does the rascal make his wit so cheap?

Horace.

Because it costs him nothing, like my songs,
 Not even early rising. Fuscus, ho!
 What ho! Aristius Fuscus!

Fuscus (from without).

Why that's as Aristophanic as the chorus to the Frogs.
 What round, squat, fat, wine-bibbing poet
 Croaks out "Aristius Fuscus, ho, what ho"?

Horace.

Come up; we've Bacchus here, and want thy wit
 To make him mellow.

Fuscus.

What ho! thou wine-pot! No, I'll not come up,

These slaves have ears, and like a good round song
 As much as doth their master ; give them one,
 And then I'll come and warm my wits with wine.

(*Exeunt HORACE and THALIARCHUS.*)

Scene changes to the kitchen, with FUSCUS and a number of slaves.

(*Enter HORACE and THALIARCHUS.*)

Thaliarchus.

How now, you rogue, would you have slaves enjoy
 The good God sends their masters ?

Fuscus.

Why should they not ?

He made you both, at any rate, and perhaps
 The slave of better stuff. Give them a song,
 A song about their home, their country life,
 And this their master here, so much beloved ;
 They are good slaves, so treat them with good terms.
 And though I ween another Spartacus
 May be concealed in yonder dark-eyed youth,
 Fidelity will bind his roving heart a captive to his master.
 Give them a song !

Horace (sings).

The ploughmen gather round the hearth,
 The old house rings with song and mirth,
 While Winter at the casement freezes ;
 Chattering his teeth for spite and cold,
 Because the world will not grow old,
 Before, forsooth, it pleases.

He shakes the storms from his dun vest,
 But we transmute them into rest,
 And laughter-yielding leisure ;
 And Winter howls with rage, to see
 His bitterest days are those which we
 Make rosiest with pleasure.

Pile on the logs until they roar,
 Now broach the cask, bid Bacchus pour,
 Bring Ceres from the larder ;
 Now let the dancers seek the floor,
 And song and laughter rise the more
 As Winter pelts the harder.
 Till Spring brings back blue skies and flowers,
 We'll fill the tempest-laden hours
 With mirth to speed them faster ;
 And may the gods be ever kind,
 And wealth and joy not lag behind
 The footsteps of our master.
 May he with length of days be blest,
 Have of good wives the very best,
 Of Roman virgins fairest ;
 May happy children crown his age,
 And fill up life's unblotted page
 With all that's best and dearest.

(*Exeunt* THALIARCHUS, HORACE and FUSCUS.)

Scene changes to the former room.

(*Enter* THALIARCHUS, HORACE and FUSCUS.)

Fuscus.

The poet put that last verse in for sheer malice. He is never happy but when he is inveigling some one into marriage ; that is the way with poets, they'll do everything but set a good example. Like decoy nightingales, they sing around the limed twig, but never on it.

Horace.

Listen, Thaliarchus ; here's this pink of bachelors, this half-youthful bundle of old jests, pining for some widow, fat and middle-aged, and rich withal.

Thaliarchus.

Ho ; sits the wind there ! It is well, we'll have him married if the gods permit. I'll lime the twig, and you do the singing, and Hymen shall wave his mellowest torch to

light Aristius to the bed of the best-tempered and wittiest widow from here to Mantua.

Fuscus.

Softly, my friend, a hint's enough for me, I fear the poet. Some malignant sprite, too envious of my fortune, may stir him up to woo her, and where would I be then?

Horace.

Ah no, the charms of widow, maid, or wife,
Can never warm the winter of my life,
Nor hope of mutual love delight me more.

But if I were to marry, it would be a maid, so thy imp would lose his labour. A widow is only fit for a man with a stout heart and an overflowing wit; there are few who will not lower the tone of the one, and stint the other.

Thaliarchus.

Not this one, friend Quintus; she's as kind as she is fair, and withal she loves a joke.

Horace.

Then it will be a merry time with them from sunrise to sunset; there will be little work done in their house for laughing. But will she live at Rome? If not, how will Aristius brook exchanging the hot and dusty street for the cool greenness of the country?

Fuscus.

The women all love Rome; they're not like poets sighing for ever for their Sabine farms; they have some civic virtue.

Thaliarchus.

Well, we'll get them married, and after that we'll have a war of wits, the victor to take the vanquished captive.

Horace.

'Twill be the death of him.

Thaliarchus.

In all seriousness, Aristius, there is a worthy widow coming to our feast to-morrow, and you shall sit by her.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*A room in a farmhouse in another part of the Sabine country.*

MARCELLA and CHLORIS sewing.

Marcella.

Why art thou so silent, my daughter? Hast thou heard from Thaliarchus to-day?

Chloris.

Yes, dear mother, the slave Lucius brought a letter an hour ago. Thaliarchus invites us to a feast to-morrow, where we shall meet the illustrious poet, Horatius Flaccus, and a witty gentleman of Rome, and such of our neighbours as Thaliarchus deems acceptable to us.

Marcella.

I've heard much of that Horatius, he is a wise and noble Roman. If the widow Cecilia only be there, we shall have mirth enough, she is of so lively a turn.

Chloris.

She will bring Leuconoë with her, I trust, my old school-fellow and truest friend.

Enter a Servant.

Servant.

Madam, the lady Cecilia is come to visit you.

Marcella.

She is welcome beyond expression. Bring her in hither. (*Exit Servant*) Old Winter's most propitious; the dullest day even will bring cheer to a hopeful heart.

Enter CECILIA.

Cecilia.

Good-morrow! A merry heart to you both. In good sooth, a pair of industrious Penelopes, save that you prepare bridal array instead of winding sheets. Alack a day, Marcella, what would we give to be young again!

Marcella.

In truth, Cecilia, I've no wish to be younger, since I live my life over again in Chloris.

Cecilia.

Ah, Chloris is happy. I remember my own youth, how I sewed earnestly, thinking of Marcus all the while, so silent that my mother reproved me, lest I should offend the gods with my seeming sadness; I hope they knew that I was happy enough. Ah me! Leuconoë will be married some day, and then I'll be as lonely as an owl. Marcella, you must come and live with me when Chloris leaves you.

Marcella.

You will be married yourself yet, Cecilia; you are too lively to remain a widow always; besides, you are ten years younger than I, and Nature was more bountiful of her gifts to you to begin with.

Cecilia.

Fal, la, la, Marcella! where's the man to come from? The Romans of our day are dull dogs, as flat as stale wine. The old race went out with Mark Antony, and there's not a man worth having except the poet Virgil. I told thee, Marcella, about being in his company once; never was there a man whom looks did less for; a solid farmer-looking man, whom you have to draw out before he will talk; but what fire and force lie hidden beneath his rustic brow. For a man like him it would be worth while to marry again.

Chloris.

Madam, why did you not bring Leuconoë with you?

Cecilia.

I left her sewing, getting ready for the feast to-morrow. That rogue of a Thaliarchus sent me a letter, bidding me be there, or he would never pray more for me. He has a genuine Roman of the old stock to show me, and a bachelor

withal. Horace the poet, Virgil's friend, whom I have long wished to be acquainted with, will be there too.

Marcella.

We are preparing for it also ; Chloris is not to be married until spring, so that we are not yet busy with her wedding clothes. Chloris, we must leave work now, and see after dinner. Come, Cecilia, your winter walk will have given you an appetite.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in Mæcenas' house.*

VIRGIL *reading.* *Enter MÆCENAS and DRUSUS.*

Mæcenas.

Come, Publius Virgil, put that book aside,
And let us talk until the lamps are lit
Of something wise and good. What is the book
Thou hast been reading there so earnestly ?

Virgil.

Polybius's history.

Mæcenas.

Just what I thought !

Now out of all Polybius's men
Which dost thou love the best ?

Virgil.

Epaminondas,

And Scipio Africanus.

Mæcenas.

Drusus, dost thou see

How filial reverence biasses the poet ?
How he loves best the men who loved their parents ?

Drusus.

And so the chaste love those who love their wives.
But both the virtues are so near akin,
That he who has the one must own the other.
There never was good son but made good husband.

Mæcnas.

Well said, my Drusus ; that is why the chaste
Sing the sweet virtues of Saturnian years,
Or pristine age of Rome.

Drusus.

Ay, all true song
Is of the heart ; and noble history's
Instinct with life to valiant souls who love it.
The Theban, doubtless, is the first of Greeks,
And Africanus, noblest of the Romans.

Mæcnas.

They were both heroes of divinest temper ;
Our world breeds baser, if more powerful men,
Like Sulla and like Cæsar.

Virgil.

Not more powerful,
But more ambitious, and of harder hearts.

Drusus.

The lack of pity and of purity (for one
Is parent of the other) makes great Romans now
Materialized and base. Our history
In these late days is big with cruel deeds,
Because our hearts are dulled with luxury ;
But ancient Roman pity won the world.
I dare to say so, spite of cruel acts
Done in fierce wrestling of persistent war,
The pity of our fathers and their love
Of wife, of children, country and of home,
Made Roman valour mistress of the world.

Mæcnas.

Why, until now, I never thought of this !
How true it is ! How could the Roman arms
Have bowed the necks of mighty nations so,
If all the virtues of humanity
Had not been mingled in our fathers' souls ?

Virgil.

We see our early hist'ry too much in the shade
Of these strife-darkened days. Our pity died
In our long agony with our Punic foe ;
When over prostrate Carthage we flew on
To glut ourselves with conquest. Until then
The soldier had his cherished thoughts of home,
His love of household gods, his dream of boys
Holding the plough-stilts underneath his hands
In the last furrow drawn at sunset time.
But the cursed vision of the opulent East,
With harvests which the two-edged sword should reap,
Destroyed our sweet and happy country life,
Made men despise the sickle and the scythe,
And change Italian bread for Asian gold.

Drusus.

Yes, the Punic wars begot the baseness in us
Which makes us pitiless ; for it was then
We sank the yeoman in the soldier, and grew cruel.
We had been stern before and loved revenge,
But still were soft at heart. When Brutus bade
The lictors lead his children to the block,
Think ye that he was cruel ? So with Rome,
She always punished with a bleeding heart
In her heroic days.

Virgil.

We see this best

In Scipio and Cæsar ; each the foremost man
In his own age ; the old age and the new.
Old Roman virtue reached its greatest height
In Scipio ; mercy, kindness, truth
Blent with his wondrous genius ; and his faith
Made Roman strength seem lovely to the gods
In all his dealings with his conquered foes.
But Cæsar's clemency
Was principle, not passion ; he forgave,

Being too great for malice, Roman foes ;
But not because he pitied. Where he slew
He slew without regret ; barbarian tribes
In tens of thousands perished by his sword
Because they hindered him ; he could not bear
The weight of life to hang upon his arm,
When striding on to victory.

Mæcnas.

If thou judge
Cæsar so sternly, I'm afraid the Mulberry-faced
Would get scant mercy from thee ! Let Italian fields
Bring forth old Latin virtue, and Augustus Cæsar
Become a second Numa, then the future age
Will prove as lovely as the ancient one,
And all our warfare will have nobly served,
If we impress upon the conquered world
At last the habit of all-healing peace.

SCENE IV.—*The kitchen of Thaliarchus' house.*

LUCIUS, COTTA, VESPA and PHYLLIS.

Lucius.

Cotta, what music have we for to-night ?

Cotta.

Why, a fiddle and a flute ; and that slim bean-pole of a Paul, who waits on Dame Marcella, and whom Vespa loves, can extract melody out of a handful of reeds.

Vespa.

Fat-witted lout ! You are always gibing at better folks than yourself. Let Paul alone ; his eyes don't swim in butter, at any rate, nor his chuffs carry dimples you can lay your finger in.

Cotta.

Dear wasp, don't sting ; would Paul were fatter, he is a most engaging youth.

Lucius (sings).

For he 's a trusty fellow,
 A sweet youth and a mellow,
 With a laughing lip, and a roguish eye,
 And a soft, soft cheek where the blushes lie.
 And a breast where a true heart beats below ;
 Hymen, Hymenæus, Hymen, Io.
 How the joy of love thrills to and fro,
 With kisses and clips and lingering steps,
 Trililili depsido.

I was cut out for weddings ; Hymen ought to make me his chief chorister, with the gift of immortality, and youth not left out of it. Let 's have no more quarrelling here ; you are like oil and fire, you two ; if by any chance you come together, there 's a blaze.

Vespa.

But, Lucius, he 'd make any one angry !

Lucius.

No, he wouldn't ; I never spend any anger on the fat soul, much as he tries my patience.

Vespa.

But you are such a good-tempered fellow, Lucius !

Lucius.

Am I ? Ask Phyllis there, if I didn't box her ears the night before last for trying to kiss me.

Phyllis.

Don't tell lies, Lucius !

Cotta.

I wish Phyllis would try to kiss me.

Phyllis.

Do you ? If you live till Phyllis kisses you, you 'll never die.

Lucius.

If thou livedst on kisses, lad, thou 'dst not, be as fat as

thou art. Girls, this Narcissus of ours, much as he loves himself, is not likely to pine away into a shadow yet awhile. I wonder who his Echo is, and if she's just as thriving!

Vespa.

Some fat wench, I'll be bound, as round as a turnip.

Phyllis.

Is she a cook, Cotta?

Lucius.

You may be sure she knows how to make a dainty use of dripping. Cotta will not love a lean kitchen.

Cotta.

Ah, you are all too glib for me. I have that within me which would answer you, could I find room to get a word in.

Lucius.

Thou hast a poor chance in any encounter of lean wits, lad. Thy wit carries such a load with it, that it's always behind time. There's Geta calling; come on, fat-back, and help us store the fagots.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE V.—*A room in Thaliarchus' house.*

A feast in progress. Servants attending.

THALIARCHUS, HORACE, FUSCUS, MATIUS, MARCELLA, CECILIA,
LEUCONOË, CHLORIS.

Thaliarchus.

Fuscus, I pledge thee in a goblet of old Falernian; here's to Fuscus and a country life! (*drinks*). Now say, my friend, is there not a soundness, a depth of ruddy life in our mirth here which your Roman revels want?

Fuscus.

Why, yes, one must own your mirth is rather broad-faced, like your slaves; your very wit has a kind of fatness in it, as if it slept in an oil-jar.

Thaliarchus (aside to Cecilia).

Do you answer him, he's too old for me.

Cecilia.

I've heard that they sit late in their feasts at Rome.

Fuscus.

That shows the quality of the mirth; it has the genuine wakeful ring about it; we burn our oil out there, instead of steeping our brains in it.

Cecilia.

I see now how to account for the bitterness of a great deal of your Roman wit.

Fuscus.

How so, madam?

Cecilia.

Why, you burn all the sweetness out with your oil, and have nothing left but the dregs.

Horace.

Well done, madam; that was a thrust which came home to him. How now, Aristius, are not the Sabine women still a match for the Roman men?

Fuscus (to Horace).

Don't spend your quips on me, you bird of passage! You've been oscillating between one and the other ever since I knew you.

Cecilia.

Sirs, this is too direct and keen, we shall have you quarrelling anon. I must take up the historical position of the Sabine woman, and act as peacemaker.

Thaliarchus (aside).

Ay, and marry the Roman. (*To Cecilia*) Madam, do not fear, there is nothing dangerous in them, very little of the wolf nature survives in them. (*Aside*) Indeed they are too old to have many teeth.

Cecilia.

I'm glad of that ; I have always a dread of a genuine Roman, descended in a direct line from the old breed, there 's a fierceness even in their jokes.

Matius.

Sulla's, for instance.

Thaliarchus.

Ay, or Cato's.

Cecilia.

Come now, I'll not hear a word against Cato ; he was half a Sabine.

Fuscus.

That accounts for his being such a tough old rogue. I thank the gods I have as little of his nature in me as may be. My slaves, if I had any, would fare as well as their master.

Thaliarchus.

Degenerate Roman ! He spent an hour yesterday, ladies, cracking jokes with my slaves. The rascals have been on easy terms with me always, but after the visit of this Anti-Cato there will be no abiding them.

Chloris (to Fuscus).

I am glad, sir, that you are so kindly disposed.

Fuscus.

Why, lady ?

Chloris.

Because I heard you were a wit, and wits are generally cruel.

Fuscus.

Well, a man has to leave home to hear what's said about him, it seems. I've wit enough to know good wine from bad, and to behave kindly to pretty girls ; besides, I was born with some faculty for making folks merry, but I never knew that it passed for wit before. But admitting the wit, why should my being kindly disposed make you glad, lady ?

Chloris.

Because you are Thaliarchus' friend, and therefore mine, and it is pleasant when we find that those whom we cannot help liking have kind hearts.

Fuscus.

Sweet girl, let me kiss your hand! Horace, d'ye hear? You may joke as much as you please about the Sabine women now. I'll forswear Rome and take a farm in the country.

Thaliarchus (aside to Horace).

This goes well; that girl of mine in her simplicity is playing our game.

Horace (aside to Thaliarchus).

Ay, she has touched the soft place in him. If the widow would only come on now.

Cecilia.

Chloris, you are too confiding; I question his amiability very much. Your old bachelor is amiable till his toes are trodden on.

Thaliarchus (aside to Horace)

Yes, they are liable to the gout.

Fuscus.

Really, madam, I would be amiable if you would let me.

Cecilia.

I let you, sir! Pray, how do I hinder you?

Fuscus.

There is something so provokingly bewitching in your aspect, that I feel pugnacious in spite of my better nature.

Thaliarchus (aside).

O Hymen, Hymen!

Marcella (aside to Thaliarchus)

Be quiet, Thaliarchus! would you spoil a good thing?

Cecilia.

What, sir, do you mean to say that my disposition sorts with your worse nature?

Fuscus.

No, madam; I mean that I have extreme difficulty in keeping my better nature from sorting with yours.

Cecilia.

Then, I must say with the old Roman, "Bad is the best."

Fuscus.

I'll take you at your worst.

Cecilia.

I wish you joy of your bargain.

Thaliarchus (aside to Horace).

We must stop this, or they'll fight themselves into marriage before bed-time, and we'll have no more mirth. (*Rises up.*) Let peace, I say, be declared! The Sabine war is over, we'll celebrate its close with a song.

Horace (aside).

And something more than that, I hope.

(*Sings*)

The ample round of that goodly jar
 Contains the soul of love,
 Of mirth, soft sleep, or of frolic war,
 As the sweet gods choose above.
 Then drink, drink, and be merry;
 And laugh to the winking wine.

In whatever title the Massic choice
 Thy homely clay doth hold,
 Descend and help us to rejoice,
 Or mirth will die of cold.
 Then drink, drink; etc.

A better day we may vainly seek
 In which thy charm to feel,
 Since Cato's self could a bumper take
 Why should we ours conceal?
 Then drink, drink; etc.

My Socratic friend with his absent brow,
 Puts not thy liquor by ;
 Thou winnest with gentle force the foe,
 And his harsh rough precepts die.
 Then drink, drink ; etc.

The jolly god to thy help doth come
 To win the wise of soul ;
 Their secret schemes and their troubles dumb
 Flow out with the flowing bowl.
 Then drink, drink ; etc.

New life and hope to minds distressed
 Pour in with cups of wine ;
 It fastens horns on the poor man's crest,
 And makes his face to shine.
 Then drink, drink ; etc.

In anger kings' diademed brows may nod,
 And soldiers clash their arms ;
 But brave with the warmth of the rosy god
 He laughs at their alarms.
 Then drink, drink ; etc.

Come, Bacchus, come, with good-humoured Love,
 And the Graces that know no sorrow ;
 And the livelong night thy joy we'll prove,
 Till we bid the sun good-morrow.
 Then drink, drink ; etc.

Fuscus.

Well done, Horace ! Let an old bachelor alone for
 singing a good drinking song ; Bacchus himself couldn't
 beat that.

Matius.

If one friend sings so good a song, what may we not
 expect of the other ? So merry a soul should be able to
 trill a joyous catch. Let's have a song from Fuscus.

Fuscus.

I sing ! Yes, like a journeyman tailor at eight o'clock of

a Monday morning. No, no ; I want to hear the praise of a country life, and there's not a fitter man than Matius to sing it, a man who owns a smile with a portliness in it which tells of four good things—milk, eggs, honey, and wine.

Thaliarchus.

Well said, Fuscus ; come now, Matius—a song, a song !
Matius attempts to refuse, but all clap their hands, and as he rises to sing the scene closes.

SCENE VI.—*A wood near Thaliarchus' house.*

Discovers Lucius cutting wood, and singing.

Enter HORACE and FUSCUS, unperceived.

Lucius (sings).

Were I but a fellow with a good full purse,
 A soldier's cloak and a stout strong horse,
 I'd laugh at the thought of being plagued with a wife,
 For I'd ride through the world, and have a look at life.

I would see life at table, in bed, and at church ;
 Greybeards in the Forum, and boys in the porch ;
 Watch those play with kingdoms, and these play with toys,
 And shaking hands with true happiness vote for the boys.

What bows like an empire, what galls like a crown ?
 And that ill-bred god, Joy, has a love for a clown.
 Let kings, heroes, wise men grow fretful and die,
 We'd get fat and live longer, my good horse and I.

(Perceives Horace and Fuscus).

Good morrow, sirs. You tread so lightly on the new-fallen snow, that one doesn't know till you are within arm's-length of one.

Horace.

So much the better, lad, or we wouldn't have heard thee sing.

Fuscus.

Ay, for once I've gained something by getting up early ; a

new version of the Peripatetic philosophy, with a rustic Aristotle cutting wood in the snow. Dost thou take disciples, lad? Or will thy master sell thee for an honest price, and let me take thee back with me to Rome?

Lucius.

How would you clear your money at me again?

Horace.

He'd sell thy jokes, as they do gooseberries, by the quart, lad! He lives by being the necessary man at weddings; but he's getting old, and his brain's moister than it was once, and he wants to dry-salt his wit a little.

Lucius.

Then he brings his calf's head to a bad market. Let him marry! They say there's nothing like a wife with a good sharp tongue for bringing back vigour to a man's wit when it's grown too mellow. If you were not a poet, sir (*to Horace*), I would sing him a little Fescennine rhyme current in our country.

Fuscus.

Ay, let's have it, lad; I'll keep the poet quiet.

Lucius (sings).

If thou spend money more than wit,
 And late with jovial souls do sit,
 Who praise thee while thy wine they drink,
 And give each neighbour sot the wink,
 To hear thy generous silver's clink;
 Thy wit grows soft, 'tis time to wed;
 And in a maid or widow's bed
 Thy wit will gain its strength once more;
 If it smack rougher than before,
 Be more in favour of a rung,
 Less of a friend to wind and song,
 It proves she owns a vigorous tongue,
 And a deep art that can devise
 How to make wit more surely wise.

Fuscus.

Ha, ha, my lad! I must have thee to turn a rhyme at my wedding. If thou blunt not the power of the evil eye, all Latium won't avail to give my dignity a poke in the ribs. I must get thy master to make me a present of thee; if thou canst not ring out a lucky stave that will wrinkle the face of Fortune into a broad laugh, there's none that can.

Lucius.

Ay, she shall laugh then if she never laughs after. You shall be luckier than a perpetual dictator.

Fuscus.

Luckier than the last, I hope.

Horace.

Now, Aristius Fuscus, thou seest the virtues of a low estate, and a kindly wit; Fortune can't strike at thee for laughing.

Fuscus.

It's to be hoped my wife will always be of the same mind. My encounter with this rustic wit has given me an appetite; so let's to breakfast. Good-morrow, lad!

(Exeunt Fuscus and Horace.)

Lucius.

Ay, and I'll away and see what pot-luck there may be in our kitchen.

(Exit.)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in Thaliarchus' house*

HORACE, FUSCUS, and THALIARCHUS.

(Time: Evening.)

Thaliarchus.

So you leave to-morrow morning, Horace!

Horace.

Yes, I want to see my farm, and then I must for comfort's sake go to Baïæ or Tarentum; the cold of your Sabine weather pinches me too keenly. Were I in love, like Aristius

there, with a rich and buxom widow, I might keep warm with sweet anticipation and desire ; but now I feel like a lonely beggar shivering in the street with the light of another man's fire mocking him through the window.

Fuscus.

I wonder what ails my wit, it has neither edge nor point now, more than a wooden spoon. This envious poet cracks his bald jests upon me with impunity. Alas, that love should soften the temper of a man's soul ! Really, if the gods will have me married, I wish they'd be quick about it, before the salt in me is all melted, and I become a helpless butt for small jokes.

Thaliarchus.

Let the poet go and take his quips with him. Stay thou with me a few days longer.

Fuscus.

No ; if harm came to Horace through being left to journey alone, I need never look Mæcenus in the face again. Besides, I don't know what business may be awaiting me in Rome ; I'll need to look well what way my house is going, now I'm to have a wife. Who knows, too, what the gods may have sent me through the gate of good luck ; by Jove, but I must go home that way.

Horace.

Thou didst certainly come out by it ; for if Fortune have not ridden on thy nag's croupe all the way from Rome, I have as little god-given sense in me as Bavius.

Fuscus.

I hope the fickle dame won't fall and break her neck, then ! But assuredly, Thaliarchus, I must go with Horace to-morrow ; there are good reasons why I should be soon in Rome, and there's a better reason why I should soon be back here ; so you'll see me often, too often for your comfort, perhaps.

Thaliarchus.

My friend, I wish you'd live with me. However, since you both must go, I will ride with you a few miles on your journey.

Horace.

As far as where a certain lane comes out upon the road ; eh, Thaliarchus ?

Thaliarchus.

Old bachelors prefer turnpikes to lanes, I'm told, but it's nowhere said that young ones do. If we mean to sleep to-night we must be off to bed, or we shall be lulled by the crowing of cocks. Good-night, dear friends, good-night.

Horace and Fuscus.

Good-night ; and pleasing dreams !

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.—*A room in Horace's farmhouse.*

HORACE and PHIDYLE.

Horace.

Well, little one, are you as fond of me as ever ?

Phidyle.

Yes, dear master, and I pray to the kind gods daily for you.

Horace.

True and loving little soul ! They will assuredly hear thee. How do thy bees, chickens, and kids prosper ?

Phidyle.

They thrive as well as if the gods took care of them.

Horace.

Doubtless the gods do so, little one. They are near us though we see them not ; they delight in the companionship of the pure and innocent-hearted, and bless their work and make their treasures prosperous.

Phidyle.

Are they pleased to hear me sing, I wonder? I sing so much at work, and never thought that they were listening. I shall almost be afraid to sing now.

Horace.

Girl, thy songs are a joy to the gods. Just as thou art glad to hear the lark, the thrush, and the nightingale, so do the gods rejoice in thy songs and thee. I would that they loved mine as well. Yet I have a little one about a friend of theirs which I think they'll like. Shall I sing it for thee?

Phidyle.

Yes, dear master.

Horace (sings in a low voice).

When the new moon's silver sickle
Hangs in the glowing west,
Lift thy suppliant hands to heaven,
Let the gods hear thy request.
To the household gods bring incense,
Autumn fruits, a ravening swine,
Then the pestilential south-west
Shall not parch the fertile vine.
The unblighted corn shall ripen
For the joyous reaper's toil,
And thy dear brood the sickly breath
Of Autumn shall not spoil.
Not slaughtered sheep and oxen
Doth heaven require of thee,
Crowning our little household gods
With myrtle wreaths and rosemary.
Innocent hands upon the altar,
Crackling salt and sacred meal,
Make the pleased Penates love thee
More than costly victims will.

My friends are calling me, little maiden; kiss me for my song before I go.

Phidyle (kissing him).

I love you, dear master, better than my bees, flowers, and kids.

Horace.

Then am I beloved indeed !

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—*A room in Marcella's house.*

MARCELLA and CHLORIS sewing.

Enter THALIARCHUS.

Chloris.

O, Thaliarchus !

Marcella.

What, Thaliarchus ! why we did not dream
Of having guests to-day. Come you alone,
Or are your friends come with you ?

Thaliarchus.

I am alone, dear madam ; my two friends
Have gone on their affairs. My lonely house
Has now small comfort for me, hence I come
To lay the burden of my presence on you,
If you will bear with it.

Marcella.

You're very welcome ;

I answer for myself, and as for Chloris
Her blushes play the tell-tale, and her eyes.
I will go down and see what winter cheer
We can provide for you.

(Exit.)

Thaliarchus (crossing the room to Chloris and bending over her).

So diligent, my dearest, so engrossed with that
Thy hands are busy with, thou canst not spare the time
To give thy boy a kiss, and murmur to his heart
How glad thou art to see him !

Chloris (*lets her work fall, casts her arms about his neck and kisses him*).

There ! and there ! and there !
So from those lips I kiss away the lies
That dare to creep up to them. O, my boy !
I longed for thee to-day ; so dull and drear,
And leaden-hued it seemed ; the sober snow,
The leafless trees, the sad and brooding sky,
Within no sound save of our needles' click,
And meditative breathing ; now all's joy,
And music and sweet love.

Thaliarchus.

Ah, darling, how much more
The weary time hangs sadly on my soul ;
Thou hast thy mother near thee.

Chloris.

Ah, but boy,
My heart has learned from thee a mightier love
Than that which I was born with. Dear sweet mother,
Dear as thou art, my boy is dearer still ;
My heart is drawn by these two several loves,
As by a silvern and a golden cord
In opposite directions, but the golden thread
Has taken deepest root and pulls amain,
My heart will not say nay to 't.

Thaliarchus.

I would, my girl,
The time had come to lead thee to my home :
There is no joy without thee, and my heart
Is wearied out with longing for thee.

Chloris.

Yet a little while,
And I'll be always with thee ; keep a little patience
For my poor mother's sake, my Thaliarchus ;
For I am all that she has left to love ;

She'll miss me from her side, and have no child
Near, when her heart feels for me ; nor would I
Do aught to wound her gentle spirit, boy,
By seeming to hold lightly by her love.

Thaliarchus.

Let her come with thee, darling ; I will be
Her other child, and love her as I would
Have loved my own fair mother had she lived.

Chloris.

How happy if it only might be so !
But stay, my dearest, there come voices near ;
We'll talk of this anon ; come now with me
And see how well my winter-garden thrives.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—*A room in Horace's farmhouse.*

HORACE, FUSCUS, CERVIUS, and CRISPINUS feasting. (*Time :
Evening.*)

Horace.

Now, good friends, let the cheery glow within be a contrast
to the silent freezing night without ! Methinks the jolly faces
of my household gods smile sacred welcome in the ruddy
light. Eat, drink, and spare not. Let not the gaunt form
of to-morrow, his forehead laden with care and bending
forward to increase his speed, cast a shadow across your
joyous thoughts.

Fuscus.

Never fear, most genial of songsters, there shall come no
care into this nest of thine to-night. Crispin, thou art the
worthiest married man I know of out of bed ; may thy health
be as steadfast as thy heart. (*Drinks.*) I must really try my
throat at a stave or two of some old catch ; rusty it may
be, my good fellows, but you must look over that.

(Sings.)

Youth and I are on good terms still,
 A glad heart it never grows old ;
 Of wine, song, and laughter I take my fill,
 And they keep me sound and bold.
 Fill high the glasses, boys, pour the ruby wine,
 Youth, Bacchus, and I will never pass by
 A house where they keep good wine.
 It's true I'm two-score, and a year or two o'er,
 But that only means youth's become mellow
 With a few drops of wisdom which make me the more
 A happier and pleasanter fellow.
 Fill high ; etc.

Crispinus (aside to Horace).

Why, our friend's taken out his life on new terms lately ; he never had a frosty wit, but such sprightly overflowings as these I never looked to see in him.

Horace (aside to Crispinus).

Why, man, there's a widow in the case. Love's put him back to four-and-twenty again.

Crispinus.

Ha, ha, Aristius ! Horace has let me into the secret of all this glad-heartedness. Good luck go with thy courtship, old friend ; may Hymen be propitious to thee.

Fuscus.

Come, you'll make me feel bashful directly

(Sings.)

The greatest mistake that I've made in my life,
 Has been living too long without getting a wife,
 A bachelor's life 's not worth living ;
 But this fault for the future I purpose to mend,
 For in wedlock the rest of my days I will spend ;
 To the temple of Hymen my footsteps shall wend
 With all of my heart that's worth giving.

Cervius (laughing).

There's no love like an old bachelor's ; it flows without stint or measure. Young love has always something of apprehension in it, but there's no fear when one gets to be as old as Fuscus. Well, I only hope, my friend, that thou wilt not be jilted.

Fuscus.

Jilted ! Do you think I've lived so long to be jilted at last ? Cæsar himself never made so speedy a conquest as I've done. Truly, I came, saw, and overcame.

Crispinus.

Lose no time, then, in bringing the conquered under the yoke.

Cervius.

Ay, capture the springed bird out of hand. There was once an angler, who after a hard day's toil caught only one little fish. " I am too small," said the fish, " to afford you a comfortable meal ; throw me back into the water, and when I'm grown, you may come here and catch me again." " No, no," said the angler, " I have you now ; but if you once get back into the water, your song will be, ' Catch me if you can.' "

Horace.

I would that Ofellus were here. We could set Cervius and him to moralise against each other, and grow wise withal as we sat and listened.

Fuscus.

And who is Ofellus ?

Horace.

A neighbour of mine, a rustic philosopher of no school but his own, with a stout warp in his mother-wit, admirably fitted to converse with Regulus or Cincinnatus over their supper of turnips.

Fuscus.

Is he Stoic, Cynic, or of Peripatetic cast ?

Horace.

Neither ; he is, without knowing it, a mild Epicurean like myself, who doesn't mind that his feet are large, seeing that they take a good hold of the soil of Italy.

Fuscus.

It's well to be resigned when Nature overdoes her gifts a little ; but the golden mean of Epicurus is always based upon a good understanding. I begin to find that there are original people out of Rome.

Crispinus.

So it would seem, since thou hast lived in it for so many years without finding a wife.

Fuscus.

Ah, my good fellow, don't call my folly to mind again ; I have kept my lonely nest in Rome too long, waiting for a mate to come to me, instead of migrating to the country in search of one. What vitnage is this we're drinking, Horace ?

Horace.

It is as old as myself ; it and I came to light together in the consulship of Manlius Torquatus.

Cervius.

That was a year fraught with many good things. I remember it well, for I was married in it.

Fuscus.

Then, after so long an experience, Cervius, you reckon marriage among good things ?

Cervius.

That 's just as you happen to get the right kind of wife to bite your cake, Aristius. Times are changed from the sacred days of old, when men and women wedded in the fear of the gods ; the race of modest, laborious women is dying out, and the divine certainty of happy marriage, which our worthier forefathers grew up to meet, has passed

with the decay of virtue into the keeping of deceptive chance.

Fuscus.

Ah, well! Since Fortune has kept me waiting so long, she'll doubtless give me a good one. Horace, it is time we had a song from thee; come, my man, if thy own wine won't warm thy heart into melody, what will?

Horace.

I cannot sing to-night, Aristius; but I'll recite an ode I made lately. (*Recites.*)

Happy the man from business free,
From debts, and rent, and usury;
Who with his oxen ploughs his lands,
And eats the labour of his hands,
Content at home to pass the jorum,
While others throng around the Forum,
And leave man's happiest estate
To stand on doorsteps of the great.
No sailor he, 'neath stormy stars,
Nor trembles at the trump of Mars,
But round the poplars tall entwines
The vigorous branches of his vines,
Lops useless limbs with ready hook,
Or grafts upon some ancient stock
The happier twigs, or on some brow
Hears in the vale his cattle low;
Away in jars his clean-pressed honey bears,
Or the dense fleeces of his flock he shears.
When autumn heaves his russet head,
Adorned with pears, and apples red,
And grapes, whose loveliness doth vie
With richest tint of Tyrian dye;
Then doth he pluck the ripening loads,
Thanking the while his sylvan gods.

On shady banks he loves to lie,
While rivulets glide rippling by,
And happy birds make melody.
When winter's breath brings snows and rains,
He catches hares, or stranger cranes,
Rouses with dogs the fierce boar from his lair,
Or spreads his nets the greedy thrush to snare.
Amidst such joys a man may prove
The anxious happiness of love ;
His homestead is his chaste wife's care,
Wisely she rules the children there,
And piles at eve the sacred hearth
With the old wood, whose crackling mirth
Welcomes her weary husband home.
The cattle, when the eve hath come,
She milks, and garnered straw doth spread,
And fastens well their wattled shed.
The meal, unbought, the table bears,
She draws the wine, the herbs prepares,
Brings roasted flesh of lamb or kid,
Fresh olives, and good wheaten bread.
At meals like this how sweet to see
The well-fed sheep across the lea
Come hastening home, and oxen there
With drooping necks the upturned share
Dragging along, and the glad rout
Of slaves the household gods about.
I heard the usurer Alfius,
A rustic life commending thus,
Meaning to seek a country home,
And quit his dirty trade at Rome ;
On the Ides he drew his lucre in,
But the Kalends saw it out again.

Fuscus.

Thou makest me feel all warm about the heart, thou
spoil'd child of the Muses ; these liting poems of thine are

the gay and frolic bursts of a homely virtue which neither Court nor city will ever wean from its love of green fields. I don't know which rings out a merrier note, thou or the cock I heard crowing on the tiles at sunrise this morning. I question though if the usurer Alfius be anything more than a peg to hang poetry on. So divine a dream of country life never found its way to the soul of a money-lender.

Horace.

You don't know what dreams visit even usurers at times. Even to debased humanity there come better moments when some attendant divinity awakens purer longings, which gain a short victory over the baser nature. Alfius is no myth, my friend, nor is his wish a singular one.

Crispinus.

Perhaps the rate of interest had fallen four per cent., and in downright weariness of heart he wished to be free from so disappointing a pursuit.

Fuscus.

Come, Crispin, thou art harder on the fellow than I was. Let us be satisfied with the poet's way of putting it, and be as generous to the poor lucre-loving wretch as we can.

Cervius.

Ay, we have heart enough and to spare ; Fuscus has one so big that he feels kindly to all but rogues. But is it not time, my merry friends, that we sought our beds? The night is wearing away.

Crispinus.

Ay, and some of us have to be early astir to-morrow.

Horace.

Crispin, thou wert always an enemy to late sitting up. Dost thou mean to live long?

Crispinus.

As long as the gods see fit to let me. I'll be no party to shortening my own life.

Horace.

Thou hast no need, it's such a happy one. Aristius, give the gods thanks in a song, and let us be off to bed.

Fuscus (sings).

A bachelor poet and two married men,
A lover just verging on two score and ten,
Met to drink the bard's wine, and in wise chat and merry
Pass a stage of the journey to old Charon's ferry.

Now it makes the gods happy to see mortals blest,
When they crown honest labour with joy and with rest ;
When the brow smoothes its wrinkles, and virtue unbends
In the life-giving cheer of good wine and good friends.

Hence they keep watch and ward over every good fellow,
And they laugh and they listen when men become mellow,
To the wit and the humour of sound-hearted folk,
For the gods in their wisdom are fond of a joke.

I trust the Immortals are pleased with us then,
I hope they'll ordain that we meet here again ;
May they fill the bard's days up with bounties divine,
And especially keep sound both his wits and his wine.

Crispinus.

Aristius, if Apollo refuse thee the laurel-wreath, thou oughtest certainly to be crowned with myrtle.

Cervius.

Nay, nay ! the marriage-god has a fillet of another kind to brace his brows with.

(Exeunt, laughing.)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in Cecilia's house.*

MATIUS. CECILIA.

Matius.

Dear lady, if the manner of my suit
Be not set off with soft and courteous phrase,

Impute it not to harshness in my soul ;
The bluntness of my nature ne'er hath been
Smoothed with the scholar's or the courtier's art ;
My native honesty has no disguise,
Just as I am, I proffer you my love.
My heart hath long been yours, long have I loved,
Suffered, desired in silence, for I feared
Lest my true love might be by you despised,
Being untrimmed by art or ornament,
Rustic in speech, though faithful in devotion,
And lest the hope my heart could not deny,
Should perish in aspiring to possession.
But now I know another hopes to gain
The prize I feared to cast for, I must do 't,
Or see the latter end of life's fair day
Perish in disappointment's leaden clouds,
And I go down into the grave, in grief,
Unvalued, unbeloved. Here is my heart,
My hand, my house, my purse, my lands, my all,
I cast them at your feet ; dear lady, if your soul
Have any tinge of pity or of love,
Why, let it plead for me !

(Throws himself at her feet.)

Cecilia.

Arise, dear sir,

I am not worthy of so much devotion :
My heart's so greatly taken by surprise,
I know not what to answer ; leave me now,
And come again to-morrow.

Matius.

Give me so much hope

As but to kiss your hand. *(He seizes it and kisses it fervently.)*
O, dearest lady, if the blissful gods
But saw you in your beauty, they would wish
Themselves but mortal to possess you.

(Exit.)

Cecilia (solus).

If Aristius Fuscus had not come into view, this laggard swain would have lived on hope until his dying day. I thought I knew the way to sharpen his market. These old bachelors have hearts no bigger than my fist; their resolution isn't strong enough to choke a mouse, and if one didn't apply the spur of apprehension to them one would never realise anything satisfactory from them. I am sorry for the Roman; he has a good heart, and he's really in love with me; if we were both young I'd have him to-morrow. It's wonderful how long some people carry their youth about with them. There's more capacity for love in Fuscus' little finger than in this man's body and soul; but I'm too old a bird now to be caught by any of love's chaff. I can no more love now than fly. Though the Roman's witty, yet he's poor, and I can't afford to have him; Matius has no more wit than a cuckoo, but he's rich and just the man one can easily become master of; and now I've made him bold enough to take the bait, I'll lead him in a string as long as he lives. I daresay Fuscus' wit will get the better of his sorrow and that he'll die at Rome with a sound heart twenty years hence. Ah well! we cannot all have what we would, and if everybody was made happy, content would become so cheap that the beggars would carry it in their wallets. The richest farmer in the shadow of Soracte! It has a substantial sound in it, I promise you!

(Exit.)

SCENE II.—*A room in Horace's farmhouse.*

HORACE and ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

Fuscus.

Jilted, and at my time of life too, and by a widow, and for whom? A soft-souled, sleek-bodied, sheep's-eyed farmer, whose wit is fed on turnips and honey! After this who would give wit house-room? One solid fistful of

honest coin is worth an ass-load of it. Throw in thy purse ! throw in thy purse ! whoe'er thou art that would win ! Not wit, nor valour, nor wisdom, nor justice even, can prevail against the purse : into the scale with it then, and make them kick the beam. Plutus is the only god worth loving, and not Pallas, nor Venus, nor Apollo, nor the silver-toned Muses themselves, will make the world wag after them unless they're well ballasted with gold. Ah me, that I should live so long to be made a fool of ! Horace, don't look so sad, man ; I'll not hang thee for persuading me to this business, thou wast as much befooled in it as I. Alas ! I was as fondly in love, too, as a man can be at my age. To think that I should live to see fifty years and then be sold for a dish of melted butter ! O ! to see the milk-drinking, bacon-eating chuff sitting at Thaliarchus' table, and looking on with his fat smile while the widow and I cracked jests on one another. Who would have thought that so much guile could lurk in so oily a skin, or that love would have shot at so fat a deer !

Horace.

Come, good friend, come ; leave off fretting and drink some wine ; it cures all ills. Wine, sleep, and time will mend all rubs. Come, we shall laugh at this anon !

Fuscus.

I could almost find in my heart to laugh at it now, were it not that I loved the woman, and I can't cure that by laughing at it. I've been made a stalking-horse, a widow's decoy ; she has used me to catch her man with. I'll stay in Rome for the future ; I'll never be persuaded for either profit or pleasure to go five miles out of Rome henceforth. I'll never run in the way of widows again. Go, my friend, and break this matter gently to Thaliarchus. He might do himself a mischief if some sudden fellow were to rush upon him with the news. Tell him I'll not be at his wedding, for I'm the very genius of ill-fortune. No more weddings for

me, since I've had so sharp and sudden a wrench from own.

Let us go out into the sunshine, Horace, it may help lighten my heart a little.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.—*Within the tent of Claudius Tiberius Nero, in Camp at Abydos.*

Tiberius reading, and Celsus writing letters.

Enter MUNATIUS and JULIUS FLORUS.

Tiberius.

By the two gods, but ye are welcome. Hylas,
Bring in some wine, and bid the dancers wait
In the adjoining tent until we need them.
Let us forget the soldier's toil to-night,
We'll drown it deep in pleasure ; what avails
To groan, and sweat, and crack the weary heart
From day to day, that we may add some strip
Of harsh and arid province to the world
The Roman eagles sway ? I've no such hunger ;
The Roman world is wide enough for me.
Is the wine sweeter, or are women fairer,
Or men more witty far away from Rome ?
I do not find it so ; then why should we
Go wandering restlessly about the earth,
To win the honey drones devour at home ?
Come then, sweet youths, we'll live in joy to-night,
Let who will die to-morrow. To the shades
We'll carry rosier memories than those
Who won the world and died a day too soon
To taste the goodness of it.

Munatius.

Thou art, Tiberius,
The jovialest of generals. For my part,
War has its pleasure interlocked with toil ;

The ringing of the sword-blade when we draw it
Has rapture in it. Yet I am not loth
To touch the springs of mirth with thee to-night,
And let Care sleep till morning.

Iberius.

That's well said ;

What, Florus, moping !

Florus.

Not I, in good faith !

But I've had news from Rome, and like thyself
'T has given me home sickness.

Iberius.

Ha ! some girl

Has cast the far-off soldier for a lover
Who's nearer home ; half the Roman world's
A long embrace even for love to compass :
No wonder it grows weary.

Zorus.

Thou art no Chaldean,

To cast my fortune so untowardly ;
I've not been jilted, though another has
Of whom I heard to-day. I long for Rome,
Its games, and sights, and for my kindred's faces,
And one that's dearer still, and for the pleasant band
Of gifted men, whose wise and kindly talk
Goes wasting to the winds and leaves no trace
For me to glean it by.

Iberius.

Take wine, my boy ;

Too much philosophy is drying up thy soul ;
It is not well when virtue makes us lean,
And wisdom burns the marrow of our being
Till we are sour and fretful. Here's thy health ;
Munatius, thine, and thine, my jolly Celsus.

(Drinks and sings.)

Drench wisdom with wine,
 And keep thy heart merry ;
 There's vigour divine
 In Bacchus's berry.
 See how the wine mantles
 And chirps in the cup,
 Give wisdom a wink then,
 And drink it all up.

Celsus.

Come, Florus, come, I've an Horatian letter
 To soothe thy soul with ; not a merry one,
 But pensive, like thy mood. When discontent
 Fixes its tooth in noble-minded men, the wound
 Must be healed up with wine ; mirth is the medicine
 For souls o'erwrought with thinking ; lend us thy soul :
 We'll rub the wrinkles out of it, and make it laugh
 Until thy sides ache.

Florus.

I am not sad, good Celsus,
 Nor worn with discontent, and if I longed for home
 'Twas but as wise men do, when they get news
 From loved and distant friends, which wakes the wish
 To see their faces, and bids memory
 Play pensive round the heart. Doubtless Horace
 Knows what a sad and surly rogue thou art,
 And vents his spleen upon thee.

Celsus.

Why, it's certain
 He seldom writes to me but when he's sick.

Tiberius.

That shows how well he knows his men ;
 The overflowing spirits of our Celsus
 Need to be damped judiciously sometimes,
 With the forebodings of a colder mind,
 Or they would carry him beyond himself,
 And shake good sense away with laughter ;

While our Florus, melancholy, given to stern thoughts,
Needs to be won with unobtrusive mirth,
Masking itself in wisdom. Say, Munatius,
If I've not hit the matter ?

Munatius.

In the clout, like an archer,
But let us hear thy tidings, Julius Florus.

Florus.

I've none to tell you.

Munatius.

What, none ?

Not how the world wags, nor what it says,
Nor does, nor hopes to do ?

Florus.

No ; it wags, I doubt not,
Much as it's always done, and speaks the truth
When lies are of no service ; does the things
That best may fill its belly and its purse,
And hopes such luck may come again to-morrow.

iberius.

What a cynic ! Florus, what does Horace
Sharpen his pen to write about, if not
The things which come to pass in Rome ?

lorus.

Why, of all the wisdom, grace, and truth
Which wrap man's life around, of poetry,
And rustic pleasures, of divinest counsel,
Which takes the soul with goodness, and of noble acts,
And words, and aspirations, urging me
To make my life sincere, and pure, and wise ;
But of the drab and seamy side of things,
Of those which bad men do, and dull men hope,
He says but little.

iberius.

He's Drusus over again !
This my good brother's always urging on me ;

level in the dust those who would rob the
liberty and lawful prerogative. Let the
and turn the hearts of his wicked coun-
malice and wickedness of their designs.
my soul! O Lord, save my country. O
to

(Falls back in)

Dr. Giles.

Thank God, his pains are over!
Few men have had a sharper fight with de-

Dr. Spurstow (addressing the body).

Thou sorely tried with suffering, art at rest
And England's loss is thy eternal gain.
Farewell, beloved spirit! in thy saintly
And contest for the right, thou art hence
And evermore, the Englishman's example

It's wearisome at times ; good counsel is like physic,
Apt as a purge, preventive, or curative,
But too much used it breeds strange humours in us,
Which often end in that disease of soul,
That it was meant to cure. Virtuous saws
Work the wrong way with me ; but come, the letter !

Florus.

Well, you shall have it, since it must be so.

(Reads.)

Florus, the Muse desires to know,
Upon what wars her favourites go ;
Whether icy Thrace and Hebrus hold you,
Or Asia's fertile plains enfold you,
Or if you camp by that swift tide,
The hero stemmed to kiss his bride.
What labours do you undertake ;
Some lovely poem do you make,
Or study deep our Roman laws
To eloquently plead some cause ?
Whate'er your genius work upon,
It will bear off the ivy crown,
If you, where heavenly wisdom leads,
Follow her guidance with true deeds,
And leave the chilling draughts of care,
To men the sweet gods hold less dear.
Our conscience and our country claim
Our souls for toil of worthiest fame,
And say we cannot guiltless die, sir,
And leave the world no whit the wiser.
Alas ! for me, I'm still at Rome,
But longing for my rustic home,
To smell the hawthorn-scented gale,
And chase the blackbird down the vale,
Or by Bandusia's laughing tide,
Play with the bees all amber-thighed.

I stay in Rome for friendship's sake,
 To ease sore disappointment's ache,
 And do a true friend's anxious part,
 To bring back joy to wounded heart.
 Aristius Fuscus, late in life,
 Wooed a fair widow for a wife,
 Of that stout rustic breed whence Rome
 Learned her true love of farm and home ;
 But Fuscus found to his sad cost,
 Hearts are less easily won than lost ;
 The widow flirted with our friend,
 And played him off to gain her end,
 Wedded a fat fool, rich and old,
 And left poor Fuscus in the cold.
 So thou, my youthful friend, beware,
 Good wives are not found everywhere,
 Women have fooled, with practice sly,
 Far wiser men than you or I ;
 Yet marry ere thou growest old,
 For age is always over-bold,
 And he who fails to wed in youth,
 May look long ere he meet with truth.

rius.

would I were on such familiar terms
 ith the good poet, as to have such wit
 nt to me quarterly. Now, Munatius,
 hat has your friend Aristius found to say ;
 as he a mind to drown himself, turn Stoic,
 r take some other rash and crazy step,
 s men oft do for love ?

atius (pulling out a letter).

He shall speak for himself ; it's in prose, though. I suspect
 e poor fellow was too sad to care to hear it jingle.

ds.)

My Munatius,

*I wish thee health, and a contented mind, and the speedy
 fulfilment of every honest wish. I am in little humour for*

writing, having been crossed in love at an age when most folk leave such matters to their grandchildren. So late a flowering must needs meet with frost. If it be true that a man does not attain his full sense until he is married and has children of his own, he should not be too long about it, lest in making too much haste to put on the top-stone to the structure of his wit, before age prevent him, he may bring down the edifice in ruin. Had I been but as young as thou, my friend, my fortune would have told another tale. But wisdom has always lagged behind me, with age and after-wit, and now she's so sour a companion I've small comfort in her. For the rest, the sunlight is fair and sweet, and wine is mellow, and friends are sound as of old, and I shall yet make a shift to find out where the green places are, on the shady side of life. To thy co-mate, Florus, I give my love, and in the company of the best of poets and of friends, I send this, greeting thee in the name of all the gods.

Thy friend,

ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

(Enter musicians at the back of the stage.)

Tiberius.

By Jove, but they are merry fellows both; 'twould be a pity to spoil them with marriage. Let them lead an Attic life of it; why should they hanker after the dull virtues of old Rome! Play up, musicians! Were they here to-night, they should see what a dance we'll lead Care; he shall not have a leg left to stand upon.

(Music begins, and scene closes.)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The lawn in front of Marcella's house.*

Enter a marriage procession of matrons, youths and virgins with torches and music.

Youths.

Now the comely bride is dressed,
And laughs glad Vesper in the west;

Up, youths, and lead the choral dance
 Brandish the torches and advance ;
 The marriage-feast awaiteth thee,
Hymen ades O Hymenae!

Virgins.

Joy flits round on purple wing,
 Garlands balmiest odours fling,
 Which the nymphs' deft fingers wove
 Deep in consecrated grove ;
 The marriage feast awaiteth thee,
Hymen ades O Hymenae!

Youths.

King of all the starry train,
 Ere thou dip beneath the main,
 Shake from out thy golden hair
 Influences soft and fair.
 The marriage-feast awaiteth thee,
Hymen ades O Hymenae!

Virgins.

Builder of the sacred house,
 Invoked by parent, maiden, spouse,
 Wave thy torch and go before,
 Lead her from her parent's door,
 Receive the bride her hands bestow :
Talassius, Talassio!

Youths.

Thee invokes the trembling sire,
 Thee the husband doth desire,
 Swayed by love and swayed by fear,
 Nought can win his eager ear,
 Which longs thy glad approach to know :
Talassius, Talassio!

*(The door of the house opens and enter the bride veiled, led by
 two boys, and escorted by the bridesmaids.)*

Virgins.

See ! the beauteous bride appears,
 Her veil bedewed with sacred tears ;

The last tears that shall ever fall,
 Love shall wipe them once for all ;
 With joy henceforth her heart shall glow :
Talassius, Talassio !

Youths.

Bear aloft the torches, boys !
 Sing, ye maidens, wedlock's joys !
 Matrons, lead the loveliest flower
 E'er fostered in Italian bower !
 To the marriage-feast we go :
Talassius, Talassio !

(The procession moves across the stage, led by the boys bearing torches, and disappears at the further side.)

SCENE II.—*The front of Thaliarchus' house.*

Music within, and illuminations. Enter from within the house HORACE, VIRGIL, and CRISPINUS. Music heard, the marriage procession appears, and the Epithalamium is sung.

Virgins.

From thy sapphire-tinctured halls,
 Which the quenchless stars do pave,
 Where the spheric music calls
 To the voice of that soft wave,
 Which from Joy's ethereal shore
 The Fates roll to thy golden floor,
 From thy jewelled throne above,
 Spouse and sister of great Jove,
 Look down and bless the nuptial rite,
 With murmur of divine consent,
 While the youth and maiden plight
 With holy vows their glad and pure intent.

Youths.

Let the mighty gods of Rome,
 Who blessed the weddings of our sires,

Sweep to-night into this home,
 Stir with sacred hands its fires,
 For a chaster youth than this,
 Ne'er did lips of virgin kiss,
 Nor cleaner hands nor heart more true
 E'er to the sweet gods bring their due.
 Come near and bless the nuptial rite
 With murmur of divine consent,
 While the youth and virgin plight
 With holy vows their glad and pure intent.

Virgins.

Let the snow-white sheets be spread,
 Its scent the precious casket yield,
 That to-night the nuptial bed
 Smell like the odours of a field.
 Let silken curtains wrap them round,
 Safe from harmful spell or sound ;
 Nor baleful eye nor shade affright,
 But deep-veiled Darkness bring delight,
 Until yon star lead rosy Morn,
 Driving her flocks all silver-fleeced,
 And crimson-kirtled Day adorn,
 With loveliness all dew-empared the bird-rejoicing East.

Youths.

May a tiny Thaliarch smile *
 Sweetly on its mother's breast,
 Its tender hand with baby-wile
 Reaching out to be caressed.
 May he carry in his face
 The stamp of his paternal race,
 And the passing stranger own
 The father's image in his son.
 And his mother's faith be proved
 By the features of her child,

* See Catullus, Carm. 61, verse 210.

And her husband, sole beloved,
 Joy in his beauteous spouse, his own, his undefiled.

Lucius (to Horace).

Now's the time for me to strike in while they're taking deep breaths for another start. If some one doesn't hold up the shady side to all this gladness, Fortune, the vixen, may transfix us with the evil eye, or trip up our heels with some calamity.

(Sings.)

Although she's fair she'll sulk and pout,
 Hang like a cloud the house about,
 And turn her face unto the wall,
 For little cause or none at all,
 Wish she were back again at home,
 Think she's the worst used out of Rome.
 Poor fellow, how her moods will tease thee,
 Sometimes she'll vex, sometimes she'll please thee,
 Now make thy breast thrill with desire,
 Now make thee stamp for very ire,
 Yet have so much to charm about her,
 Thou'lt not live half a day without her.
 Now she'll be loving, then so cold,
 She would make Joy himself feel old.
 Wed by all means, but be thou sure
 All this and more thou must endure,
 No more for thee will life move slow,
 A wife's the thing to make it go;
 She'll keep work and thee together,
 Whate'er the wages or the weather;
 And shine and shade so deftly mingle,
 Thou'lt scarcely wish that thou wert single.

Youths and Virgins.

Avaunt, vile slanderer! Bring not thy croaking ditties here. Away, and take thy lies with thee!

(They beat him with their torches.)

Beat him, burn him ;
 Pinch him, spurn him ;
 Drive him off, and may he marry
 The ills his saucy verses carry.

(Exit Lucius, driven off.)

Virgins.

See how powerful and how blest
 Thy husband's house awaits thee here ;
 Share henceforth its wealth and rest,
 Be its joy for many a year.
 With his best friends by his side,
 Thy husband waits to kiss his bride,
 With omens good and music sweet,
 Lift her golden-sandaled feet
 Over the threshold to the floor.
 Loose her arm and lead her, boy,
 To the bridal-chamber door,
 And give thy sweet charge to the care of purple-winged Joy.
*(They lift the bride as they sing and carry her up the steps and
 into the house.)*

Crispinus.

'Tis well Aristius Fuscus is not here,
 His heart would break with envy.

Horace.

Ay, poor old soul !
 Amid the joy and laughter of the feast,
 The fair and happy faces all around,
 I can't help thinking of him and his love,
 So youthful, artless, genuine and pure,
 Without a kind of heart-ache. My dear bard *(to Virgil)*,
 Thy wine of life contains no bunch of myrrh
 To make it bitter-sweet, and yet ripe tears
 Are sparkling in thine eyes.

Virgil.

For joy, my friend ;
 These are the scenes which make Italian fields

Fair in the sight of heaven. Sweet, sweet love,
And holy marriage rite, and joyous song,
And by-and-by the babes will twine their arms
Around the parents' necks, and see the kine
Filling the pails at e'en, and laugh at kids
Wrestling with butting horns upon the green ;
Or watch the servants at their javelin-play.
From sire to son the heirloom of chaste life
Will pass down like a treasure, and the girls
Will bring their mother's dower of purity
To bless God's favourites with. This was the life
The ancient Sabines led ; Etruria grew
In strength and beauty by it, and great Rome
Owes to it all her virtue. Hark, good friends,
The bridegroom calls us. Let us hasten in !

(Exit)

THE COLONIST.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE drawn no imaginary picture in this poem. Twenty-five years of rough-and-ready life in the Colonies have made me acquainted with the possibilities which they afford to every Englishman who has the proper pith in him. I know well that even here, where the mass of the people devote themselves to money-making with an intensity which goes beyond that of the votaries of European plutolatriy, there are plenty of examples of men who choose to get on in life by the old-fashioned and unfailing method of the First Psalm. I do not know of a country in the world where life may be led under happier and diviner auspices than here in Victoria. The conditions of climate, of soil, of material in the vast forests of the country, are favourable to the development of a healthy and happy nation, under the discipline of common sense and the Christian religion. Every grace, joy, and worthy possession of life is possible here, for the man who will work. Before long, perhaps, we shall have captains of industry, who will discipline and lead forth the superfluous masses of Europe to till the waste places of the world; until that time comes, however, let not any Englishman, desiring more elbow-room than he can find at home, dread coming to these lands, if he have health, courage of the working sort, and a sufficiency of means to enable him in stout, broad-shouldered fashion, to subdue the forest, and change it to a fruitful field.

THE COLONIST.

Sic fortis Etruria crevit.—Virgil.

FROM that fierce time when English kings in France,
By bow and bill far more than sword or lance
Won victories, which through five hundred years,
Ring valiant music to our children's ears,
Heaven's charge unto our hardy race hath been
To stem the seas, and far-off climes to win
From tangled wilderness and savage strife,
To Christian peace and sweet domestic life.
Our English nature, like our language, made
Of mixed material, has its roots well laid
In a sound bed of homely Saxon toil,
And bears a racy smack of that rough soil
In all it does and thinks, and sings and says,
And hangs the wheatsheaf up beside its bays.
To older nations Providence was kind ;
To Greece was given that vital force of mind
Which made her teacher of the world ; to Rome
Stern martial vigour and deep love of home ;
Italian life in art and beauty glows ;
Warmed by the East, the Spanish grandeur rose ;
On every nation Heaven some gift bestowed,
Blest it at starting and marked out its road,
But for its darling still reserved the best,
And locked that secret up in England's breast.
As the hard matrix hides the precious ore,
As the harsh husk matures the wheaten store,

As sweetest fruit oft dwells in prickly rind,
As surly Johnson's form enclosed his mind,
So in our nature Heaven's best gift doth lurk,
The dreadless energy which seeks for work.
A rugged virtue, spurned, and cast to slaves,
Yet conquers continents and rules the waves,
Wrings from the hills old treasures long concealed,
Tames the wild desert to a fruitful field,
Puts to best use the ploughshare, spade and sword,
Makes earth rejoice, to Eden's bliss restored ;
Bids strife expire and cankering sorrow cease,
And binds wild olive round the brow of Peace.
Toil, thy strong shoulder keeps ajar the door
Of that deep cave where Nature hides her store ;
Stern Nature ever to the worker kind,
Hides her best gifts for honest toil to find,
The truest love, the pleasures born of *home*,
The blessings which with dewy evening come,
The manly joy which healthful labour brings,
And the sweet sleep desired by mighty kings.
Think not, ye drones, who reap the golden spoil
Of the earth's poor, who unrewarded toil,
That Heaven has made the world for you alone,
And bid the poor, oppressed by you, to groan ;
His trust betrayed, God will again require,
And make your lusts the servants of His ire ;
And when your race, worn out by vice, is gone,
Toil shall be glad in fields which it has won.
Not ground by avarice, and not pressed for strife,
The wretch and slave shall taste the sweets of life ;
The poor, now born to wipe cruel sweat away,
In tilling others' fields for scanty pay,
Whose only joys are to get drunk—and die,
God will redeem from guilt and misery ;
For them the future of the earth remains,
For them its valleys, and its fruitful plains,

Its mountain waters, and its babbling rills,
And the great forests on a thousand hills.
O band most blessed, our latest chivalry,
The weary ages call aloud for ye ;
Whose noble hearts and vigorous arms shall moil,
And lift three thousand years' reproach from toil ;
Like the great Greek make noble base employ,
And wed old Labour to his long-lost Joy,
Fill his cramped sinews with elastic youth,
Gladden his eye with love, and brace his heart with truth.
Rise, peers of Nature, bring the years again,
Sung in their beauty by th' Ionian swain ;
In the soft sunshine falls the yellow corn,
And the huge armfuls by glad boys are borne.
The mellow king amidst his eager band,
Serenely sits, the sceptre in his hand,
Sees the big stooks in golden clumps arise,
And views the workers with approving eyes ;
While the sweet girls for evening sport arrayed,
Prepare the banquet in an oak's cool shade,
And sturdy youths turn slowly on the pole,
Over the fire, the big ox roasted whole.
Your England has for scenes like this no room ;
Come to these regions then, and make your home ;
Break down the forest, plough these lovely plains,
Build the stout garner, learn to store the rains,
Milk your own kine, and reap your fields' increase,
Eat your own bread and drink your wine in peace,
And in the purple evening watch the play
With which your children end the joyous day.

See yonder household through the forest come,
From Yorkshire dales they seek a southern home ;
They bring the strength of England in their arms,
Soundness of soul, and English rustic charms.
Behind the forest drops the glowing sun,
Through the deep glades the lengthening shadows run.

The birds, who passed in sleep the torrid day,
Now fill the branches with their evening play ;
A gravelly brook divides the dusty road,
Draw off, and loose the oxen from their load ;
The weary steer shakes from his neck the yoke ;
The echoing woods ring with the axe's stroke ;
The camp-fire throws aloft its ruddy gleam ;
'The children search for berries by the stream,
And chase the thought of travelling toil away
By their light-hearted mirth and laughter gay.
Now round the fire they take their homely fare,
The mother's brow relinquishes its care ;
The uncertain future from the father's heart
Lifts up its load, the teamsters take their part
In the rough cheer, and jocund as the rest,
Tell the droll tale, and crack the rugged jest.
To-morrow comes with toil and dust and heat,
With groaning oxen and with weary feet,
But let it come, to-night is ours at least,
With mirth and joy, and rest for man and beast.

Over the woods the Cross now greets the eye,
Orion sweeps in chase across the sky,
The Pleiads dip in flight towards the west,
Within the tent the children are at rest,
And side by side beneath the bullock-dray,
The teamsters snore their weariness away.
In the dim forest tolls the oxen's bell,
Nocturnal beasts in tree-tops snarl and yell,
The bull-frog booms from out the distant marsh,
In the near brake croaks the opossum harsh,
And the weird mopoke answers to his mate,
In sounds as solemn as the voice of fate.
In pensive talk the husband and the wife
Discuss the toils and hopes of their new life,
Would in their thought divine events to come,
And wrest the future's secrets from their home.

Dismiss your troubles, O ! true-hearted pair,
Your path 's watched over by a Father's care ;
Nor are ye less in the Almighty's hand,
'Mid the dense forests of this far-off land,
Than on rich glebes, and cowslip banks, where bees
Mingle their murmur with the sound of Tees.
Their thoughts fly back, far, far across the sea,
Back to the scenes endeared to memory ;
Recall each feature of the well-known place,
Each friendly voice and each familiar face,
And bid the tears well up into the eye,
And the full heart heave its regretful sigh.
'Tis but an instant, and, the weakness past,
Beneath the stars they kneel, and humbly cast
Their needs on Him who doth His servants keep,
Then in their turn forget their cares in sleep.

See them once more, their dreary journey done,
The giant toil of Southern life 's begun ;
Housed in with logs, and roofed with stringy-bark,
Life 's rough but kindly in their forest ark ;
Such fires as ne'er Joanna Baillie saw,
Piled up to make an English yule-tide thaw,
Gladden the house from ridge-pole unto floor,
Pour crimson welcome through the open door,
When the small children wish their father home,
And peer into the night to see him come.
The lamplight shines upon the table, spread
With shining tea-cups and with whole-meal bread,
Chine of cold beef, a dish of gooseberry-fool,
Butter and cheese, and cresses, crisp and cool.
Milk, which in bowl and bucket froths and reams,
Such as the Cyclops drink in Homer's dreams ;
Honey, the boys find daily as they roam,
The tree-top yields it and the trunk 's its home,
Fit to feed princes with, and ladies fair,

And to make Bruin Rustefill's vengeance dare.
Plenty pours good things from her golden horn,
Fills the glad evening and the cheery morn ;
Labour's severe in cold and wet and heat,
But toil whose fruit is for one's self is sweet ;
Here a man's earnings to himself belong,
Safe from the subtle spoiler and the strong ;
Here no stern taxes doth the State impose
To keep her safe from French or Russian foes,
Nor Norman blood makes idle lordlings claim
The right to live and to transmit their name
Pure from the plebeian taint of industry ;
Do men the honour to consent to be,
And waste the realm in luxury abroad,
While the worn poor sweat underneath the load :
And their proud lords from idle sire to son
Hand down the right to tax what toil has won.

Before the axe the forest grim retires,
The nights are reddened with a score of fires,
Soon within bounds his kine the fences keep,
Safe by his streams repose untended sheep ;
The glittering share upturns the rich brown mould,
Soon the glad fields are fair with ripening gold.
And in the lane, seen through the glancing leaves,
The rustling wain sweeps homeward with the sheaves.
Soon the fair homestead rears aloft its form,
Smiles in the sunlight, and defies the storm ;
Keeps English comfort sacred, safe, and sound,
Sees English cheer and mirth go nightly round,
Hears the dear longings with which true hearts yearn,
And the sweet prayers which English children learn.
The father oft the valiant deeds of yore
Tells to his children's hearts, and brings the lore
Of England's wisest to instruct their youth
In the sweet course of virtue, faith and truth.
Bids them love England as her true sons have

In every age and clime, on land and wave—
Be for her sake the bravest of the brave,
In work, in war, in every national need ;
Pious and just and pure, true Englishmen indeed.
So glides life on in work, and well-earned wealth,
Made fair with honest love and joy and health ;
Another England their stout hearts have won,
And made her virtue and her good their own,
And while to Tees'-dale scenes they ne'er grow cold,
They make the new land precious as the old,
Love their Australian like their Yorkshire farm,
And Yackandandah takes the place of Yarm.

O ! thou great sailor of my own Norse blood,
Ranked with the foremost of the brave and good ;
Who in heroic quest thy sails unfurled,
And joined a fifth great region to the world ;
When from thy deck thou saw'st its woods expand,
And marked the floral beauties of its strand,
Didst thou then dream that ere one hundred years
Had foiled or answered human hopes and fears,
Thy countrymen in countless swarms, should come,
And make the land, untilled till then, their home ?
That scenes like these "in depth of woods embraced,"
Should smile like Edens in the Austral waste ;
And men, too crowded in their English hive,
Here in a wider landscape, work and thrive ?
Where thy stout vessel ploughed her lonely path,
And the huge host of white waves leaped in wrath,
Proud and unconquered since the world began,
By the stern strength and enterprise of man,
A thousand sails now seize the polar gale,
And bound in beauty onward, and prevail
O'er the long swell in restless grandeur rolled
From the dread regions of eternal cold.
Where smoke from savage camp-fires sought the skies,
Now wealthy cities and fair towns arise ;

Where cannibals once tore the horrid feast,
Now Pity claims the stranger for a guest,
And smiling children every evening come
From school to share the joy and peace of home.
A younger Britain 'neath the southern sky
Inherits all her parent's energy ;
May she inherit too the life of old
When Englishmen loved virtue more than gold,
When simpler manners, healthier desire,
Went hand in hand with patriotic fire.

O thou great toil ! worth centuries of meed,
Ranked as the prime of all heroic deed !
Colonisation, England's heritage old
From the fierce Viking and the Saxon bold !
Will the old spirit not impel the brave
To come and win the wastes across the wave ?
Heed not the prate of interested fools ;
England, send workers well equipped with tools,
In strong industrial armies, year by year
To the great tracts which ask for tillage here !
Let them draw breath in unpolluted air
Which the strong wings of Southern breezes bear,
Until thy dwindling sons expand again
To the full height and strength of Englishmen.
Soon will be fled our ancient English boast,
Our manly form and mental vigour lost,
If thy stout rustic leave his native downs,
For the spare food, and deadly breath of towns.
Thy land with many a rich man's park may smile,
And yet thy life be perishing the while,
And thou wilt fall before some stalwart foe,
Who's had the sense to let his children grow
O ! Mother England, fill the vacant earth
With valorous toilers, full of sense and worth :
Be thou the centre to which all hearts turn,
Be thou the parent for whom all hearts burn,

And, throned in beauty on thy cliffs, again
Greet with proud smile thy sons who o'er the main
Have journeyed half the mighty globe around,
To kiss the dust of England's holy ground.

NOTE.—“ *And Yackandandah takes the place of Yarm.*”

The name in the text never fails to strike an Englishman, hearing it for the first time, with astonishment. It is a picturesque little town, however, and situated amid as lovely a region as heart could wish. Mountains, wooded to their tops, surround it on all sides save one, and in every dell and dingle and winter-fretted ravine, there is the gurgle and tinkling laugh of running water. “Yackandandah” means the “Rock between the Waters;” and is aptly named, for it stands above the junction of two of the fairest streams that ever flowed out of mountain-side. But besides beauty, one of them hid in its sands and in its banks the fatal dower of gold. Under a bird's-nest by the waterside the “prospectors” first found gold, and after that the beauty quickly vanished, and the wild duck, the teal, the pelican, and black swan had to seek another home.

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.



WE wrestled with the Lord of Hosts
In strong prevailing prayer,
And hungering, couched beneath Dunbar,
Like the lion in his lair ;
Who with claws sharpened, and eyes on fire,
Waits, till with twilight's gloom,
The lordly bison in his reach
Shall unsuspecting come.
With powder dry and weapons keen,
We watched from day to day,
Where on the heights of Lammermoor
Old Lesley's army lay ;
And strong in prayer and prowess,
We longed, all fighting-ripe,
For the fierce and fatal moment
God should give them to our gripe.
And Oliver, our mighty one,
The soldier of the Lord ;
Whose glance like God's own arrow sped,
Who smote like God's own sword,
Rode up and down among us
With words of godly cheer,
Bidding us keep our hearts well strung—
Deliverance was near.
O, men ! the Scots are moving,
The Scots are coming down ;
They think the lion's wearied now,
They deem the prey their own ;

But Oliver is watching them,
Sees how the fight will go,
And with the dawn to-morrow morn
We'll be upon the foe.
The wild wind beat, with hail and sleet,
And 'mid the ocean's moan,
All that drear night our prayers went up,
The Scots are two to one ;
All mighty men of valour
Whose hearts are proud and stern,
And for their Covenant and King
With battle ardour burn.
"Stand to your arms !" from troop to troop
The word of battle sped ;
And swiftly on the plashy heath
We were for fight arrayed.
The stormy clouds across the moon
Go flitting through the sky,
And o'er Abb's Head a streak of red
Tells that the day is nigh.
And hark ! upon the Scottish right
A trumpet peal rings clear ;
"We'd answer that," quoth Oliver,
"Were Lambert only here !"
"Lambert ! why lingers Lambert ?"
He's far off on the right,
Anc. Cromwell, like a war horse,
Is chafing for the fight.
Ha ! Lambert comes to lead us,
"Now quit yourselves like men,
"Upon them," shouted Oliver,
"In God's great name, Amen !"
The trumpets sound the battle,
Our shouts the welkin break,
Along the line our cannon
In thunder-peals awake.

“ The Lord of Hosts ! The Lord of Hosts ! ”
Our charge hath burst away,
In shout and shock and cannon roar
The night reels into day.
“ The Covenant ! The Covenant ! ”
The Scots throng to the burn ; -
With thrust of pike and stroke of sword
Back with them through the corn.
We cross the brook and wrestle
To win the grassy steep,
When all their horse upon us
Down like a whirlwind sweep.
O God ! we are outnumbered,
They roll us back again,
Back o'er the crimson brook all heaped
With wounded men and slain.
O God of battles ! aid us now,
O make us doubly strong,
Avenge us now upon our foes,
And break the teeth of wrong !
“ The Lord of Hosts ! The Lord of Hosts ! ”
Resounds upon our right,
Cromwell's own regiment's charging past,
They will restore the fight ;
The Scottish ranks are shivered,
Their right is bent and torn,
And trampling o'er the helpless foot
Goes streaming through the corn.
The centre bends before us,
The left is giving way ;
Upon their foot our troopers fall
Like lions on the prey.
Now through the mist the rising sun
Bursts out above the sea ;
“ Let God arise and let his foes
Before him scattered be ! ”

It was the voice of Oliver,
Who prayed like one inspired ;
His words flew on from rank to rank,
With faith our hearts were fired,
And charging home upon them,
With one victorious shout,
We rolled the Scots before us
In utter headlong rout,
As when into some river
Brim-fed by winter snows,
A mighty storm amid the hills
Its giant volume throws,
And leaping fierce and foaming,
Bursts down into the plain,
Mid roar of wind and lightning flash,
And headlong rush of rain,
And steeds and stacks and cattle,
And huge uprooted trees,
All rolled before the torrent,
Go sweeping to the seas.
“ They run ! they run ! ” quoth Oliver,
“ Now halt, and give God praise,
Until our horse have time to breathe
And gather for the chase.”
And from ten thousand warrior throats,
Upon the morning wind,
Our mighty psalm of victory
Did to the Lord ascend ;
Who for His saints and for His cause
So gloriously had wrought,
And cast our foes beneath our feet,
So far beyond our thought.
Then forward to the chase again,
And by the stroke of noon,
Our horse had from the flying rout
Ten thousand captives won ;

And Scotland's pride and prowess
 Was sunk and overthrown:
 Before the Bible and the Sword
 The Covenant went down.

ON AN EVENT IN ENGLISH HISTORY, WHICH
 TOOK PLACE IN DECEMBER 1660.

'On Saturday (December 8) the Most Honourable House of
 Peers concurred with the Commons in the order for digging
 up the carcasses of Oliver Cromwell, Henry Ireton, John
 Ashurst, and Thomas Pride, and carrying them on an
 cart to Tyburn, where they are to be first hang'd up in their
 skins, and then buried under the gallows.'—Parliamentary
 Register, December 10th, 1660.

Ay, hang his carcass up at Tyburn, fools !
 Why not hang up his sword and Bible too ?
 It's not for you to wield the fighting-tools
 Of him who kept the heart of England true
 To sacred law, and strong for national need.
 Go feast your wenching king, and stuff his greed
 With the base gold of France ; the time is near
 When England's glory shall be thrown by you
 Beneath the Dutchman's foot, and you shall hear
 His cannon roar at Chatham, and the glare
 Of burning ships shall light the evening air,
 And England bow her head and drop a tear
 For him whose bones your hate dishonours there,
 The mighty-minded man who made the world to fear.

DE PROFUNDIS.

How long have I lived here, sir ? Ten years next Michaelmas,
 or ten years now, and I've not seen the sunshine on the grass ;
 I came from Chester then, sir, in hope of better cheer,
 and here we've worked in cold and heat, and clemmed from
 year to year.

Through all the hours of daylight and far into the night,
Till the hand would drop, and the room would swim before our
failing sight,
Here that poor lad and I have worked, translating boots and
shoes,
And my dear wife, that's dead there, worked with us at old
clothes.

Ah, sir, you don't know how we strove to keep our home
together,
For our bit of food and clothing, and coal in winter weather ;
Often enough we've fasted to spare the children food,
And with pale lips and dothing chins we've worked as we
best could.

I once went to the parish and asked a little aid,
And the sour relieving officer gave a four-pound loaf of bread,
And cursed me well for coming, pushed me out into the rain,
And told me I should get the stones if I ever came again.

But I would sooner die, sir, in hunger, cold, and grief,
Than at an English workhouse door be fed with such relief ;
I'll keep my bit of honour, and let England have my bones,
For her gift in death of a pauper's grave, and in my life the
stones.

You see this skinny arm, sir, yet it's an English limb ;
My poor heart's blood is English, and these tired eyes, now
dim
With over-work and hunger, used once to smile with joy
When I roamed long since the Cheshire fields in spring-time
when a boy.

It's hard not to feel bitter when the rich go sweeping by,
Without a kindly thought or wish for thousands such as I,
When they cheapen down our labour, and drive us off the soil,
And leave us nought in England but this life of want and toil.

He stood beside their open gates, and gazed across the lawn,
He'd seen the grand old house and grounds in the soft and
dewy dawn,
He'd as the gates swung to again, and left me in the road,
He felt how far away it was from my poor dark abode.

He'd heard that out of all the earth, in England here alone,
The poor have not a foot of land which they can call their own ;
He'd that she owns whole countries in want of men, and bare,
Which would hold England twenty times, why don't they take
us there ?

Her children would find room there, and grow up tall and
strong,
And their hearts would not be soured with a sense of English
wrong.
They would learn in home what heaven means, and not grow
up as now,
With little thought save that of hunger, and their bitter lot
below.

He don't know where the fault is, nor where to find the cure,
But he'd know how keen the suffering is, and sorrow of the poor ;
Some say the rich are hard of heart, some say the fault 's our
own,
And some that it 's the will of God the poor should always
groan.

He'd wondered if God made the world, or if, as I 've heard say,
Things only come by hap and luck, and jog from day to day ;
Time will bring nought better, and poor men must live still,
With the work that won't stop hunger, and the want which
does not kill.

It doesn't kill us quickly, but its gripe is slow and sure ;
It 's in the soul and bones and blood and stomach of the poor ;
It pinches us in childhood, and in our bit of youth
Our hearts grow often sore and sick with the gnawing of its
tooth.

We don't know what the word *life* means, it's just a lingering death,
 Till weakness over-masters pain, and in mercy stops our breath ;
 Then unhonoured, but at rest, we possess the church-yard clay,
 And life, mayhap, begins for us in a land that's far away.

THE ASCENT OF THE PURPLE MOUNTAIN.

By young Agenor's hearth the sages told
 Of a far better, happier world than this,
 Where dwelt the wise and upright ones of old,
 In all the fulness of immortal bliss ;
 The way no true and earnest search could miss,
 Though filled with toil and barred with danger, still
 By one whose heart both right and fearless is
 It might be won. Such strength can hope instil,
 That with the morn he rose and sought that wondrous hill.

As eve drew on, at a steep mountain's base
 He had arrived, and 'gan its height to scale ;
 While in the eastern sky the sweet moon's face
 Rose o'er the purpling landscape, and the gale
 From balmy woods, whose blossoms never fail,
 Played 'mid his golden locks, refreshed his sense,
 While his strong heart beat high with courage hale,
 And stern resolve to brave the toil intense,
 And gain the secret lore of that high eminence.

From head to foot in shining mail of proof,
 Well was he armed, and on his shoulders strong
 His helm and shield unneeded, hung aloof,
 Both rich inwrought with skill, and labour long ;
 Fearless he strode from power of any wrong,
 While the dread lustre of a stainless sword
 Gleamed in his right hand on the wondering throng
 Of savage beasts, who fled in wild discord
 From that ethereal blade, whose brightness they abhorred.

The night-breeze swept aside the golden hair
Which curled upon his brow ; his youthful face
Shone with the light of beauty, mingling there
With calm of heavenly thought ; no evil trace
Or stain of lawless passion did deface
The soft yet mighty loveliness, and well
His brow was crowned with intellect and grace,
Of wisdom's presence told, and fancy's spell,
And all the virtues high which in pure minds do dwell.

The sombre pines their gloomy shadows shed
Now o'er his way, and silently they wept
Their ice-cold tears, and at their feet the dread
Envenomed serpent in the darkness slept,
All stealthily the deadly adder crept
And hissed across the path. He stopped to lace
His helmet o'er his brow, and closely kept
The shield before his breast ; well might he brace
His harness for the toil of that unholy place.

He passed within the gloom ; all chill he felt
The shadows close around ; the sickening damp
Clung to his lips, and gathering seemed to melt
In drops of venom cold ; a deadly cramp
Crept over all his frame ; as when o'er swamp
Or poisonous fen the night-struck traveller tries
His way, bewildered by the goblin lamp,
And smitten by the vapours, sinks and dies ;
So round our pilgrim now the pestilence doth rise.

No ray of light could pierce the gloomy pall,
Or show his pathway through the accursed maze,
While round and o'er him whispering fiends do call,
And evil eyes from foulest coverts gaze ;
A golden lamp whose bright and steadfast blaze
Nor murk nor mist can dim, he doth atone,

Back to the gloom the spectres fly apace
 From the soft radiance of that light divine,
 For evil may not 'bide aught pure on it to shine.

And the sweet breath that glowing lamp diffused
 Drove back the venom'd damps and night-mist cold,
 And the numb spell of palsied horror loosed
 From off his heart, then with fresh vigour bold
 He climbed the filth-strewn path, while 'fore him rolled
 The shapes obscene in the receding night,
 With scowl of hellish hate, and yell, that told
 Their frenzied malice deep, and baffled spite,
 Helpless to harm the soul which dwelt in that pure light.

At length he reached the limit of the wood,
 And strode once more beneath the cold still moon,
 While the fierce fiends who thirsted for his blood
 Retreated to their den ; around him shone
 The silent unscaled mountains, with their crown
 Of everlasting snow, and ravines deep
 Into whose gloom no ray could struggle down,
 That held the glaciers in their restless sleep,
 Ploughed the wild mountain's flanks with precipices steep.

Through stern defiles where dizzy chasms gaped
 In their unfathomed darkness, and the way
 O'er slippery rocks where headlong torrents leaped
 Led onward, he strode fast without dismay,
 Although before a demon's cavern lay,
 Who kept the path with power and malice fell,
 That none might pass unless with direful fray ;
 His mailed feet clashed along the rocky dell,
 And the far echoes poured their long resounding swell.

The path now sank into a horrid glen
 With cliffs on either hand ; the footfall's sound
 Warned the exulting demon, in his den
 He harnessed him for battle, and around

His shoulders girt his mail, and firmly bound
His swarthy brows with iron. Nearer drew
The pilgrim's fearless tread, the cursed ground
Groaned with an earthquake's anguish, and now through
The darkness dank and deep his ruthless foe he knew.

The demon loomed 'mid the surrounding night
Like some huge rock which from a mountain's side
Unnumbered storms have riven; a strange light
Shone from his dreadful form, and seemed to glide
In wreaths across his breast, and almost hide
With livid stain the breadth of chain-wrought mail
That wrapped him round; in savage hate and pride
He stood with devilish weapons to assail
All strong hearts who might dare the weary height to scale.

Agenor hastened on, while round him gleamed
The ethereal armour at the threatening war,
And from his crest long fiery pennons streamed
Like the fierce splendour of a burning star
Behind him through the night; and from afar
His spirit felt the mighty strength of God,
Who succoureth all who ever faithful are,
And hath upheld the souls of all who trod
In stern and simple trust the toilsome upward road.

"For thee no way is here," the demon cried,
"Return then whence thou camest, ere thy blood
Be shed upon the path;" with one huge stride
He spanned the narrow way, and ready stood
To hurl the dauntless foe, who towards him strode,
Back from his breast, as some black fortress rolls
The headlong tide of war's impetuous flood
Down from its flank, and checks the ardent souls
Whose charge, nor fire, nor force, nor strength of arms
controls.

But wise as he was bold, the wary foe
 Swerved from the stroke, which smote the rock behind
 And cleft it to its base ; the while Agenor's blow
 Gashed deep the giant's side, who howled to find
 Himself so sorely sped, and fierce did grind
 His hellish teeth for anguish of that wound ;
 Again aloft the two-edged lightning shined,
 When with his arms he wrapped Agenor round,
 And ere the stroke could fall had borne him to the ground.

The demon griped his throat, and as his hand
 Had lost its weapon, he uptore a stone
 To crush Agenor's head, who with the brand
 Still held within his grasp, smote ere 'twas thrown ;
 The blade through mail and belly went, and prone
 The demon sank upon the upturn rock,
 And gasped his life away with many a groan,
 His nerveless hand forsook its deadly lock,
 And slow the victor rose, but fainting, from the shock.

This battle won, the pilgrim 'gan to climb
 With slow and painful step the craggy steep
 Up which his pathway led ; o'er him sublime
 The gathered snowdrifts hung, as if to sweep
 The wanderer to destruction ; now to creep
 O'er the sharp ridge of some projecting crag,
 He cowers low, now scales a buttressed keep
 Hewn by the storms ; by ledge, and seam, and jag,
 (The eagle's perch) he doth his aching body drag.

At last the summit's gained, which to him shows
 Such sight as seld hath gladdened human eyes ;
 With rosy smile the face of morning glows
 O'er the round ocean's edge ; beneath him lies
 The dawn-empurpled snow ; around him rise
 The icy-crested aiguilles, 'mid whose spires

The early sunlight pours his crimson dyes,
Which leap up through them like a thousand fires,
As on through heaven's vast arch the panting day aspires.

The plains afar are wakening into life,
The smoke of mighty cities spreads, but sound
Either of human industry or strife
Reached never here ; a voiceless calm sits round,
Save when some icy cliff the still profound
Breaks with its fall ; the lightning leaps
Thousands of feet below, the storms are bound
Deep in the rocky valleys ; sunlight sleeps
And silence ever here eternal vigil keeps.

The path now wound into a dreadful gorge
Cleft deep amid the mountains ; while a river,
Hemmed in its rocky bed, was heard to urge
Its course below ; the gray mists seemed to quiver
Up through the twilight, and a deadly shiver
Smote through Agenor's heart, as oft they rent,
And showed the abyss from which nought might deliver
If the foot slipped, brain reeled, or strength were spent,
Or if to hide his way their chilling pall were lent.

Along the ledges of the beetling cliff
The pathway crept so narrow that the foot
At times could hardly tread ; let but a whiff
Of the fierce mountain blast, in wild pursuit
Of its affrighted prey, in madness shoot
Round some projecting crag, and it would sweep
The pilgrim from the path ; adown such route
Agenor slow and painfully did creep,
And gained at length that river's margin steep.

The waters issued from a cave, beneath
A mountain of black ice that had been reared
Out of the frosts of ages ; chill as death
The river's sullen flow, the cold air seared

The pilgrim's visage, and no path appeared
Save through the caverned darkness ; with his lamp
Once more held in his grasp he onward steered
Through the thick midnight, and the numbing damp,
Thrilling the arches old with his resounding tramp.

The cavern seemed to pierce the mighty hill,
And far aloft its vaulted chambers flung
Into the depths of darkness ; louder still
Pealed the far echoes, and the black rocks rung
At each successive footfall ; the path hung
Over the unseen river, swiftly rolled
Deep down on his right hand, or to the columns clung
Which rose out of the waters to uphold
The roof, in pillared aisles of most gigantic mould.

Still resolute, but weary, amid dangers new
Of rifts unseen which cleft the darksome way,
He struggled on, until a black lake threw
Its broad expanse before him ; in dismay
He wept like one whose fate hath cast away
His dearest hope ; afar on either hand
The cavern's walls retreated, not a stay
Propped the black vault which those drear waters spanned,
Whose calm no wave e'er shook, nor breath of zephyr fanned.

" Alas ! " he cried, " that after all my toil
My star of hope should sink in depth of night,
And this drear gulf my faith and valour foil,
And cut me off from life ; almost in sight
Of the reward which nerved my limbs with might
I must lie down and die." But now afar
Through the deep gloom pierced an approaching light,
Which waxed in glory, as a flaming star
Grows in its fiery path, and threats all heaven with war.

Swiftly it sped across that bitter lake
 Whose waters numb all life ; around him now
 The darkness warms to crimson, or sweeps back
 Into its grim recesses, and the sullen flow
 Of the drear sea in an unwonted glow
 Discovers far and wide ; a skiff draws nigh
 Bearing a torch fixed on its golden prow,
 Steered by the power and the all-seeing eye
 Of Him who points the track of doom and destiny.

The boat was all with rich-woofed purple lined,
 Fit for repose, and wreaths of wild flowers sweet
 The rainbow-tinctured hull with life did bind,
 And the worn pilgrim's sense with joy did greet,
 Like the young breath of Spring, when round our feet
 She pours the earliest treasures of the year,
 Answering the loving touch of Titan's heat,
 And bringing joy to hearts made sad with care,
 Or 'mured in mental toil, which gifted souls must bear.

Agenor sprang within the boat, which sped
 In its return across the silent sea ;
 And gentle sleep embraced his weary head,
 And pain-worn frame, the deep anxiety,
 The courage, prudence, deathless constancy
 In lap of sweet forgetfulness were still ;
 The soul, released from her long agony,
 Forgot her very being, drank her fill
 Of that deep rest which God bestows on whom He will.

* * * * *
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The singing of a multitude of birds,
 The rippling of a river as it played
 Among its reeds, a melody of words
 Rich with heart-healing happiness, now made

Him shake the spell of sleep, and half afraid
Lest it might prove a dream, he oped his eyes
On breadth of golden light, and rosy shade ;
Mingled with flow'rets of a thousand dyes
Fed by the milk of earth and tintured by the skies.

Pansies and violets made fair the sod,
With purple hyacinth and asphodel
Rising still lovelier where the foot had trod ;
And tufted hillocks where the lark did dwell
The daisy mantled, and in every dell
The woodbine sweet embraced her friend the rose ;
The wind blew softly o'er a lake, whose swell
Scarce broke the sense of infinite repose,
Of life whose effort calm nor stay nor impulse knows.

The river's banks, and every green hill-side
Around the lake, the fruits of God's own clime
Enriched, the clusters 'mid the leaves did hide
In dewy wealth with blessing at the prime,
As once 'mid Judæan hills in autumn time
They cheered a prophet's heart, the boon long lost
With Eden's bliss, upreared its form sublime,
And shed its fragrance over all the coast,
And in its arms of life embraced a bright-winged host

Of birds, that filled the blithe air with their song,
Thrilling the heart with gladness ; laughter loud
Where happy children raced the woods among,
Plying their games in many an eager crowd,
'Told that the life immortal was endowed
With the sweet mirth of childhood ; while around
Gathered the groups of older saints, who showed
The greatness of the joy their souls had found,
With eyes no tears could dim, and brows with rapture
crowned.

OLD PHIL.

Now gently ! wrap his old blue blanket round him,
And lay him softly in the sheet of bark,
Won't it be very quiet here around him,
Here in the forest dark !

You know when Spring Creek diggings first were opened,
Down beside Beechworth, then called May Day Hill,
I was a new chum just a few weeks landed,
And there I first knew Phil.

Beside his tent door he was sitting smoking,
When I came trudging slowly on the track.
I guess I was both worn and hungry-looking,
With swag upon my back.

“Good evening, youngster, dirty travelling lately ;
Sit on this log and have a drink of tea ;”
And I sat down beside him, wondering greatly
To find the man so free.

“Hard up, and weary, lad, a bit down-hearted ?
Don't fret, and wish that thou hadst not been born ;
For when we think that luck and we have parted,
There comes a sudden turn.”

And then we talked about the dear old land,
And those I loved across the wide, wide sea ;
And as we talked the tears dropped on his hand,
Who would have looked for tears from such as he ?

Upon our talk, between the gum-tree branches,
Shimmering and flitting o'er his face and mine,
Through the thick leaves, with rays like silver lances,
The moon began to shine.

Then Phil went in and brought a tin slush lamp,
And with his knife began the wick to trim ;
“My lad, the night is growing chill and damp,
I'd better light the glim.”

“ And, youngster, now after this long inspection,
I tell you what, I like your physiog ;
So let 's be mates, and if you 've no objection
We 'll strike the bargain with a glass of grog.”

So in we went, and from beneath the bunk
He drew a large black bottle filled with rum ;
And said, as in our cans the grog we drunk,
“ Here 's to the luck which may be yet to come !”

Button his shirt there ! blue and livid yet,
Upon his breast I see that ugly scar,
Got in a bayonet charge at Goojerat
In the tough wrestle of the last Sikh War.

When the big rush broke out on Snowy River,
Among the first to go were Phil and I,
And there I was laid up with typhus fever,
And almost like to die.

But poor old Phil watched o'er me day and night,
And hardly ever left the stretcher side,
When all the diggers near us took a fright,
And but for him I surely would have died.

It 's just three days ago since he took bad,
I brought him all the help that could be got ;
But, sir, you see, the help that 's to be had
Is very little in this lonely spot.

Just before death his eyes grew very large,
And looking round he said “ It 's almost night !
Here, Jim, good-bye, I 've got my last discharge,
Give me your hand, my lad, all 's right, all 's right !”

We 'll bury him here beside this clump of wattle,
'Twill be a sort of mark to show his grave ;
He 's come through tempest and the whirl of battle,
Here in the bush to find a lonely grave.

EARLY POEMS.

TWO PIECES OF A BALLAD HISTORY OF ENGLAND.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THESE two ballads were written when I first met with the 'travellers' of Richard Hakluyt in my boyhood, twelve years

Kingsley had already interested me in Sir Richard Hakluyt, but from Hakluyt I learned the story of his valour, stern and simple constancy, and death. In the solitude of primeval forest the power of such deeds comes home to the

more strongly than when one is moving among the bustles and conventionalities of ordinary life. The Titanic instinct of our nature looks in upon us through the silence, and speaks with the influence of "the ancient mountains, and the everlasting hills." Swayed by the lion-hearted spirit of the

I wrote the two ballads with feelings which I would not have exchanged for all the gold of Australia.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST SEA-FIGHT.

Great is the joy in Plymouth Sound,
Admiral Howard's westward bound
To sail the Spanish Main ;
Good luck betide him on the foam,
And may our gallant lads bring home
The treasure fleet of Spain.

With twelve tall ships equipped for fight,
Well stored with victual, manned with might
Of English heart and hand,
Tried by battle, storm, and cold,
Both in the New World and the Old,
On water and on land.

Brave Devon lads from Tamar's side,
And tower-crowned Exe, whose waters glide
Beside old Roman graves ;
And that rough coast where Lundy's isle
Watches the western sunset smile
Upon the dancing waves.

And Cornish seamen rude and bold,
From Falmouth Bay, and Penzance old,
Born amid tempest, rocked by storm
Where the Land's End's stupendous form
Breaks the Atlantic swell ;

Where it is said in caverns hoar,
Lulled by the waves' unceasing roar,
Old giants sleep above the shore,
As ancient legends tell.

In vain we searched the ocean round,
No Spanish treasure fleet we found,
But sore with sickness wasted ;
We anchored 'neath the Isle of Florez
And 'mid the soft and sweet Azores
We lay in wait and rested.

Vigilant both by night and day,
Keen as the swift hawks for their prey,
We longed and watched and waited,
But no sails flecked the ocean's rim,
Our faith died out, our hope grew dim,
Because no Spanish vessel came
With gold and silver freighted.

But in the crimson dawning
Of a lovely August morning
We heard the look-out's hail ;
And on the sunlit main
We saw the fleet of Spain
Bearing up to give us battle before the morning gale.

Then coward thoughts prevailed,
And every ship was hailed
And bid to put to sea ;
Lord Howard led the way,
And after him from out the bay,
Eleven ships sailed sullenly.

We brought our sick aboard,
Our goods and water stored,
Then at Sir Richard's word
We weighed anchor and sailed forth

With the great fleet of the foe
 Closing on our weather bow,
 To intercept and capture the lone one of the North.

For through the offing, one by one,
 Proudly the Spanish ships came on,
 And on the decks beneath the sun
 We saw the flash of steel ;
 Their huge sails to the breeze were spread,
 And streamed the flag from each masthead
 Of Leon and Castile.

“ Cut the mainsail, Sir Richard,
 And give the Dons the slip,
 Little of the gift of speed have they,
 The chase would wear the light away,
 Cast about and trust to-day
 The sailing of thy ship.”

Sir Richard laughed with courage stout,
 “ I'll cut my sail and cast about,
 When they can turn me back ;
 Shall it be said that Englishmen
 Ever ran before the ships of Spain ?
 They're fifty to one, but we'll hold our own,
 And break out through them, or go down,
 Right in our homeward track.”

And so ran on our bit of right sound English stuff,
 And the foremost of the squadron when they met us sprang
 their luff

And fell beneath our lee,
 Till the huge high-carged San Philip,
 Of full fifteen hundred tons,
 Took the wind out of our sails and o'erhung us with his guns,
 And we swung round for battle to win our right of way.

From the giant oaken hulk,
Heaving in its mountain-bulk,
 Came a joyous Spanish cry.
“ Ha, we have you, English dogs,
Now, yield you, Lutheran rogues ! ”
 And our broadsides made reply ;
Through the hull the great shot tore,
And above the cannon-roar
 Rose our English battle-cry,

“ Fight this day, ye men of Devon,
For England, Queen and Heaven ! ”
 Afar its echoes pealed,
And ere it died our bolts again
Crashed through the wooden walls of Spain,
And with the shock upon the main
 The vessels rocked and reeled.

Then they closed on every side
In their anger and their pride,
 And fierce their war-cry rung,
And two tall ships their broadsides poured,
Our timbers groaned, our decks were gored,
Our mainmast broke off by the board,
 And o'er the bulwarks hung.

The smoke rose slowly on the blast,
The death shots pelted thick and fast,
As with our axes from the mast
 We strove the ship to clear ;
The decks grew slippery soon with blood,
And mangled men 'mid splintered wood,
 Lay scattered everywhere.

We toiled and strove with desperate strength
A short but dreadful time, at length
 We eased the ship again,

Then to the fight with fiercer ire,
 In one continuous stream our fire
 Swept like an iron tempest dire
 Into the fleet of Spain.

While we were thus entangled with the mighty Spanish ship,
 Four other galleons boarded us to help the "San Philip."
 From larboard and from starboard whizzed the deadly drift o
 shot,

And the roar and rage of battle waxed grim, and fierce, and hot
 No time for war-cries now ;
 With the black sweat on our brow,
 And the blood-gouts on our clothes,
 We hurled into the sea whole regiments of our foes.
 With musket-butt and pike, with cutlass and with sword,
 We beat them back like sheep whene'er they tried to board.

Then we gave a mighty cheer in our honest English pride,
 And poured a deadly volley on our foes on either side,
 And the welkin rang again
 With the wail and curse of Spain,
 With the crashing of their spars and the rending of their hulls.
 Like a wounded lion fighting with a savage herd of bulls,
 Our valiant little vessel kept the giant fleet at bay,
 Had the rest been there to help us we had surely won the day.

All through the summer afternoon
 Thus raged the battle, till the sun
 Setting, peered through the smoke clouds dun,
 Yet still we held our own ;
 Ere twilight deepened into night
 Two Spanish vessels on our right
 Into the sea went down.

The stars came out on such a scene
 As they had ne'er beheld, I ween,
 In all the battles that have been
 On ocean or on shore,

And the proud Spaniards, too, had ne'er
Of English strength and battle-cheer
Had such a taste before.

Ere midnight forty men were killed,
The wounded ones the cock-pit filled,
Yet still we kept the deck ;
Half choked with thirst, and grime, and blood,
'Mid broken guns, and heaps of wood,
And shattered spars around us strewed,
We fought upon the wreck.

Sir Richard, shot to death, was carried down below,
Crying, " Hold the ship, my lads, no yielding to the foe ;
Or sink her and go down like valiant Englishmen ;
Leave them nothing but their bruises to carry back to Spain."

There was but one on board to take such heroic part,
Our gunner, a stern mariner, after Sir Richard's heart,
But the others wrenched his axe and cast it in the main,
And locked him in his cabin, for he would himself have slain,
Then they waited for the morning to yield the ship to Spain.

And the Spaniards ceased from battle and lay round us in a
ring,
Fearing lest the dying lion might make a fatal spring,
For they knew full well Sir Richard in his fierce and steadfast
way
Would rather blow the vessel up than yield to them the day.

So when the morning dawned, we stood there on the wreck,
All drenched with blood and slaughter from the ballast to the
deck ;
All the upper works in pieces, the masts gone by the board,
And the hull with full eight hundred shot of great artillery
gored.

The lovely sunrise soon streamed o'er the blackened sea,
And the Spaniards came to terms, and assented joyfully ;
And led on by the master who had dropped away to treat,
They came and took the good "Revenge," and bore us to their
fleet.

And they bore Sir Richard Grenville on board the "San
Paulo,"
With the courtesy and honour shown by brave men to their foe,
And they crowded round to see him with words of praise and
cheer,
Though he took but little heed, for he felt that death was near.

His wound was deep and painful, yet he rose up in the bed,
And spoke out strong in the Spanish tongue, that all heard
what he said,
"For religion, honour, country, Queen, I to the last have
fought,
And ended here my life as a faithful soldier ought ;
With joyful, quiet mind, I, Richard Grenville, die,
My soul out of my body departing joyfully,
Leaving with my name the everlasting fame
Of a valiant soldier true,
Of one who did his duty as he was bound to do."

With great and stout courage he thus rendered up the ghost,
And amazement and dismay spread through the Spanish host ;
For the mariners and soldiers were oppressed with mighty
fears,
And the distant tempest's anger moaned boding in their ears ;
For they deemed this Englishman
Had cast on them a ban,
And bade the devil raise a storm
All his purpose to perform,
As the dark and awful morrow
Rose big with Spanish sorrow ;

For the battle-shattered vessels could not stand the tempest's strain,
And the "Revenge" and half their fleet went down beneath the main.

As the sailor closed his story
Of English fame and glory,
Those around him poured their praise
Of those heroic days

When such high deeds were done ;
When the great empire of the main,
Was wrested from the grasp of Spain,
Eternal hatred sworn to Rome ;
The sea-born greatness of our home,
So gallantly and truly won.

Thus oft our honest hardy sires
By Cornish and Devonian fires
When winter winds were high ;
Told of the valour and the skill,
And praised the indomitable will,
Which 'gainst such odds gave battle still,
And scorned to yield or fly.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

In the July evening's twilight,
As it deepened into dark,
From the Channel into Plymouth Sound
Sped a Cornish fishing bark ;
And we heard how off the Lizard
Her crew, at break of day,
Had seen the Spanish armament
In its pomp and war array,
Sweeping up from the southward
Before the freshening breeze,

With its broad dark belt of sail and mast,
Like a broken cloud on the morning cast,
 Entering the Narrow Seas.
Then the beacon on Mount Edgumbe
 Flashed the tidings o'er the land ;
With beating hearts and eager eyes,
The folk burst forth in wild surprise
To see afar the red light rise.
 "The Spaniard is at hand !"
Stirring the spirits of the brave,
Swept on that great cry's mighty wave,
Rousing strong hearts and hands to save
 Our England from the foeman's brand.
In every town and village,
 Through the soft warm summer night,
There was buckling on of harness
 For the holiest, noblest fight
Which Englishmen of that great age
 Left the sweet toils of Peace to wage.
All through the night at Plymouth
 The warlike work went on,
And ere the gray of morning
 Had glowed into the sun,
The vessels 'neath Mount Edgumbe
 Were warped out for the fight ;
And the look-outs on the hill-top watched
 Till the Spaniards hove in sight.
The day wore on, and fast the sun
 Was dipping towards the west,
When on the rack of summer cloud
 Which the even's gold had dressed,
In strong relief the fleet appeared,
And slowly as the land it neared,
It spread into a crescent wide ;
Before the light wind and the tide,
Sweeping along as if 'twere bound

For the broad mouth of Plymouth Sound.
We watched it come with wonder,
With fearless, glad surprise ;
And the look-outs counted every ship
With seamen's practised eyes ;
For 'twas the greatest armament
Which wave had borne, or wind had lent
Its strength to drive across the main ;
All the best blood of haughty Spain
Had sent its sons, its gold, its steel,
Its southern valour, fiery zeal,
To quench in one small spot of earth
The freedom which in truth had birth.
The sunlight on the great hulls glowed,
We saw the red cross as they rode
Burning aloft on every sail,
And marked it as the streamers spread
In the slack wind from each masthead.
With solemn joy each hand was wrung,
When gathering on the sandy beach,
When night its dusky mantle flung
The captains came, their ships to reach.
There the bronzed sailors of the West,
From Spanish Main or Arctic quest
Returned to meet their ancient foe,
Came as to some high festival
Rejoicing at the warlike call,
Hawkins and Frobisher and Drake,
Who made the Spaniard's empire shake,
And opened up the western sea
For enterprise and liberty.
Grenville, Winter, Southwell,
And many a captain more
Of those who sought the Northern way
To India and rich Cathay,
Came thronging to the shore.

But the greatest man among them
Was the sea-king Francis Drake,
The bravest, wisest mariner
That English soil or blood could rear,
Who never stayed for force or fear
When honour was at stake.
In battle or adventurous quest,
His mighty will and dauntless breast
Bore his great steadfast purpose through ;
Enough for him, there duty lay,
Though want or danger barred the way,
No toil nor suffering that could stay,
His bold intrepid spirit knew.
I was Drake's friend, and to his ship,
Swift through the gathering gloom we rowed ;
Ere midnight came, the waning moon
Rising above the waters, showed
Our little fleet of seventy sail
Hanging undaunted in their rear,
Vigilant as the Northern wolves,
And steered by men as void of fear,
As is the great white Arctic bear,
Which seamen meet off Cape Farewell
Drifting on iceberg citadel,
Whose height with hardy foot to scale,
Would make the boldest spirit quail,
For dread of that fierce foe, whose hate
Whetted with famine, lies in wait.
We longed for glimpse of morning
And wind which sunrise brings,
To bear us, as with speed and strength
Of a great eagle's wings ;
Till all that vast host's rear-guard
Our guns should teach full well
The falseness of the pride which named
Their fleet " invincible."

Dawn came at last, and sunrise
 Showed where the great ships lay
On the bright waves awaiting
 The breeze which comes with day.
But still for hours it came not,
 And we longed for it in vain,
To sweep us into conflict
 With the mightiest of Spain.
Morn passed, and noon shone on us,
 Our longing fiercer grew ;
When, lo ! the swift breeze came at last
Swelled out the great sails from the mast,
 And curled the ocean blue.
Then down in stately grandeur
 Sailed the great fleet of foes,
To gain from us the weather-gage
 And on our quarter close ;
But the best wind which morn could bring
Whitening the sea with powerful wing,
 Never brought grace of swiftness
 To wait on Spanish keel ;
We laughed as o'er the freshening tide
 We saw the great hulks reel
 In vain attempt to close with us,
 And our advantage win.
Then with a ringing cheer
We swept along their line,
And as we passed, our shot flew fast
Through rending hull and falling mast,
And the great shout of battle rose,
Of rage and hatred from our foes,
But ours of fierce and strong delight,
Such as men only feel, who fight
For the best things which God has given,
Freedom and truth, and home and heaven.
The galleons towered like castles

Above the heaving sea ;
And yielding to the strong wind's force,
 Heeled over to their lee ;
And as the wind and sea rose higher,
So the oak splinters at our fire
 Flew forth right merrily ;
While o'er our heads the Spanish shot
 Sung harmlessly and far,
But cutting here and there a rope,
 And here and there a spar.
When we had swept their whole rear line,
 We wore round on our track,
And ere the Dons from their surprise
Had cleared their hopes and thoughts and eyes,
 Our ships were speeding back
Steered steadfastly and gallantly,
 With storm of shot and shell
Doing its warlike work full fast,
 And doing it right well.
But now to stay our eager course,
 And such fierce havoc end,
The huge high-sterned San Matthew
 Swung round into the wind :
But ere the vast unwieldy craft
 Could bring her guns to bear,
Howard was on her quarter,
 And the strong English cheer
Followed by England's thunder,
 Rang through the welkin clear ;
Full through her crashing timbers
 Each vessel's broadside went,
Till her black sides were spotted o'er
 With many a rift and rent,
And her dismantled rigging
 Heaped the incumbered deck,
Till the proud ship that towered so high,

To crush us as we passed her by
Lay helpless as a wreck.
But bravely round her gathered
A circle of our foes,
Who desperately but vainly tried
To grapple and to close
With our swift ships, that poured their fire,
And swept unhurt beneath the ire
Which strove with effort blind, to cope
With the high courage, skill, and hope
Of men, who born beneath the mast,
Had stemmed the billow and the blast,
Claimed as their heritage the foam,
And made the ocean surge their home.
Thus the great battle's tempest
Went sounding up to Heaven.
Till proud Recalde's squadron,
By skill and valour driven,
Gathered into a crescent,
And onward sailed again,
Sheltering from harm as it best might,
The ships disabled in the fight,
And that great boast for ever lost
They brought with them from Spain.
Now eve drew on, and as the sun
Sloped to the wave his glowing wheel
The brisk wind freshened to a gale,
Bringing the rolling billows
Up from the open sea,
In whose deep troughs the Spanish ships
Struggled most helplessly.
For gathering close together,
Lest the quick foe behind
Should cut off any loiterer,
They drove before the wind ;
But their seamanship was wondrous bad,

And their vessels' bluff blunt forms,
Upbuilt with decks tier over tier,
Crowded with men and fighting gear,
Were slow of sail and hard to steer
 In our fierce Northern storms.
All through the hours of darkness
 Rose signals of distress,
And o'er the wild wind and the sea
We heard loud cries of agony,
 As in that helpless press
The huge ships fouled each other,
 Driven both by wave and blast,
And in the dim night strewed the decks
 With sail and shroud and mast.
Who would have deemed it otherwise,
 For how should Spaniards gain
The courage, skill, and seamanship
 Which can o'ercome the main,
And bear a vessel through the deep,
When waves roll high and tempests sweep,
As safely as the sea-gull's form
Pierces the darkness of the storm?
At night, through gloom and storm and wre
 Fierce battle in the day,
The mighty fleet invincible,
 In dread and sore dismay,
To greet the Prince of Parma's host,
 Sailed slowly on its way.
And the white cliffs of England
 Were dark with forms of men,
Who as the battle raged beneath,
With throbbing hearts and bated breath,
Peered through the dun smoke's sluggish wreat
 With eager, anxious ken,
To learn how fared the mariners
 Who on their prowess strong

The nation's life and honour bore,
The safety of their native shore,
And new-born freedom which at length,
Had dared to meet the giant strength
 Of ancient tyranny and wrong.
Then the loud roar of battle
 Awoke the warlike flame,
Which dwells in every English heart,
 And men of noble name
Manned their swift ships and merrily
Came to our help across the sea ;
But the best help our brethren brought,
Was the great soul-strengthening thought
 That all the hearts of England
 Were with us as we strove ;
That all we prized were watching there,
With pride, and hope, and earnest prayer,
 And a great nation's love.
At last, in Calais Haven
 The Spaniards' anchors fell,
And two days we lay and watched them
 Inactive on the swell ;
For force a fight we could not,
 They lay so close to land,
And that shallow bay is dangerous
 With its shifting shoals of sand.
But our dread grew great lest Parma
 Should come out with his host,
And joining with the Golden Duke,*
 Swoop down upon our coast.
So on the Sabbath afternoon
We hastened at the set of sun,
To get eight fireships ready
 For use by dead of night,

* Duke of Medina Sidonia.

That we might drive them from the bay,
And as they fled, begin the fray
 With morning's earliest light.
As it drew on towards the midnight,
 The sky grew dark with clouds,
The sea-swell sobbed, the rising wind
 Moaned sadly through the shrouds ;
And far down in the west-ward
 We heard the Autumn gale,
Which soon would try the utmost strength
 Of Spanish mast and sail.
Now through the stealthy darkness,
 The night wind as it sighed
Bore down unseen the fireships
 Upon the setting tide ;
Sudden a fierce and lurid glare
Lit up afar the sea and air,
Flooded with crimson every sail,
And made the blackness of the gale
 More dreadful, deep, and fell.
As the eight ships went staggering down,
We heard above the wild wind's moan,
 The Spanish Captain's bell.
A gun was fired, and by the light
We watched the panic and the flight ;
Stern Drake was with me on the deck,
The red light shone upon his cheek,
And a glad smile sat in his eyes,
As o'er the water came the cries,
While in their terror and dismay,
To 'scape the dangers of the day,
We saw them slip their cables
 And driven on by fear,
Once more into the open sea
 In wild confusion steer.
We weighed with earliest daybreak,

And pressed upon their track,
Lest to regain his anchorage
The duke might struggle back ;
But higher, stronger rose the wind,
With storm and strength of foes behind,
Hope of return was vain ;
On through the unknown North Sea's gates,
On through the narrow, frowning straits
Rolled the great fleet of Spain.
Off Gravelines we o'ertook them,
And then such strife began
As that age of battles had not seen
Nor memory of man.
We kept them well to lee-ward,
And as the strong wind blew,
We swept along their quarter
While fast our great shot flew.
Bold Winter on the centre,
And Seymour on the right
Bore down the ships with steady ire
Before a ceaseless, crushing fire,
And deeper, deadlier, wilder, higher,
Rolled on the storm and fight.
The roar of cannon, and the crash,
As reeling from our broadsides' shock
The crowded ships each other struck ;
Our ringing cheers as swift and well
The deadly hail of battle fell ;
The hoarse cries of the enemy,
As helpless in the dark wild sea,
Their broken ships went down,
Blent with the rush of wind and wave
So the dread fight such horror gave
As war had never known.
As the huge bison, when at length
The deep wounds sap his mighty strength

And the fleet hounds athirst for blood,
Hang on his flank through brake and flood,
Turns in mad fury to oppose
The onset of his eager foes,
So turned that giant armament,
With tempest and with battle rent,
By one last effort to regain
The waning odds of desperate strife,
And cast the shattered strength of Spain
No more for victory now, but life.
In vain ! in vain ! the battle's lost,
Freedom's triumphant o'er her foe,
And see, upon the Flemish coast
In headlong rout they're driven now ;
The wind sweeps round, they slowly clear
The treacherous shoals, the riven sail
They spread to catch the blast, in fear
More of the battle than the gale.
Northward toiled the straining ships
Through the deep valleys of the sea,
While our fleet upon their weather-beam
Pursued unweariedly.
Stronger blows the tempest,
And higher rolls the wave,
And filled with fear they wait not now
Their shipwrecked mates to save ;
And we who erst were direst foes,
Rescued their sailors as we passed,
Who dropped astern as their comrades fled
Northward 'fore the driving blast.
Thus toiled the remnant of that host
Round Scotland's stern and rugged coast,
In the long reach to Spain.
And few of those whose hearts beat high
When they embarked in warlike joy,
While deeper gladness dimmed their eye,

Ever saw home again.
Spain's tyrant power shall fade and fall,
Her wealth, her prowess shall decay,
But ours shall be the mightiness
Which ne'er shall pass away.
For all the coming ages
This England's power shall know,
And in the light of future might
Her name and valour glow.
Her hand shall grasp the sceptre
That rules the heaving wave ;
And on her land shall never stand
A tyrant or a slave.
In the great world's wide continents
By foot of man untrod,
New nations from her sons shall rise
To conquer earth, and seek the skies,
And hold the truth of God.
From the east empurpled by the sun,
To the soft and glowing west,
All climes her power shall wait upon,
On all her blessing rest.

THE WINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Go, little story, written all for love,
Quaint memory, and comfortable mirth ;
The truth of boyhood's dream the man doth prove,
Take it, oh reader, then for what it's worth.

War has been sung and praised in every age,
From grand old Homer to the last "Gazette ;"
'Arms and the man' upon the Roman's page
Bear off the palm from husbandry ; the debt

Which the world owes to work no poet sage
Has made the burden of his song as yet,
And the best epic of our life remains
Lodged in the grasp of unpoetic pains.

To feed and clothe our kind, to spread a roof
Between them and the sky, and bid the cold
Of winter keep without, have won small proof
Of honour and esteem from those of old ;
Adventure, war, and love have formed the woof
And warp of all the glorious stories told
By poet and prosaist, when inspired
To sing or tell the deeds their souls admired.

My song 's about a worker ; one who never
Shrank from the face of toil, or ate the bread
Of idleness, whose resolute endeavour
Has won the heart of Nature, who has sped
His efforts with her warmth of kindest favour,
And shown the hidden key that opes, 'tis said,
The wondrous treasury of celestial gold,
Prize of laborious love, that 's neither bought nor sold.

Nature is rough but kindly, like the cocoa-nut ;
Her hard and hemp-clad husk gives little token
Of the sweet milk within ; her treasure shut
Out of the reach of idleness ; the rock is broken
Before you find the gold ; and you must put
With greater or less willingness her yoke on,
Ere you shall know the joy of life, and prove
The glory of its health and power and love.

'Twas a wild night in winter, such as seamen
Shorten their sail to live through ; when the fire
Burns with a doubled comfort, and when women
Bent o'er their work look sweetest, and the choir

Of childhood's mirth is loudest ; such as gleemen
Used anciently to deem could song inspire
Of valorous doughty deed, when mighty bowls
Were filled and emptied to the Northmen's *skoals*.

When the first blush of early summer morn
Among the stars thrills upwards like a breath
Out of the gates of heaven ; when there's born
From the spent rage of storm the calm of death ;
When the fair moon repairs her silver horn,
And the soft clouds around her weave their wreath,
I love to be alone, and feel the sense
Which all these shed, a sacred influence.

But beyond all, this loneliness delights
When the drear earth in winter storms is rocking,
When the chill rain comes sweeping through the nights,
And the wild woods their branches interlocking,
Wrestle and groan as giants do in fights ;
There comes a stillness o'er me as if mocking
The demon-driven tempest and its rout,
Turning the cloak of darkness inside out.

If there's a pleasure sweeter than another,
'Tis when bad weather shuts up human-kind,
With all its gossip, scandal, empty bother,
And leaves one free to let the roving mind
Follow its bent in some fond dream or other,
Or trim the lamp, and draw the window-blind,
And wile the hours with some well-written story
Of conquest, travel, virtue, love, or glory.

For 'tis exceeding comfortable and cosy,
To sit at night in gown and slippers warm,
And feel a sense, delicious, dreamy, dozy,
Enwrap the weary spirit like a charm ;

The sound of raindrops makes me feel quite drowsy,¹
 As I sit sheltered from the winter's harm,
 Lulled in an indescribable and strange delight,
 By the wild music of a stormy night.

On such a night a student barred his door,
 And piled fresh logs upon the blazing fire ;
 Then on a rough-hewn stool sat down before
 His cheerful hearth, the jolly flames aspire,
 And up the black, wide-throated chimney roar,
 Each wandering gust but makes them leap the higher,
 While round the room their ruddy glow is thrown,
 And warmth and comfort in it hold their own.

A working student, this, of that strong guild
 Of Nature's university who earn
 Their bread by labour, and whose minds are filled
 During their hours of leisure, when they learn }
 The mighty truths which do the ages build,
 And drink in virtue from the golden urn
 Of the great Past, when nations in their prime
 Left splendid landmarks in the waste of Time.

Strong-limbed, broad-chested, tall, and with a fist
 And forearm like a Titan's ; just in-kneed a little,
 As men are apt to be who fill the list
 Of Nature's foremost sons, and win their victual
 Out of her clenched hand ; in grinding grist
 The mill-stone wears, and labouring men are bit all
 With the keen tooth of toil, and bear the trace
 Of Nature's rigour in bust, limbs, or face.

A thoughtful man this worker seemed, and plain ;
 Too little blessed with beauty, or with grace
 Of feature or of form, yet with a vein
 Of mirth and humour in his homely face,

Which like the firelight in a cottage pane,
 Warming with cheery glow the humble place,
 Doth charm our hearts to gaze at it, and try
 To gain a glimpse within as we pass by.

Philosophers who know the whims of Nature,
 Affirm the dame works in a curious way,
 Whene'er she forms a wise inventive creature,
 Clothing the spirit in the coarsest clay ;
 Oft hiding genius 'neath such clumsy feature,
 That one would think she'd moulded it in play,
 Certes, 'tis strange that Nature does take pleasure
 In earthen pitchers thus to hide her treasure.

As, for example, Grecian Socrates ;
 One of the wisest men the world has seen,
 Æsop, Rabelais, Giotto, Aristophanes,
 Cromwell, Turenne, Mirabeau, Racine,
 Some famous women, too, may rank with these,
 Mohammed's earliest wife, the Swedish queen,
 One scarce can name a heroine or hero
 Whose personal beauty was not down at zero.

Sappho was not at all a lovely woman,
 And Cleopatra, too, was no great beauty ;
 Although she captive led the hook-nosed Roman
 (Whom Death could not subdue, whose " et tu Brute,"
 Wails in reproach through time to find a foeman
 E'en in his best beloved). Nor she* whose duty
 Sought its reward in her great husband's love,
 A joy beyond what jewelled dames could prove.

The loveliest have not been always loved
 The longest and the deepest ; Nature's kind,
 Full oft to those who farthest are removed
 From outward charms she makes it up in mind,

* The wife of Phocion.

Which wins and wears the longest, and has proved
Of more avail than beauty, though behind
Obsequious Wealth display his gems and gold,
Worth with the wise has borne the palm of old.

It's not the fashion which the world has got,
She judges people by the outward shell ;
A man may be a rogue, or fool, or sot,
Yet if he has the art of looking well,
And hides his folly with a well-cut coat,
The world will ring his praises like a bell.
To pardon faults society is willing,
When joined with polish and the "splendid shilling."

His house was not as air-tight as a castle ;
Through many a chink and cranny streamed the wind,
Which with the crazy structure seemed to wrestle,
And howled around it like an angry fiend,
Still, 'gainst the storm the tenement stood fast all,
E'en though its frame sad creaks and groans did send,
As if its joints were wrung with sudden pain,
By the fierce striving of the wind and rain.

It was a wooden cottage, roofed with bark,
And had two windows mended with brown paper,
Through which there streamed out after it was dark,
The glimmer of the student's midnight taper ;
The cobwebbed roof and rafters rough and stark,
Were tinged a rich dark brown with smoke and vapour,
Some faded paper-hangings hid the walls,
Though somewhat tattered by the winter squalls.

'Twas furnished with a bench and an old stretcher,
A rough deal table and a three-legged stool,
For which he meant as soon as he grew richer,
To get a leathern cushion stuffed with wool ;

Upon some shelves there stood an old cracked pitcher,
A dinted teapot, and a basin, full
Of rich new milk which a kind neighbour
Had given in return for some slight labour.

The walls were hung around with pencil sketchings
Of landscapes, buildings, waterfalls and flowers,
Of animals and childish faces ; in such etchings
He innocently spent his lighter hours
Relieved from sterner toil. As clumsy scratchings
The "connoisseurs" had dubbed them, those whose
powers
Of skill and knowledge above other folks,
Make them pass judgment on art, men, and books.

On a rough sideboard stood his cups and delf,
And over it upon some little hooks,
Hung hat and cloak ; a portrait of himself,
When young, with mischief in his looks,
Was o'er the chimney-piece, and on a shelf,
Ranged in a row two score or so of books,
The compass of his library was such
That't held most tongues from Hebrew to High Dutch,

The excellent of the earth were gathered there,
In all their humour, wisdom, prose and verse ;
In choice it would with richer ones compare
And many a country parson has a worse ;
But lest you deem I do not state what's fair,
I will the names which that shelf held rehearse,
For Guttenberg be thanked, the kings of men,
Now speak their wisdom to the lowliest ken.

Shakespeare and Schiller, Wordsworth and Jean Paul,
Stood side by side with Roman Cicero,
Caesar and Livy. Bacon, Locke, and Hall,
Jeremy Taylor, Bunyan, Wesley. Howe,

Were *l'le-a-l'le* with Cowper, Coleridge, Pascal,
 Dickens and Thackeray, Goldsmith and Defoe ;
 Beside the works of Spenser and Cervantes,
 Stood Homer's, Virgil's, Milton's, and stern Dante's.

Merry old Chaucer, with his English cheer,
 Wise Rabelais, laughing hugely, over-frolic ;
 Chatty Montaigne, and Rousseau wrung with fear
 Lest folk should laugh at him ; Byron melancholic,
 And Scott benign, and hapless Bozzy dear
 For stout old Johnson's sake ; with Swift, who owl-like,
 Dwelt in the shadow of his own dark mind,
 Collins, too finely touched, with madness pined.

Boccacio, the good Queen of Navarre,
 La Fontaine, Montesquieu, Voltaire,
 Musäus, Ludwig Tieck, Goethe, like the star
 Of morn among his fellows, and the youthful pair *
 Warped by the stress of intellectual war
 To death and atheism. Molière
 Wove jests by Herbert's side, and Butler stung,
 And the resounding swell of Dryden rung,

Pope's cadence chimed, and genial Horace laughed,
 My best beloved of Romans, and the buffoon Greek †
 Chuckled in boisterous humour, as if he had quaffed
 The cask of old Silenus ; Gibbon sleek
 Sneered at the Christian story ; sophistic craft
 In Plato's grasp elenctic waxéd weak,
 And the wild woodnotes of the heart of Burns
 Drowned the pathetic whimpering of Sterne's.

Tom Campbell's clarion rung its martial strain,
 Hood punned and sighed, and dear old Lamb's quaint
 mind
 Stammered out wit and wisdom ; Kingsley's vein
 Of fiery valour throbbéd, and Helps, in kind,

* Keats and Shelley.

† Aristophanes.

Quiet, delightful English, bade his "Friends" again
Rehearse their conference sweet; in wrath, behind,
The sage of Chelsea rent the shams which hide
The empty objects of our century's pride.

Ruskin, our greatest living seer, inspired
By truth's eternal beauty, which doth rest
Upon the work of all whose souls are fired
By coals from God's own altar, and whose quest
Reaches to things divine. Good reader, are you tired
Of this brave company which fills my list?
I'll count no more. for if I don't have done,
St. Victor's college will not hold its own.*

For there were more, too numerous to mention,
The legacy and teaching of the wise,
To which the great world pays but small attention,
Too self-willed it, to take their good advice;
Their wisdom, fancy, pathos, and invention
Are things which scarcely suit its foolish eyes,
And right revealed by preacher or by poet,
Finds few that love it well enough to do it.

I left the student sitting by the fire,
And listening to the roaring of the weather,
While I described him and his house, entire,
With the few things which he had scraped together;
For which forgive me, nothing can be drier
Than an inventory, or a description, either
Of man or woman, unless that they're good-looking,
Your ugly people are not worth the booking.

The student sat immersed in contemplation
Of some great thought or argument sublime,
Gathered by study from some great narration
In golden prose, or sung in lofty rhyme;

* See Rabelais' "Gargantua and Pantagruel," Book II. Chap. 7. -

And like a sage when wrapped in meditation,
He seemed unconscious of the flight of time,
Till the old time-piece on his reverie broke,
And struck the hour ;—'twas only eight o'clock.

He started at the sound, pushed back his seat,
Stirred up the sinking fire, and rubbed his head ;
Quoth he, " The storm is raging stiffly yet,
And eight o'clock 's too early far for bed."
Then as he spoke he leaped upon his feet,
And reached a box which rested overhead ;
He raised the lid, and from a little basket
Of coloured wicker-work, he took a casket.

It opened with a spring, and lo, within
There was the portrait of a youthful lady,
Beauteous in opening womanhood ; I've seen
A score or so of lovely belles already,
Of varying years from sixty to sixteen,
But none so fair, (my youthful muse, be steady ;)
As that one in the casket smiling there,
Beside a lock of dark-brown silken hair.

It was in truth a very lovely face,
That of an artless, happy, trusting girl,
Down her white neck, from 'neath a band's embrace
There wandered many a rich and wavy curl ;
Her liquid smile and coy retiring grace
Set our young student's fancy in a whirl ;
Who could resist the charm of those bright eyes,
Looking out half in love and half surprise ?

His pallid cheek blushed deep with rosy pleasure,
And love's bright glow lit up his dark grey eye ;
No miser ever viewed his secret treasure,
Nor captive drank the sweets of liberty,

Nor lyrist poured the rapture of his measure,
With half the joy young passion doth supply.
Nor e'en the patriot exile when in sight
His native hills arise, feels such delight.

Who hath not felt the yearning spirit's fever,
At the first glimpse of an expected face ?
When the strong pulse is bounding like a river,
And the full heart seems leaping from its place ;
The first deep kiss which longs to last for ever,
The bosom thrilling with the close embrace
Of the beloved one, whom a sad fate parted
From us for years, but who is still true-hearted.

She was a rustic maiden, bright and pure
As is the dewdrop on the opening rose ;
As sportive as the lamb upon the moor,
And graceful as the swan that sailing goes
In pride across her native lake, secure
In some deep glen whose cliff its shadow throws
Athwart the waves which break against its base,
And in them views its bent distorted face.

She might have passed for some young fairy queen
Come down to bless this nether world awhile ;
And taste the freshness of the rural scene,
And emulate the rosy milkmaid's toil ;
Chase the sleek cattle through the pastures green,
And the sweet hay in scented hillocks pile,
Or bear the reapers' breakfast through the corn,
In the rich sunshine of the summer morn.

His treasure now the student hid again,
And drew his stool up closer to the blaze,
And as he listened to the pattering rain,
Thought o'er the past, and dreamed of future days ;

Of that long labour which reward doth gain,
And earns the generous meed of human praise,
Won by the workers, heroes, poets, sages,
Whose memory shines through all the far-off ages.

He heard the wind around the cottage whine,
And saw the forked flames up the chimney leap,
And the big rain-drops on the window shine,
And a great spider down his ladder creep ;
The old clock hanging o'er his head, struck nine,
And slow, but sure, deep musing brought on sleep,
While a small cricket chirping on the hearth,
Helped in the business with its drowsy mirth.

He slept as sound as doth the weary child
Which sinks to rest upon its mother's knee,
The logs which on the blazing hearth he 'd piled,
Turned to red embers, then to ashes grey ;
The candle on the table, shed its mild
And yellow radiance, till it burnt away,
Leaping and flickering in the holder's socket,
Till out it fluffed, and sank, like a spent rocket.

He slept and dreamed. O sleep and dreaming,
Ye are the grateful avenues which lead
Into that land with golden sunshine beaming,
That inner world by Fancy's fiat made,
With lovely flowers and rich ripe fruitage teeming,
And peopled with the faces of the dead ;
All the loved ones which death from us doth sever
Return in dreams, more beautiful than ever.

Ye make the king a beggar, and the beggar king,
Changing his rags to purple and to gold ;
Oft to the felon yet again ye bring
The innocence and love he lost of old ;

The hopes and feelings of past youth, which spring
Out of the warm confiding heart, ere cold
And evil influences blight its trust,
And cast its best affections in the dust.

The lonely traveller in the wild wood sleeping,
Sees his white cottage glistening through the trees,
With rose and jasmine o'er the window creeping,
And hears his children's voices in the breeze ;
The distant cock-crow, and the house-dog leaping
And barking at his chain, and in the doorway sees
His wife awaiting with her face all smiles,
With loving welcome to repay his toils.

The weary sailor on the storm-tossed ocean,
Rocked in his hammock by the heaving foam,
His sleep made deeper by the constant motion,
Revisits in his dreams his far-off home ;
And waking at the whistle of the boatswain,
Starts from the arms of friends to meet him come,
And climbs the shrouds still warm from their embrace,
With their soft kisses lingering on his face.

Beneath the stars, the wearied soldier lying
Wrapped in his cloak by the red watch-fire's blaze,
On a dream's pinions to his homestead flying,
Watches his widowed mother as she prays,
And by her side one more beloved is crying,
Dimming with tears her heaven-directed gaze.
O Father, guard the husband and the son !
A sound awakes him,—'tis the signal-gun.

O sleep and dreaming, ye are man's best friends,
Burying in sweet oblivion all his woes ;
For all his toil your blessings make amends,
Ye hush his sorrows into soft repose ;

Not one of luxury's delights transcends
The poor man's pleasure when to bed he goes,
And rosy visions cheer his soul's deep rest,
Unbroken by the nightmare on his chest.

O sleep, thou ante-chamber of the grave,*
Thou art hung round with precious dreams and visions
Of the beloved ones who have passed the wave
Into the world to come ; our souls within their prisons
Would fret and pine, and like lost children crave
Their far-off friends, and waste in grief Life's seasons,
Did not our dreams restore the household faces,
And give the loved ones back to our embraces.

At first our student's dreams were indistinct,
And things rolled slowly by in confused masses,
A chain of circumstances all unlinked,
With landscapes dim and shadowy shapes and faces.
Till, as in some sweet picture all succinct,
Lifelike and real in its forms and graces,
Arose a scene of calm domestic bliss,
Filled up with images of joy and peace.

He saw himself, but older, sitting,
(It was a winter evening) in the firelight,
Whose ruddy shine o'er the apartment flitting,
Showed it was planned for comfort and delight ;
Opposite him, upon a chair, sat knitting
The lady of the portrait, with her eyes as bright
As when we saw her in the casket smiling,
With maiden charms the student's heart beguiling.

Four children, full of happiness and glee,
Played on the rug which lay before the hearth,
Each trying hard to climb the father's knee,
And laughing in their sport with childish mirth,

* See Jean Paul Richter.

While a fair girl as like as she could be
To the sweet mother who had given her birth,
Leaned on his shoulder, bright as morn in May,
Smiling with gladness at the children's play.

Then the girl lit the lamp which o'er the scene
An amber flood of softest radiance threw,
And lighted up as glad a group, I ween,
As ever poet dreamed or painter drew ;
Much o'er the world's wide surface have I been,
And found that earth, amid her wealth, can show
Nought better than such home and family ;
Such would I some day like my own to be.

With Solomon the wise I join in thinking
The best of this world's blessings is a wife,
That is a good one, for I feel a shrinking
At the mere thought of being plagued for life ;
I've known good fellows take to dice and drinking
Just through the misery of domestic strife ;
Xantippe-like, by self-willed harsh resistance,
Some wives drive comfort out of men's existence.

"At evening home 's the best place for a man,"
So sings the German poet, wise old Goethe,
And let the true wife do whate'er she can
To make that home a place of love and beauty,
Then man will have no dearer purpose than
To make its happiness and life his duty,
For all the power of his strong heart and hands
He'll bring to strengthen the dear household bands.

For home is woman's sphere, and she its queen,
There her pure spirit sheds its lustre mild,
In loveliness, and peace and joy serene ;
While weary man, from thoughts of toil beguiled,

Feels his heart soften in the cheerful scene,
And listens to the prattling of his child,
Which loves at eve to climb upon his knee
Crowing and chattering in its infant glee.

Man, the providing instinct strong within him,
Longs for the home his labour shall maintain,
And the sweet face whose influence shall win him
From the world's pleasures, dissolute and vain ;
And take the fund of love and joy that 's in him,
And give him back her own true love again,
And chase the shade of conflict from his spirit,
And cheer each lot that life may bring, and share it.

There is no man, however sour and fusty,
But at some time in life has felt like this ;
And ere his breast became so cold and musty,
Thrilled at the thought of love and wedded bliss ;
Though stiff the hinges of his heart, and rusty,
Has it not leaped with rapture at some kiss ?
But now the passion 's all absorbed in stocks,
And his heart 's shut within his money-box.

Is it not sad that Nature's noblest instinct,
Should thus be frozen up, and misapplied ?
And that the heart within whose sacred precinct
Love, joy, and goodness ever should abide,
Doth oft become to drossy lucre linked,
And its perennial spring of virtue 's dried,
Choked by its avarice, like a fount with dust,
And its fair promise blighted by this lust ?

As driest bones oft breed a kind of life,
So many a miser fully turned of fifty
Is known to hanker for a youthful wife,
And make Dan Hymen's purple joys his drift ; he

Sets niggardise and nature at a strife,
And plans and works like any spider thrifty,
To spin out of his heart a golden snare
To catch some youngling who may venture near.

Yet parents love broad acres and full purses,
And set their hearts on storied mansions fine,
And daughters dream of coaches and of horses,
And costly forks and dishes when they dine ;
Yet to my mind there 's not a crime that worse is,
Than thus to cast the heart at Mammon's shrine ;
But if young ladies wed for money, let them,
All I say is " Heaven help the fools that get them ! "

For fret of sorrow to the world unknown,
The blighting influence of a life-long curse,
May writhe beneath the pearls and silken gown ;
Grief can't be shut, e'en from a well-filled purse,
And sad Repentance will assert its own,
Sharpening the rankling tooth of sour remorse
For things long since beloved, long since betrayed,
Thoughts that won't sleep, and won't by wealth be laid.

Sweet converse, liquid laughter, and the noise
Natural to households where the lads are strong,
Vigorous in soul and body, as the boys
Who don't inherit the transmitted wrong
Of riches and of passion are ; and joys
Of music and of simple household song,
Filled up the student's dream, such songs as this
Throb with a pulse of God's perennial bliss.

Song.

Give kings the purple robe and throne,
Give worldly souls their pleasure ;
Let rich men show the lands they own,
And misers count their treasure ;

For there 's a place where joys abound,
Which these can equal never ;
In happy homes these joys are found,
The fireside for ever.

At eve, when winter winds blow chill,
And loud the raindrops patter,
Around the fire we're cheerful still,
Right joyously we chatter ;
And clear the merry laugh goes round
At some quaint saying clever,
And innocent delights surround
The fireside for ever.

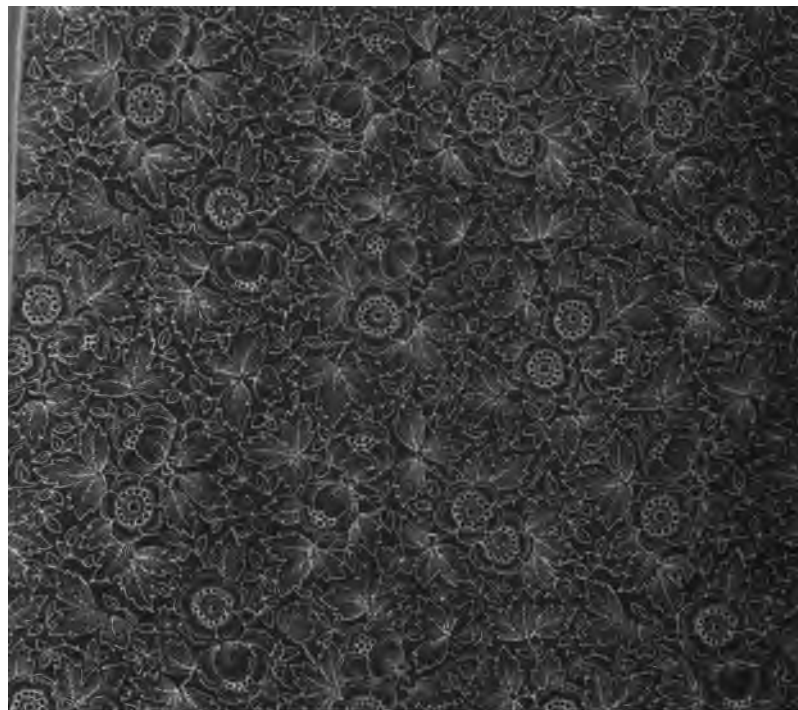
For there the home affections spring,
Which bind our souls together,
And round our heart-strings closer cling,
For all life's stormy weather ;
And though we sail the ocean round,
Nought can these ties dissever,
For Nature's self the cords fast bound,
And bid them last for ever.

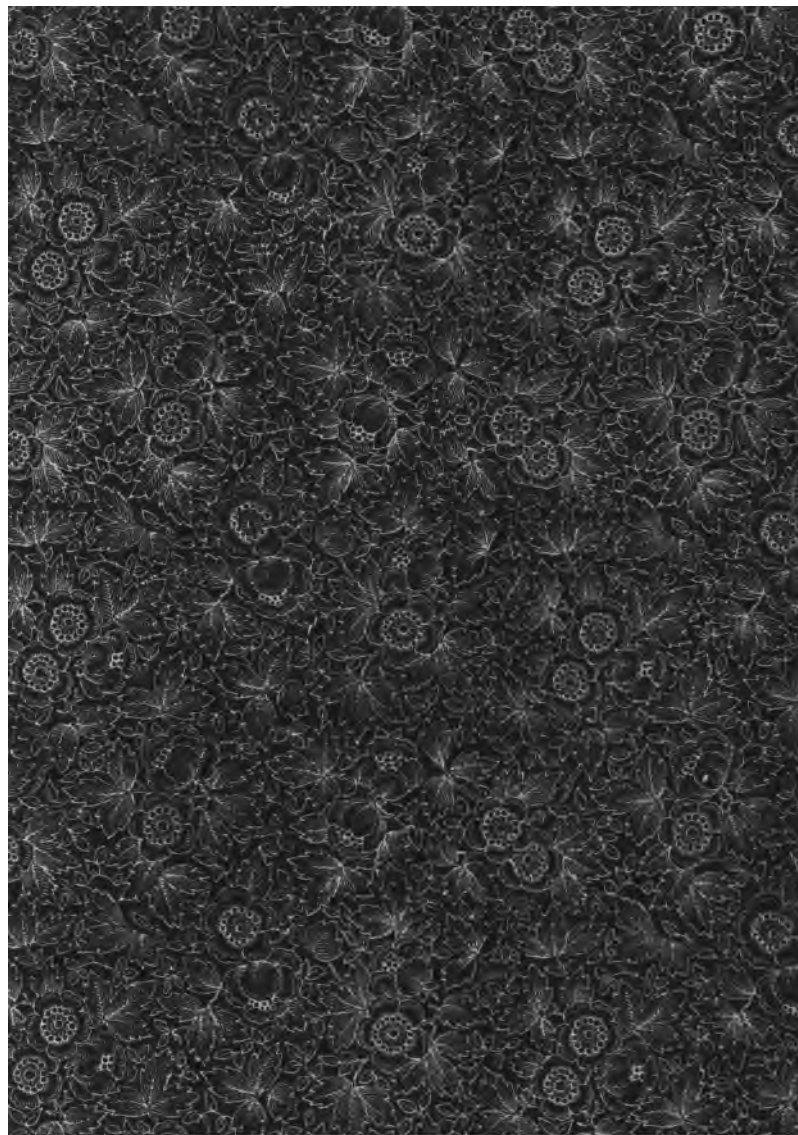
Though our frail barks go drifting fast
Adown Time's changeful river ;
Our memory still the hours we've passed
Keeps fresh and green for ever ;
For then the world and we were young,
Our brows were clouded never ;
From truths then sown such deeds have sprung
As must endure for ever.

Now broke the spell of sleep, the student woke,
And rubbed his eyes and found that he'd been dreaming,
And that the lovely winter morn had broke,
For through the casement sunlight rich was streaming ;

And the blithe redbreast from the rose leaves shook
Showers of raindrops, which like pearls were gleaming,
And all the landscape smiled with fresh delight,
After the rain and tempest of the night.

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the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million (19.5% of the population).

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of older people, and the Government has set out a strategy for the 21st century in the White Paper on *Ageing Better: The Government's Strategy for Older People* (Department of Health 1999). This strategy is based on the following principles:

- Older people should be able to live independently and actively in their own homes.
- Older people should be able to live in their own communities.
- Older people should be able to live in their own homes and communities for as long as possible.

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